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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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L'UNIVERSITA GREGORIANA

The Gregorian University,
Via del Seminario, 120,
Easter Week, 1919.

Dear Father Editor:—P. C.

After nine years of neglect I am come at last to redeem my promise to Your Reverence to write something for the Woodstock Letters about the Gregoriana. After the manner of a meditation, let me begin with the composition of place. The main promenade of Rome, the Broadway (Via Lata) of the ancient city, is the Corso Umberto, which lies like a spinal column down the middle of the city, extending from the monster monument to Victor Emmanuel, which just hides the Capitol, on the south to the Porta del Populo (the ancient Flaminian Gate) on the north. Coming down from the monument and taking the third turn to the left, you are on a street which runs direct to the Piazza of the Pantheon. This street is made up of three sections, the Via della Caravita (named from a little public oratory, itself called the Caravita after Father Caravita, S. J., who made it famous for its devotions in an elder day), the Piazza di San Ignazio, where stands the splendid church of Saint Ignatius, (a square which suggests the miniature Place de la Madeleine, as staged a generation ago in the "Two Orphans,") and the Via del Seminario. Crossing the piazza, the third building you meet on your right in the Via del Seminario is the home of the University. The street is narrow and the building high. Its front makes an impression of forbidding

massiveness, an impression accentuated by gratings of strong iron bars across the windows of the lower story. Over the door is the crest of Leo XII, a spread eagle under a coronet. The eagle has an American look, like the original United States eagle, preserved in the seal of Georgetown University.

This building is called the Palazzo Borromeo (all the big buildings here are called palaces), and has a history. It was originally known as the Palazzo Gabrielli, and was built by one of the counts, (probably Girolamo) Gabrielli, in the second half of the sixteenth century (probably prior to 1578). In 1605 it was bought by Pope Paul V, who three years later transferred hither the Seminario Romano, the diocesan seminary of Rome, from which the street has its name unto this day.

The seminary was from its foundation in 1565 in the charge of Ours, and so with the seminary our Fathers entered into the residence in the Palazzo Gabrielli. Besides the seminarians, they brought with them the boarding students of the Collegio dei Nobili, both of whom followed the classes in the Roman College, located behind the site of the Church of St. Ignatius. The church did not then exist, as it was only begun about fifty years later, and finished only in 1694. Neither was there the little fantastic piazza, now in front of it; for the buildings enclosing the other three sides of this were not constructed till 1730: these were begun in 1724 under order of Pope Benedict XIII, by Cardinal Ragazzini. At present the University owns the upper story of one of these buildings, the one on the near corner. This story is connected with our main building by a tortuous passage, and in one of its rooms, looking down on the piazza, your humble servant lived for the first five years of his stay here.

The residence of our Fathers in the Palazzo Gabrielli was interrupted in 1772 by the suppression of the seminary and the College of Nobles, and the dismissal of Ours, followed by the suppression of the Society two years later. In the year of the suppression Cardinal Vitaliano Borromeo rented the palace from the Holy See, and renovated the second floor, the *piano nobile*, for his own habitation. From that day forth the building has been known as the Palazzo Borromeo, though the Cardinal died in 1793, and there has been no further connection between the palace and the Borromean family.

In 1796, the Chapter of the Canons of St. Peter's obtained a perpetual lease of the buiding and established therein its business offices. In 1824, the building was ordered to be restored to the Society. In 1826, our Fathers entered into residence there again, and in the following year re-opened the Collegio dei Nobili. In 1848, on the request of Pius IX, Ours left the city and the palace was taken over for offices of the pontifical government. In November of that year the Republicans under Mazzini took possession of the city, and Mazzini established himself in the Palazzo Borromeo. On the return of the Holy Father to Rome from Gæta, he established, in July, 1849, the Department of Public Works in the building; but in June, 1851, it was restored to Ours, and here our Fathers have dwelt ever since.

In October of 1851, we re-opened the Collegio dei Nobili under the name of the Borromean College. Two years later the students of the German College came to share residence in the building. In 1870, the Collegio dei Nobili was transferred to Tivoli, the German College remaining alone in the Borromean; but in 1873 Ours were expelled entirely from the Roman College, where from 1870 the Piedmontese Government had allowed us to continue only our courses for ecclesiastical students in philosophy and theology, and we transferred these courses, together with our scholastics, who were prosecuting their higher studies, across to join the German students. The latter left the Palazzo Borromeo only in 1886, when they acquired their present building on the Via di San Nicolà da Tolentino, which, until the eve of Italy entering the late war, they shared with Father General and his curia. At the time of our transfer from the Roman College building, Father Valeriano Cardella (brother of our Father Cardella), then rector of the Roman College, obtained a rescript from Pius IX, changing the name of the college to that of the Pontifical Gregorian University of the Roman College. Such is the history of our present domicile.

Entering the palazzo through the lofty, broad portone, through which you can drive a team of horses, you find yourself in a great, stone-paved vestibule supported by massive pillars of masonry, with busts of the ancient philosophers perched in niches over the tall pilasters, set into the walls. Straight in front of you is the cortile, a four-square court-yard, with a statue of Our Lady in the centre, surrounded by a miniature garden. When you step into the cortile the four sides of the building close

you round. Here there is an attempt at architectural effect with pilasters of the three respective orders rising one above the other, but I must confess that it is not impressive. Breaking the continuity of the third and fourth stories is an open terrace running across the side on your right, cutting out in its course about one-third of the depth of the building.

From the vestibule on your right mounts the main stairway of old travertine stone, patched in places like a stairs of wood. One-third way up the first flight it passes our private entrance into the little church of San Macuto, our domestic chapel, of which more anon, and at the top lands you on the first class-room floor. This is the piano nobile, and the corridor and rooms are high set, a full story measure plus a messanine, in all, about three times the height of the stories at Woodstock. Here is the hall for long course dogma, accommodating (not without crowding) some four hundred auditors, spread out before a high double-staired pulpit, whence the professor delivers his lecture. A pulpit place instead of a platform for the professor is the rule in all our lecture halls. On this floor also are two smaller class-rooms, one used both for fundamental theology and for second year metaphysics, another for canon law, where this year, owing to reduced numbers, the students in ethics gather for their lectures and circles.

These halls account for only one side of the four-square floor (the side facing the street) and the corner of another side at your right hand as you mount the stairs. The rest of this side is occupied by a half-dozen living rooms for the faculty, and runs into an expansion of the building at the end, where there is a faculty recreation room, as well as rooms and a chapel for the provincial curia. The next side contains the infirmary, and then back along the last side are more living rooms, with offices, finally, for the Prefect and sub-Prefect of Studies, occupying the corner nearest the class-rooms. Only the one main class-room side includes in its height the messanine story, in which, round the other sides, in inverse order to our first circuit, are in turn the house library, a set of rooms for storing odds and ends, and a line of rooms for the lay-brothers. The library is but an irregular line of small rooms, deficient in natural light, but lighted by electricity, sufficiently to enable you to find a book, and contains only the limited number of books salvaged from the wreck when the goverment descended upon us in 1870, increased by very limited additions since then.

The classic difficulty of securing funds for library purchases, out of the common coffers, exists here as elsewhere. One of the reasons why Father Conway and Father Brett did not finish their biennium here was the difficulty of having the books which they required. The professors rooms are properly equipped with books, but the number of books available for common use is limited.

Mounting another flight of the main staircase you reach a second class-room corridor with the class-room for third year metaphysics (where your humble servant held forth in ethics for eight years before he descended this year to the lecture-hall for canon law), the physics' class-room, the physics' cabinet laboratory, the chemistry laboratory and the record room for the science professor. These only account for the front side, which, by the way, is again a tall story-and-a-half high. On the side over the library are the philosophers quarters, ending in a large hall for first year philosophy lectures. The other two sides are occupied by rooms for superiors and the faculty, the corner extension, over the corresponding extension below, containing, besides more rooms for the fathers, the faculty reading room and reference library. The latter, though a small room, is very well equipped. The messanine story above contains, on one side, rooms for the house servants, and on the other two the open terrace mentioned above, which being only one-third depth, leave on one side some small rooms for the philosophers, opening out on the terrace, and on the other, some similar small rooms opening from within, into which are crowded the overflow of the faculty. In one of these latter Father Conway lived for the one year of his biennium which he spent in Rome. He told me that the late Father General Wernz, then professor of canon law, lived under him, and one of Father Conway's preoccupations was not to disturb him with noise overhead.

The top floor runs round only three sides of the building (with only two-thirds depth on one side), and is filled with rooms for the theologians, their recreation room being located at the corner over the logic class-room on the floor below. At this corner, half way down between the theologians' quarters and the philosophers', running off into an odd opening (old Roman houses are full of such surprises), there is a small chapel dedicated to Our Lady "Mater Pietatis" for the private devotions of the scholastics, with the privilege of reserving the Blessed

Sacrament there. About on this same level, but diagonally across at the other corner of the main building runs out the extension into the story we own in the next building, in which there are six additional rooms for the faculty. These all look down upon the Piazza di San Ignazio. There is yet another corner of the establishment leading off from the right angle of the terrace, and there Father Beccari, the procurator of the causes of the saints of the Society has fitted up his quarters with exceptional neatness, finish and comfort, where he has a bed-chamber, a study, a library and a room for the conservation of the relics in his charge.

The kitchen is on the ground floor in a corner under the extension which houses the provincial curia. Close by is the refectory, a separate, one-story building, erected in a small vacant space between the rear of our building and the rear of the Temple of Neptune, now in use as a Stock Exchange, though its façade of gigantic granite columns has been standing for fifteen centuries of which we have proof, and for how many more, one only can surmise. The refectory is built in elypsoidal shape, the ground plan so, in order to avail itself of as much of the space as possible, consistent with lighting exigencies, and the vertical section in like fashion, I fancy, from some sort of idea of architectural symmetry. Perhaps the plan was made, like the plans of Woodstock, by a professor of mathematics. The fathers are seated at ten tables of five persons each around the circumference on a low dais, and the scholastics and brothers at two long, unbroken tables down the entire length of the main axis. There is a large, rather ordinary, copy of the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci over the two tables at the head of the refectory, and that tells the whole story of its ornamentation.

The little church of San Macuto, which we use for a domestic chapel, has a history of its own. San Macuto (Saint Machud) was born in Wales, but baptized by Saint Brendan, who brought him up as a monk in his Irish monastery. He accompanied St. Brendan for a time on his voyages, but at last crossed over with the Welsh emigrants into Brittany. To-day the island of of Saint Malo perpetuates his name in Gallic form. He became bishop, first bishop I fancy, of Alet, a small place on the mainland hard by, but later resigned his bishop's crosier and betook himself to a hermit's life on the Island of Aaron, as Saint Malo was then named. Here he died and his remains were guarded as a treasure

by the monks of Marmoutier, who had come thence to established a foundation on the island. Later the body of the saint was transferred to the crypt of the cathedral of Saint Malo. Upon this fact begins the history of our little church of San Macuto.

Sometime in the twelfth century Bishop John, a successor of Saint Machud in the See of Alet, asked of Rome to have his See changed to Saint Malo, whither most of his flock had gradually removed, perhaps because of the fisheries. His request was granted. Established at Saint Malo, he built his cathedral, and wished to have the body of the founder of his first diocese and the patron of the island repose in the crypt; but the monks refused to give it up. The bishop appealed to Rome and came hither to push his claim. Desiring the help of his patron saint in his suit, he vowed that, if he achieved his desire, he would build a church in Rome in honor of his patron. The decision was in his favor, and he built the first structure of the church of San Macuto on the site of the present church sometime between 1150 and 1192. The name of the church of San Macuto is found in the earliest list we have of the parish churches of Rome, a list which dates back from the twelfth century.

The care of the church passed through divers hands. In 1234, it ceased to be a parish church, and was entrusted to the bishop of Cività Castellana. Later it came under the control of Cardinal Giacomo Colonna, titular of the neighboring church of San Marcello on the Corso, who gave it over in 1279 to the Dominican fathers, who had just then built nearby their convent, which was to grow into their famous curial house and Studium Generale of the Minerva. In 1422 we find it a parish church again, but between 1472 and 1479 it was turned over as a benefice to a canon of St. Peter's. In 1516, it was made over to the Chapter of the canons of St. Peter's, whence it passed in 1539 to the Confraternity of the Bergomaschi, a fraternal and charitable religious sodality of citizens of Bergamo resident in Rome, founded for the care of their own people coming on pilgrimage to Rome or permanently abiding here. At the time of the transfer the head of the confraternity was one Gianjacopo Tasso, and uncle of the poet Torquato Tasso. In 1598, the confraternity entirely rebuilt the church, and by order of the Chapter of St. Peter's, which still retained some connection with the church, as it does to this day, the head of San Macuto was deposited beneath the high

altar. Ten years later the church ceased forever to have any parochial rights or duties.

For nearly fifty years the confraternity remained in peaceful possession, but in 1725 the Holy Father took it from the Bergomaschi and made it over to our Fathers for use as chapel for the Seminario Romano in the adjacent Palazzo Gabrielli. The confraternity transferred its home to the little church of the Madonna della Pieta nearby at the northwest corner of the Piazza Colonna, close to which stood the first asylum for the insane established in Rome. This establishment owed its existence to the zeal and charity of our Father General Lainez, who dedicated to this purpose a legacy left to the Society by a pious gentlewoman. It is said that the poet, Torquato Tasso, mentioned above, was housed in this asylum during one of his spells of temporary madness.

On the dismissal of Ours from the seminary, the church of San Macuto was given to the Curial Confraternity, made up of employees of the Roman Curia, but on the restoration of the Society it came back to us again, a year after the return of our Fathers to the Palazzo Gabrielli in 1826. It has remained in our possession ever since, except for the two years of our exile from Rome during the revolution of 1848.

The church looks like a miniature. The façade is just a short story-and-a-half high, very simple and inornate, with a small crest of the Chapter of St. Peter's cut in the stone over the door; for the canons still retain the right to come and chant the Office and sing the Mass of the saint on his feast-day (November 15th). This is the only day of the year when the outer door of the church is opened. The present edifice, of course, is not the original building. The confraternity of Bergomaschi entirely rebuilt the church in 1578. In 1729, our Fathers completely renovated it, and during the tenure of the curial confraternity, upon the suppression of the Society, it underwent expensive, as the record states, if not extensive repairs. In front of the church in the Piazzetta di San Macuto there originally stood a small obelisk, which was removed in 1640 to the Piazza of the Pantheon, where it now stands as the central decoration of a fountain.

Inside, the church is not quite as large in extent as the domestic chapel at Woodstock, but it is vaulted a half-story higher. The sanctuary is on a level elevated some four feet above the floor, and takes up one-third of

the floor space. In the sanctuary the Fathers kneel at community prayers, while the scholastics and brothers occupy the lower section. The altar is built of colored marble, dark green, white and brownish red, and is surmounted by two tall columns of a marble resembling polished pudding stone, backed by two pilasters of the same, framing the altar piece. The altar piece is a painting of an apparition of our Blessed Mother standing on the clouds, above San Macuto, clad in his episcopal robes, in an ecstasy of prayer below. There are four side altars in the lower part of the church, with altar pieces over three of them representing respectively St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, and some martyrs of the Society. The flooring is of colored tiling, and the walls and vaulting are in plain white. Within these walls Ours have said their prayers for the best part of three centuries.

We come now to the story of the University. It is the corporate continuation of the Roman College. The Roman College was opened by Saint Ignatius in 1551 as "A Free School of Grammar, Humanities and Christian Doctrine," with four students and fourteen professors under Father Pelletier as rector, in a little house rented near the Capitol. After six months, its habitation was transferred to other rented quarters on the present Via del Gesù. Two years later philosophy and theology were added to the courses of the college. In theology, Father Martin Olave expounded the Summa Theologica of St. Thomas in the morning hour, and the Libri Quattuor Sententiarum in the afternoon. The use of the Summa as a text was then something of a novelty, as prior to this Peter Lombard prevailed as the recognized text in the theological schools. The college roster at the time mounted up, between professors, scholastics and extern students to about sixty. In 1557-1558, the Libri Sententiarum was entirely discarded as a text, the Summa Sancti Thomæ being expounded in both morning and afternoon lectures. This year the college moved again, this time to the southeast corner of the present Piazza del Collegio Romano; the number of our scholastics in the house then numbering one hundred and fifty, and the extern students far outnumbering them.

In 1560, the college crossed the Piazza diagonally to the southwest corner of the site of the present college building. The following year there were in the house about one hundred and forty scholastics as students, and a professorial staff of thirty of Ours, while eight hundred

extern students attended the classes. This was the year in which Father Perpignan came to the college from Spain to teach rhetoric. Two years later, in 1563, the chair of ethics was established, the lecturer following Aristotle for his guide. The first occupant of the chair, Father Achilles Gagliardi, opened his lectures to a class of over two hundred auditors, all priests or ecclesiastical students. In 1567, the students in the college numbered all told a full thousand. Ten years later Cardinal Bellarmine initiated the course of lectures in Controversial Theology, and three years after, in 1580, Father Suarez joined the faculty as professor of scholastic theology.

The following year Pope Gregory XIII agreed to accept the title of founder of the college, undertaking at the same time to make permanent provision for its maintenance. He began at once the building of the present great structure, covering the greater part of the area of a small modern block, about the size of that which is partly occupied by the old Boston College.

In 1591, the students numbered two thousand one hundred. In 1626, Cardinal Ludovisi, who was a nephew of Gregory XIII, and had taken an active part in promoting the canonization of Saint Ignatius, began the erection of the monumental church of Saint Ignatius, at the northwest corner of the block, cutting out about one-eighth of the college space, the part of the college torn down for this purpose being replaced at the northeast corner, not until then built upon, and by 1631 the church and college buildings occupied the entire block. We may note in passing that it was the same Gregory XIII who, with the financial assistance of another nephew, Cardinal Boncompagni, founded the English College at Rome, and the same Cardinal Ludovisi in his will provided for the foundation of the Irish College, already begun with his financial help by Father Luke Wadding, C. S. F., of Saint Isidore's.

During the suppression of the Society, the Seminario Romano was transferred from the Palazzo Gabrielli to the Roman College, where it was conducted with various vicissitudes till 1822, when Ours reopened the college, with Father Perrone and our Father Kohlmann (called from New York for the purpose) lecturing in dogma, the latter also holding the chair of controversial theology. One month after the opening, Father Taparelli was made rector of the college. By 1841 the number of students had risen to one thousand and eighty-six, and at our dispersion in 1848 there were in the resident community

fifty-six fathers, sixty-eight scholastics (of whom seven were teachers and sixty-one students), and thirty-four lay brothers. During the three years of our dispersion the college was again occupied by the Seminario Romano. In the dispersion, some of the scholastics, including Fathers Secchi and Sestini, eventually reached Georgetown College, D. C., where they finished their studies and were ordained.

In 1850, Ours were back again, and opened classes with Father Passaglia teaching dogma, along with Father Perrone, who three years later was made rector of the college. By 1870 we had in the philosophy classes, three hundred and forty-three students, and six hundred and thirty-eight in theology; of the philosophers fully one-third were ecclesiastics. In November of this year the Piedmontese Government obliged us to give over to appointees of its own all our lay students, leaving us with only the courses in philosophy and theology for ecclesiastics, partially our own scholastics and partially extern students, these numbering, all told that year, only two hundred and twenty-nine, and falling the following year to one hundred and ninety-three. In 1873 these classes were transferred to the Palazzo Borromeo, though at first only a few of the faculty joined the community in residence there. As the Government at that time still retained the name of the Roman College for the institution from which it had expelled Ours, Father Cardella, as we stated above, had the name of our establishment changed to that of the Gregorian University, in honor of our titular founder, Gregory XIII.

In 1876, our Canon Law lectures, in evidence on the restoration of the Society and doubtless begun long before, were expanded into a three years course with the right of granting degrees therein. In 1886, the German College moved from the Palazzo Borromeo to its new quarters on the Via di San Nicolà da Tolentino, and Ours of the Gregorian began their residence in the Borromean, to the number of ninety-two, to-wit, forty priests, thirty-two scholastics and twenty lay brothers. Here we still abide, our numbers little changed, there being in the house about fifty fathers (of whom fifteen are finishing their theology), twenty scholastics and twelve lay brothers.

In its long and diversified existence the university has had on its staff a series of men, who have left an enviable record of scholarship, industry and devotion. From the list of famous names let me cite those which are already

familiar to the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, though perhaps not in this connection. Among the rectors, who also were for the most part lecturers in course, appear Cardinal Bellarmine, Fathers Cepari and Bartoli, Father Sylvester Maurus, Cardinal Tolomei, Father General Piccolomini, Father Taparelli, Father Felix Sopranis, Father Lugari and Father De Augustinis, who came to the university from the chair of dogma at Woodstock, and Father General Wernz. Of the faculty before the suppression I have at hand only the list of the professors of dogmatic theology. Herein stand out the names of Emmanuel Sa, Ledesma, Cardinal Toledo, Mariana, Maldonado, Perpignan, Cardinal Bellarmine, Suarez, Vasquez, De Valentia, Father General Vitelleschi, Cardinal De Lugo, Father General Piccolomini, Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino, Father Kircher, the founder of the famous museum of the Roman College, whose name was removed from it by the Government only a year or so ago; Sylvester Maurus, Cardinal Tolomei and Father General Ricci. In the last quarter of the sixteenth century, Father Christopher Clavio, within his small room in the Roman College, worked out the Gregorian reform of the Julian Calendar.

After the restoration of the Society, the first name on the list of illustrious professors is our Father Anthony Kohlmann. Then follow Fathers Perrone, De Vico, Secchi, Patrizi, Solimani, Ballerini, Angelini, Gury, Cardinal Franzelin, Father Schrader, Cardinal Tarquini, Fathers Armellini, Palmieri, Sanguineti, Cardinal Pecci (for two years professor of metaphysics), Fathers Tongiorgi, Lugari, Urraburu, Kleutgen, Cardinal Mazzella (from Woodstock), Fathers Cornely, Sanctus Schiffini, Father General Wernz, Fathers De Maria, De Luca, De Augustinis and Granderath, Fathers Remer, Ferretti, Gismondi, Bucceroni and Mechineau. Of the living it would be invidious to speak, though the reference library at Woodstock doubtless shows the names of Cardinal Billot, and Fathers Ojetti and Vermeersch to rebuke my reticence.

In the year before the world-war, we had in the university six professors of dogmatic theology, two professors of moral theology, two professors of Holy Scripture, and one for the oriental languages, four professors for Canon Law, and one each for ecclesiastical history, archeology, sacred art, sacred eloquence, logic, cosmology (and the history of philosophy), psychology, theodicy, ethics, physics, chemistry (with

mineralogy, biology and experimental psychology), lower mathematics, and finally for higher mathematics (with astronomy and geology). The partially international character of the faculty was evidenced by the fact that of the professors, while fourteen were Italian, three were French, three German, three Spanish, and the list was closed with one lone American. Our students numbered one thousand one hundred and seven, of whom forty-one were Ours and the rest externs. Of the entire number six hundred and seventeen were theologians, five hundred and fifty-three in long course and sixty-four in short; eighty-four were students of canon law, and four hundred and six philosophers. These students came to our lectures from seventeen distinct national colleges in the city and from the colleges (houses of study) of forty-three different religious orders and congregations, as well as from the Vatican Seminary and the Academia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici. As against our eleven hundred and seven students, the propaganda professors lectured to about seven hundred students at the Urban College of the Propaganda, and the Dominican Fathers at the Collegio Angelico (the successor to the Minerva) to about one hundred and fifty. These three are the chief lecture centers for philosophy and theology in this ecclesiastical university town.

The war has played ducks and drakes with our numbers. Our students reached low water mark last year with three hundred and sixty-nine, but this year began their recovery with three hundred and ninety-three. Our faculty list is short three of its six professors of dogma, and death has deprived us of Father Rivet, Professor of Canon Law; Father Savio, Professor of Ecclesiastical History; Father Bucceroni, Professor of Moral Theology, and Father Mechineau, Senior Professor of Scripture. Our losses by death have been repaired, however, respectively, by Father Fabbri, Father Greppi, Father Vermeersch and Father Filograssi. Our own scholastics and young fathers, returning from the war to their studies, lift the number of our home students to thirty-five, namely fifteen fathers, all in theology, and twenty scholastics, of whom twelve are theologians and eight philosophers. In addition we have one biennist in philosophy, and one in canon law, while two professors of moral theology, one from Enghien and the other from Louvain, have come to take six months study with us, adjusting their lectures in moral to the exigencies of the

new code of canon law. Of Ours who are students in the house not quite one-half the number are from the Roman province (and three of these are really from the Mission of Brazil), the others hail from the provinces of Venice, Sicily, Lyons and Mexico.

Lectures for the scholastic year begin on November 4th and end on June 20th. There is no period of repetition for the examinations; but a line is drawn in the Calendarium about June 7th, and all matter assigned for the examinations must have had its exposition before that date. The examinations begin on June 22nd and continue normally till July 30th, for four (or at least three-and-a-half) hours daily (Sunday only excepted), with three (and sometimes four) boards of examiners in session; you may imagine the heat and distress before the finish. The examinations are open to the presence of all who choose to attend, and there are usually half dozen or more students present, studying out the method of examination, and what they in turn will have to meet from the process going on before them. Ours, however, are examined privately. The sequence of students to be examined is arranged as follows: The examinations are divided into three successive series. Each series follows the rank of classes, and begins in each class alphabetically from a letter drawn each year by lot. After the announcement of the letter drawn, each student is at liberty to choose which series he will enter for the examination. The examinations in each succeeding series open immediately upon finishing with its predecessor. Thus some liberty of choice of time is allowed, while order and sequence is fully provided for. The voting of the examiners is according to the classic formulæ of the Society: superavit, attigit, etc., with a place for a cum laude or a summa cum laude after a superavit. The requirements for satisfaction are also our traditional ones, but if the candidate manages to secure two votes of quality next below the satisfactory note, he is entitled to a second examination in October; if he fails in this second examination, or if he did not arrive at this, he must repeat the year in course, before he can try again. He can at option waive the summer examination and await the October test; he thus forfeits all right to a second examination. Of course this business of repeating examinations only effects extern students; Ours have only one shot as elsewhere.

For return to the heads of colleges, the result of the

examination is translated into probatus (sine addito, or cum laude, or summa cum laude, as the case may be) or non probatus (which carries the right of re-examination in October), or rejectus (which calls for a repetition of the year's courses in class as title for another examination). Very few voluntarily await the October examinations, except in case of sickness.

Registration for the year ceases some ten or fifteen days after the opening of schools, and a later arrival cannot register for the courses of that year without a special dispensation from the rector of the university. Protracted absence from the lectures, or irregular attendance at them, is also a bar to examination and to credit for the year's work.

We award degrees in the doctorate, licentiate and baccalaureate in philosophy, theology and canon law, the licentiate in theology coming at the end of the third year in long course. Our entrance requirements (college credits below philosophy for entrance to philosophy, and at least two years of philosophy for entrance into theology) are tendered by certification from ecclesiastical superiors; and here we have a difficulty that gives a tail to our classes, sometimes of weight enough to be a drag. Sometimes the certifying bishops over-estimate the value of preparatory studies made at home, or are a bit easy-going in the matter. Then a number of the smaller religious congregations (chiefly those of a missionary character), have no means of providing lecture courses for their own in philosophy and theology, and so send them to us, but frequently with insufficient preparation and with the aim only of their acquiring the minimum of knowledge requisite for ordination. These candidates properly belong to a short course from the start; yet many of them are not infrequently entered as candidates for degrees in philosophy or in the long course of theology on a gamble. The pre-philosophy training of this type is always deficient. A strict entrance examination dividing off the sheep from the goats for university and seminary courses both in philosophy and theology would seem to promise a solution. However, this has its difficulty, as the Holy See is desirous of encouraging both bishops and religious superiors to send at least some of their students to Rome (theoretically their choicest), and of course rigid entrance requirements of Ours would discourage them. On the other hand preseminary and pre-university studies have a somewhat different content in different countries, where the quality,

if not the quantity, of culture common to the educated classes varies. Perhaps we may before long, with the help of the Congregation of Studies, find our way out of this difficulty.

The English speaking students, who come hither, are commonly lacking in the training of the ear to catch spoken Latin, and in the training of the tongue to talk it back. This, perhaps, might be remedied by their coming hither in September and taking, in their respective colleges, a six-weeks intensive drilling in writing down spoken Latin, mere dictation in fact, with tutorial revision of their writing afterwards, a drilling also, in a part at least, of the vocabulary of the schools, and a practical training in Latin talk. Since we have enlarged the informational content of our study programmes in Catholic colleges at home, and thereby necessarily decreased formational training, spoken Latin has well nigh disappeared from our college classes in philosophy as well as from many of the seminary classes. You may imagine how a man, going straight into theology from preparation such as that, has no response in his memory of the Latin philosophical terms of dàily need in the class-room here. The lad who comes here for philosophy without a literal speaking acquaintance with Latin learns to understand and talk a bit after six months, with a more or less complete loss of thorough grounding in logic. Moreover, through all his course, and especially in the examinations his Latin is crude. The Latin words for the answers in his mind will not come readily to him, sometimes in fact, they do not come at all, with consequent discredit and not unfrequent disaster. I remember that at a conference of prefects of studies, which I attended ten years ago in the character of an ex-prefect, the prolongation of my earnest argument for the restoration of Latin as the language of the classes in philosophy (ethics excepted) in our colleges was cut short with an authoritative assurance that the return was forthcoming immediately. Another instance of a good resolution gone wrong. Once upon a time the graduates of our colleges in the United States, coming to Rome, took a leading position in their studies from the start. Now, owing to defective Latin this is no longer so. I have been given to understand, however, that the boys from our college in Cleveland have shown up better than the others, precisely because our college of St. Ignatius there still adheres to Latin in the classes of philosophy.

We have another difficulty confronting us here at the University, and that is that our matriculates in philosophy are allowed to produce certification of their mathematics and natural sciences, and waiving the courses in these subjects, to make their full course of scholastic philosophy in two years. Besides the uneven value of the certification, which we have not controlled, many of these students cannot absorb the whole scholastic course in that period, even if they find a way to attend all the lectures. There is a limit to the time capacity of mental digestion as well as of the digestion of food, and only exceptional students can assimilate the whole matter in two years. To boot, the biennist makes his ethics, while he is struggling for six months with his logic. Woe to him! For the professor of ethics is reputed a severe examiner.

For students who come to theology asking credit for a part of the course made elsewhere we exercise more discrimination over the certification, and rarely credit a man with more than one year, never with more than two: to have our degree his course must substantially be made with us. Our degree still holds the highest rank in public opinion of all the Roman degrees in theology, but the general repute of all of these is lessened by the ancient privilege still retained and exercised by certain ecclesiastical corporations, as for instance the chapter of the canons of St. John Lateran, of granting degrees solely upon an examination held under the authorization of the corporation.

Our system supposes a Repetitor in each college, national or religious, who is supposed to exact daily repetitions and hold frequent circles. The professor calls for repetition in the lecture-room or not at his option. He holds one circle a week during the class hour. Each professor of philosophy and dogmatic theology holds one circle more a week privately for our scholastics. Our cases of conscience are purely domestic affairs. The Repetitor system has its advantages, if we would only exert pressure on the colleges to have it enforced. A number of the colleges have dropped the Repetitor, and most of the smaller religious congregations have never had one. Moreover, some of the Repetitors content themselves with lecturing anew on the matter already expounded in class, with some confusion and little profit to the students, who need not another

lecture but a test of their grasp of the original one. A good Repetitor is as hard to find as a good professor, and his task is not attractive to competent men.

Our courses at the University in philosophy and theology (both dogma and moral) are like yours at Woodstock, but our course in Scripture is more extensive. We run the Introductio Generalis through all four years (two hours a week), and add five hours a week in the third and fourth year of special critical introduction and exegesis. We were planning to introduce the history of dogma when the war broke out and upset our plans. We have to-day no class of rites, leaving that for the colleges to attend to. Our canon law is a special three years course, but the first year "the Institutiones," is obligatory for all the theologians. Our course in ecclesiastical history parallels yours, but we run in addition an optional academy in the same for one hour a week, the intent of which, I fancy, is methodological. We have no course in patrology, but expect to initiate one before very long. Besides the obligatory courses in Hebrew and Biblical Greek, the former for two hours a week in first year theology, the latter one hour a week in third year, we have optional courses in advanced Hebrew and in Arabic, each for one hour a week. We have just begun a course (also optional) in Ascetical and Mystical Theology for one hour a week, and another for a like period in Apologetics (for lay extern students), with an academy attached to the latter, holding sessions two hours a month.

In philosophy we have two distinct professors for cosmology and psychology; but on the other hand our courses in the natural sciences lack the individual laboratory opportunities of Woodstock. We run an optional academy in sociology one hour a week, but up to the present it has been like an ordinary class, with lecture work rather than the seminar work of a real academy. The accessory courses have gradually come to be given in Italian, which works disadvantageously to the foreign students in their first year, if not indeed throughout their whole course.

Now for a more personal note. The lecture room of the professor of ethics is about twice as large as your theologians' hall, both in floor-space and height. The students sit at old time benches, as at Woodstock, being sorted off according to their respective colleges. The professor stands or is seated aloft in his pulpit: the present incumbent prefers the chair. He faces a life-

size painting, hung on the opposite wall, of a controversial disputation at the diet of Worms, where Blessed Peter Canisius is dialectically hammering a champion heretic. On the wall to his right hangs a similar painting of St. John Berchmans, laid out in St. Ignatius Church for his funeral service, and surrounded by a group of extern students in prayer. Right and left of this are portraits of Cardinal Ludovisi, the builder of Saint Ignatius Church, and Prince Borghese, the founder of the Gesu. On the opposite side, between the windows, are the Good Samaritan and Tobias, with Raphael and the large fish. Over the lecturer's head hangs a large crucifix; at his right hand a small portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas, and at his left one of St. John Berchmans; while below the pulpit on a granite pedestal stands a fine bust of Father Liberatore, set up by his admiring pupils. From a high perch on the left wall a bust of Leo XIII looks sternly across towards the pulpit, to see that the lecturer keeps in line with the teachings of the Angelical Doctor on his right.

The present occupant of the pulpit began his lectures in 1910, with some one hundred and twenty-five regular auditors, and (for some months) with a score or more of shifting auditors in addition, who came to hear "il Americano." The lectures here are public, and anybody who lists may drop in for a lecture. The Americano lectures without notes, and makes up by vivacity for want of profounder gifts. Still he has printed his text-book, a mere collection of definitions, distinctions and syllogisms, such things in a word as a student would consider essential to his notes, and as he sticks to an explanation of the text, he is giving satisfaction, which promises him an undesired security of tenure in his post. The auditory he found before him was a novel one, with the venerable habits of Cistercian, Capuchin, Carmelite (calced and discalced), Friar Minor, Trinitarian and a dozen other religious congregations, together with the varying colors of the soutanes (or at least of belt and lappets) of the different national colleges. To-day there is only a spare score and a half who attend the course, representing but seven religious communities and six national colleges, and the flaming scarlet of the Germanico-Hungarico lads (always among our best scholars) is missing, perhaps never to return. Of course we look for a renewal of our ancient vigor. We expect a strengthening of the faculty and of studies from Father General by next fall. Our student numbers also will

rise again, perhaps quite soon, for war brings serious thinking and a sense of life-values, and thence under God's providence vocations thrive. But the distinctive and aggressive color of the old Germanico uniform, chosen by St. Ignatius himself, it is said, to remind the students to be ready for martyrdom, if need be, in the battle of the faith against the Reformation, may give way to sombre black with only a touch of color for a memory of the blaze of scarlet lost.

As for living conditions in Rome, these come hard to some of us of other lands. The morning cup of coffee, with a few ounces of bread (no butter), makes a poor basis for a full morning's work, after the generous morning meal of other days. You may reflect that doubtless the light continental refection is more rational, but the reflection is never convincing. Then the long spell of eight hours (at present from 1 to 9 P. M.) between dinner and supper, with no "haustus" in between, leaves one so ravenous in the evening that his appetite, if satisfied, is liable to disturb his early night's rest. The tradition of the kitchen to cook in olive oil, where one has been accustomed to lard, butter or fried fat, plays hobs with the digestion of northern folk. This is accentuated by the increased proportion of farinaceous foods and pulse (Rodriguez, you will remember, scores an unmortified monk for complaining of the latter), together with a corresponding lessening of fibrin and fats (never butter, and milk only in the morning coffee), and this gives you less internal heat units with which to resist atmospheric acerbities. The native gets his heat from wine, which is served both at dinner and supper (excluding so your evening tea or coffee), but the alien finds therefrom a tendency to acid stomach and fermentation. If you come over young enough, you may adjust yourself more readily to these changes, but when life and habits are set, this is not so easy to do. Of course I am quoting from our domestic menu. Some of the northern national colleges serve milk and butter and potatoes (a rarity at our table before the war). Fish is not securely transported from the sea in hot weather, and the traditional absence of refrigerators makes the keeping of fish and meat problematical. Meat is usually served more freshly killed than in the United States, and fish a bit underdone to a taste accustomed to having it well-done and served with a sauce. At our house we still retain the custom of serving individual portions of food; but the portions in peace times are not at all

meagre. Smoking seems to aggravate digestive difficulties, and is a habit to discard at Rome, if you can.

Then comes a new climate to be reckoned with. It is not colder here than at home; in fact, not half so cold, but you feel it infinitely more. The daily fall of temperature at sundown is considerable, and the difference between the temperature by night and by day is extreme. This means that you soon learn that the closing of the window at night after the manner of the natives is not by reason solely of the danger of malaria. This danger is largely past in Rome itself, since the high embankments of the Tiber have been built. The chief reason of the precaution is to be found in the disproportionately cool nights. Then your house is a big stone monster, which retains the cold and moisture, while the outside weather grows warmer. This you find a cause of disheartenment after your return from your evening walk, when you sit down at your desk to study. For your soft food has not only made you disposed to perspire on the slightest exertion, but has given you but little internal resistance power against the evening chill. "Hinc illæ lacrimæ!" Then when winter settles in on you, you find yourself in a brick-paved room, with a little tuppence ha' penny stove (if you are lucky), and as a good father once told me, you keep yourself warm by the frequent necessity of jumping up to renew the fuel on your fire.

The heat of the summer is in its turn peculiarly oppressive; so much so, that all Romans, who can, leave the city for the months of July, August and September, and fly to the neighboring hills, Alban, Sabine or Volscian. But woe is me! The examinations, as well as our house traditions, keep the Gregorian community in town all July. As Father O'Rourke puts the difference between the summer heat at home and here, in the Roman heat you feel baked, and in the American only boiled. The direct fall of the sun upon you in town in summer has a peculiar feverish effect. Cold baths do not have the same bracing re-invigoration as at home; the reacting glow does not come readily, for the lack, I presume, of heat units in your food. The native preference is for a warm bath, and the tradition of this among the older generation is of an annual function in the springtime. In fact, in the older religious houses the bathing provisions are not encouraging, while the toilet arrangements are primitive.

In spite of all these differences, and they look formidable, when catalogued all together, the American

students, both among Ours and externs, will tell you frankly that, though they would like to see many of them removed, they would prefer to put up with them all for the period of six or seven years rather than miss the opportunities of classic and ecclesiastical culture to be found only in Rome. Even the permanent resident will add something of the sort. But the effect on the stranger of the combination of food, climate and study, tends after a few years to slow up blood circulation, and steadily wears down the nervous system with a regular recurrence of nervous headache. When one reaches this stage, the sirocco, a hot wind from the southeast bringing grit from the Sahara and warm moisture from the Mediterranean (and it is a frequent visitor at all seasons of the year), is sure to fetch a headache, a sense of oppression and an indisposition to exertion, all of which is very trying. The ordinary pilgrim is more or less immune to this effect for his first three or four years of residence, and a return of some weeks to his own clime and diet seems to renew his immunity, or at least to strengthen his power of resistance. The northern national students usually return home for the summer between their philosophy and their theology; while others, like the North Americans, take a summer trip to Switzerland or the northern mountains of Italy, which is a successful substitute. The measure of strain on those who cannot have this relief is sometimes extreme. Of the two thousand or more ecclesiastical students ordinarily in Rome, I noted during my first five years stay an average of two students a year breaking down with temporary nervous dementia. Yet on the other hand, to tell the full truth, Father O'Rourke tells me that with an original nervous predisposition he has suffered less from his nerves here than elsewhere. Finally one of the early things to learn at Rome against the atmospheric changes all the year round is to wear constantly a woolen abdominal band; it is a necessary safeguard against intestinal troubles.

Now I hope I have not made the close of my letter too dark. We have a generous number of perfect days at Rome, with a clear sky and a balmy air, a brightness and a color all their own. April, May and October are commonly perfect months. There is, of course, a Thursday break for all the students, and our scholastics usually spend it at some neighboring villa; there is from time to time during the year an occasional trip to the Alban hills; we have a long summer vacation in the same; in-

teresting walks over historic ground are always possible, and there is a multitude of lovely churches to visit, full of works of art and memories of the saints; you have about you the scenes and memorials of classic incidents, the forum, the colosseum and the catacombs, and ever at hand the peerless glories of St. Peter's. You are near the Holy Father, whom you may occasionally see, and you have frequent opportunity of being present at imposing as well as historic functions of the church. You are at the source of Canon Law and its judiciary and of much of ecclesiastical history, in the home of scholastic philosophy and dogma, and you broaden under the influence of meeting all the nations of the earth, represented in this Studium Generale of the Church Catholic.

I emphasize all this because a rumor is rife that within the next few years we may have established here an international house of studies, built in modern fashion, and governed with regard for variant needs, to hold a couple of representative students from every province of the Society, all attending lectures at the Gregorian. Our Italian brethren are full of a native courtesy and consideration for the stranger, which will make you feel at home in your Mother's house in Rome. I am sure that those who are chosen to come here from the American provinces, if in sound health at the start, will enjoy every year of their stay, and profit immeasurably from their visit. There is also a whisper abroad that we may build a modern structure to house the Gregorian, and if we do, this will leave little to be desired by him who comes to make his ordinary studies, or perhaps to take a biennium in Canon Law or Dogma among the glorious memories of the Università Gregoriana del Collegio Romano. Faxit Deus.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

CHARLES MACKSEY, S. J.

BAROCYCLONOMETER, PERFECTED BY FATHER ALGUE OF UNITED STATES WEATHER SERVICE.

By Robert G. Skerrett.

Stalking the hurricane has taken on a new impetus. The United States Weather Bureau has established at Fort Myers, on the west coast of Florida, a special station for the prompt detection of this type of cyclonic storm so that our shipping and other interests in the neighborhood may be better safeguarded henceforth.

As all of us know, West Indian hurricanes have taken their toll of life and property in the years gone, and upon numerous occasions our Southern shores have been swept disastrously by these violent winds. Not only have these tempests sent the angry waters piling inland high above the reach of normal flood tides, but their swirling currents have torn habitations into shreds and have uprooted and thrown flat great stretches of sturdy stands of timber. Shipping of all sorts has suffered more or less gravely, and the craft that could weather the centre of such a blow had, indeed, to be more than ordinarily well built and powerful enough to drive onward despite the dreadful blast.

MORE SHIPPING TO PROTECT

Hereafter we shall have a steadily increasing tide of shipping to protect on its way through West Indian waters to and from the Panama Canal and South American ports; we have a growing populace along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico which must be amply warned of the coming of a hurricane; and finally, our acquisition of the Virgin Islands adds to our responsibilities in the matter of forecasting the movements of these meteorological perturbations.

The Virgin Islands are close to the point of origin of a great many of the recorded hurricanes of the past and near the main path of the centres of the majority of these tropical storms. So recently as October 9, 1916, the islands were swept by an exceptionally destructive

Note.—This article is taken from *The New York Sun*, May 25, 1919.

hurricane, during which the wind velocity reached an estimated speed of 125 miles an hour and wrought damage amounting to fully $1,500,000.

The hurricane broke with little warning, and almost before storm shutters could be adjusted the precursor of the gale arrived in the form of heavy gusts of wind and severe downpours of rain. Ships were driven ashore, verdure was blown from the hillside, leaving the ground brown and barren and revealing cliffs and boulders that formerly were entirely hidden by grass and trees. In some instances houses were blown bodily from their foundations and smashed to pieces against other buildings or trees. In Charlotte scarcely a house escaped without more or less damage. In short, the entire group of islands suffered grievously.

As has been said by an official of the United States Weather Bureau: "The increase in the size and speed of vessels has removed many of the hardships of ocean travel, while the steady improvement of wireless communication is eliminating additional terrors of the sea. But with all of our modern improvements in the mode of travel, and without increased knowledge of the laws of storms, there will always remain sufficient menace to life and property in a storm at sea to make the hurricane an object to be dreaded and to be avoided if possible. The term hurricane is restricted to cyclones which have their origin and field of action within well defined limits embracing the West Indies and neighboring waters of the North Atlantic."

These storms do not cover so great an area as the cyclones that drive at times across some of our States, and which have a diameter of more than 1,000 miles. While the tropical storms are generally not more than 300 to 400 miles in cross-section, still they affect the atmosphere to greater height. There, accompanied as they are by a very rapid fall of the barometer within short distances or radii from the centre, this steep pressure gradient induces an area of violently destructive winds and excessively heavy rainfall.

The desire of the meteorologist is, if possible, to forecast not only the coming of a hurricane long before it arrives, but to advise as to the path which the tempest is taking so that mariners can steer away, and those that dwell within its certain sweep can take all suitable measures for their security.

FATHER ALGUE'S INVENTION.

One of the instruments at the Fort Myers station which is likely to play a conspicuous part in anticipating the arrival of a hurricane and in detecting its line of advance from day to day, and even from hour to hour, is the invention of Father José Algué, director of the Philippine Weather Bureau at Manila.

This Jesuit scientist came to this country about seven years ago to adapt his instrument to the conditions of the North Atlantic adjacent to the Panama Canal, the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico particularly. He had developed his instrument primarily for the purpose of forecasting the sweep of typhoons in the Far East and especially in and about the Philippines.

After due study of meteorological conditions in the West Indian regions generally, and an analysis of the data on files in Washington, Father Algué returned to Manila and set about the self-imposed task of giving us a form of his barocyclonometer, as the instrument is called, which would be of service in this hemisphere. It took him months to work out a satisfactory solution of his many sided problem, but he achieved this in his characteristically patient, painstaking way. He has dismissed with a wave of his hand any tributes to his ingenuity. As he modestly puts it:

"I have been specializing in meteorology for years, and it was quite natural that I should see some things which would ordinarily escape others. The barocyclonometer simply came into being therefore, as a matter of course."

Just the same there is ample evidence of the novelty of the instrument in the centuries that have passed before genius was inspired to give it form.

SCOPE OF THE BAROCYCLONOMETER.

In order to realize just what the barocyclonometer is we must have an idea of the apparatus extant upon which meteorologists relied previously for a kindred service. The ordinary barometer indicates changes of atmospheric pressure—a rise foretelling fair weather and a drop warning of a probable storm. These variations represent what may popularly be called the hills and the valleys of aerial inequalities, and the hills become in effect mountainous when the barometer reaches its lowest point.

These elevations and depressions are mobile, and the area of high pressure tries to crowd in upon the region

of low pressure in seeking to reestablish the normal atmospheric level. The steepness of the grade between these two extremes, especially the rapidity with which this varies within short distances, is the true index of cyclonic violence. The winds are generated by the energy with which the "high" area rushes in upon the "low" region. This movement begets winds of great velocity, and these converge like the spiral currents of a whirlpool upon a common centre.

Any barometer will give warning of changes of air pressure, but it won't indicate the position of the storm centre—it takes a sense of direction, and to this extent it is only partway helpful. Happily, the studies of three priests have overcome this difficulty, and the last of these, Father Algué, has furnished the climax in his barocyclonometer. It is founded upon a barometer designed by Father Faura, who preceded Father Algué in charge of the Manila Observatory. Father Faura's parochial duties brought him in touch with the sufferings of his people due to the ravages of the typhoon. He realized that a great part of their distress was the consequence of general ignorance of the approach of the tempest and, accordingly, failure to take reasonable precautions.

Father Faura's instrument was distinctly local in its accuracy of forewarning, but undoubtedly did save a great many lives and much property by reason of its admonitions. It was, however, a source of peril, because it lulled the seafarer into security when the apparatus was relied upon in sections of the eastern seas for which it had not been adapted or compensated. That is to say, mariners trading between Hongkong and Manila—points not widely separated either in distance or latitude—were really traversing waters within which the "fair" of the barometer differed decidedly. In other words, the navigator believed himself safe, according to the reading of the barometer, when in fact a tempest was brewing.

Such was the state of affairs when Father Algué assumed the directorate of the Philippine Weather Bureau, and his desire was to produce an instrument so flexible in its guidance that it would serve shipping not only in the Philippines but throughout the principal seas of the Far East. This was a pretty large undertaking.

He had first to reduce to "means" all of the barometric data available over a period of many years past and applicable to the waters and the coasts for which he sought

to fit the barocyclonometer. After getting this fairly staggering array of figures reduced to the desired "averages" for the different seasons of the year, then there remained the puzzling problem to sum up this extended story upon the dial of the instrument somewhat like Father Faura had done when restricting his apparatus to use in the Philippine Archipelago alone.

Father Algué soon recognized that this would be quite impracticable; he realized that he would have to provide a very different solution. This he did by dividing the face of the instrument into two concentric dials—one fixed and the other capable of being rotated so as to bring the standard point for "fair" over that arc of the pressure readings which corresponded to the "mean" of the season in question, which his exhaustive calculations had determined for each geographical position. Then the automatic shifting of the hand toward "variable" or "stormy" told aright what the mariner should expect at that time and location.

This simple alteration of the face of the instrument worked a revolution, and gave to the Faura barometer, thus modified, a greater value and a much wider field of usefulness. In effect it was as if one's watch were made to have its face rotated instead of moving the hands to correct them, only in the case of the barometer the force at work guiding the hand is extraneous and the dial alone is touched.

But this ingenious alteration of the standard barometer was an incomplete answer to the problem which Father Algué had set out to solve. It did not help to locate the centre of the threatening typhoon, and his object was to evolve an aid by which not only the position of the storm could be established, but its subsequent course. He felt that the safety of thousands of lives depended upon a satisfactory solution. Sometime previously Father Benito Vines, at the observatory in Havana, had also sought for some natural sign which would give warning not only of a menacing hurricane, but which would tell where the centre of the cyclone lay. He literally looked for that sign in the heavens.

HERALDED BY CLOUDS.

He found it there in the form of certain long, feather-like clouds which appeared in the sky and commonly persisted there days before the arrival of the storm. Father Vines discovered that these "cocktails" invariably heralded the gathering tempest and were the visible outermost swirls of an atmospheric maelstrom whose

centre was possibly hundreds of miles below the horizon. By watching the manner in which these clouds grew and tracing in a general way the trend of their convergence he was able to locate approximately the position of the vortex. This was about as far as Father Vines went, but that knowledge proved a sure foundation upon which Father Algué afterward built so cunningly.

At Manila Father Algué began to study the gradual development of the storm clouds peculiar to that region, and a little later he designed and built an apparatus by which he could both measure the height of the clouds and photograph them as well. By carrying these studies over a fairly long period, which was marked by a number of typhoons, he was able to determine not only the rotary movement of the winds for each of the four quarters of the compass during the prevalence of a cyclone, but he also discovered how these winds varied with the different seasons. Further, his photographs enabled him to get a graphic record of just how the clouds marked the degree to which the vertical axis of the storm, like that of a spinning top, inclined as it advanced.

We can better appreciate the meaning of this if we picture the cyclone to be a whirling cone travelling with its point downward and in touch with the earth while its larger and more violent zones are aloft. If the cone leaned to one or the other side that would bring the more angry winds closer to the earth in that direction, and the territory on the other side would have less to fear. Of course during all these investigations this scientific priest measured carefully the speed of the scurrying clouds at different distances from the vortex of the typhoon, and he likewise observed the varying pressures of the barometer as he was near or far from that dreaded centre.

With all this data exhaustively studied and tabulated, he was able finally to obtain certain averages upon which he based his cyclonometer or wind chart, which enables a navigator of even modest learning to ascertain his position in relation to the centre of the oncoming storm. The mariner does not have to bother with the height of the clouds or the character of them, nor does he have to make vexatious calculations; his task is simplicity personified.

RANGE OF 500 MILES.

The barocyclonometer will respond to atmospheric disturbances due to storms more than 500 miles away,

and Father Algué therefore has divided the concentric zones on his dial into intervals of 100 miles each. This permits the navigator to fix the remoteness or nearness of the centre of a hurricane, but it does not tell of the whereabouts of the storm axis. This latter information is much desired by the man at sea as well as by the master of a ship at anchor in a harbor, and it is equally important to the safety of persons on shore. In any case it gives warning and time in which to prepare for the inevitable or to head away with all possible speed from the path of the dreaded storm centre.

The dial of the cyclometer is both a chart of cyclonic winds and a graph of the zones of the different barometric pressures, the vortex of the storm being represented by the centre of the dial. The hands of the instrument are arranged so that an observer can set them to indicate the position of the vortex as established at the first observation, and then to trace the movement of the storm between two observations by shifting one of the hands, the second hand having a smaller cross-pointer, which facilitates this essentially graphic operation.

The working of the instrument is devoid of complications, and in the case of the seafarer, it is possible for him to utilize the cyclometer while pausing but for a few moments in the discharge of his other duties.

As the "wind disc" shows, the little arrows marking the directions of the winds vary in each quarter of the compass and within each of the five barometric zones, so that there is a distinctive character to every division. The mariner has only to keep his eye upon the steady wind blowing at any hour and to check the change, if such a thing is taking place, in order to determine his own position in relation to the axis of the storm. He does not bother with momentary eddies or gusts. The direction and force of the winds differ from season to season, and this is recorded in a little guide book that goes with the instrument.

The truly wonderful part of the whole problem—at least to the layman—is that it has been possible thus to reduce to a system the swirling winds of a raging tempest and to give to apparent confusion a definite rotary movement which will tell its story helpfully to any intelligent observer. To most of us the maelstrom of a cyclone would seem to be a pellmell rush with all kinds of misleading eddies, but Father Algué's tireless research and patient calculation have resolved these into

an orderly movement. Nature has her own way of taking us into her confidence if we be clear-sighted enough to read the story as she writes it.

SIGNS OF NATURE'S MOODS.

One thing that has made for success in evolving an apparatus to predict the position and progress of typhoons and hurricanes is the character of certain meteorological changes in the tropical and semi-tropical regions. That is to say, the daily oscillations of the barometer are so regular that some authors have compared them with the movements of a clock. Therefore the least irregularity observed in this regard is recognized as a reasonably certain indication of the proximity of a storm. Accordingly nature, where she is apt to be especially violent in the forms of her storms, has thus provided signs of her menacing moods.

The barometric conditions of the Orient are not like those of our southern Atlantic coast and the regions of the West Indies. But the same underlying laws prevail in both hemispheres, and Father Algué has furnished us with an apparatus that will reliably foretell the birth, the growth and the course of the hurricanes peculiar to our part of the world.

In the past these storms have by no means confined their courses to the mean path of the storm centres indicated upon the chart. Some of them have swept northward along the Carolina coast; others have struck our Gulf shores either in their initial sweep or when curving, as they so often do to the eastward, and again some of them have driven violently upon Yucatan and the seaboard of Mexico to the north.

Heretofore we have had to rely upon ships at sea and shore stations provided with the usual standard barometer to pick up the warning drops in pressure and to wireless the news afar. Unfortunately the hurricane is commonly accompanied by electrical disturbances of such strength that the effective working of the radio is seriously hampered by the prevailing static condition. Therefore just when messages should be despatched it is not infrequently impossible to do so. This emphasizes the added value of Father Algué's invention.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD DIARY

The Jesuits in Buffalo

1867–1870

Amongst the numerous visitors to St. Michael's in the year 1867, we find some very familiar names—that of Father Bernard Sestini, the eminent mathematician, engaged at that time in scientific work at Georgetown University; that of Father Monroe, who was requisitioned during his stay to deliver a lecture to the German Catholic Society on Japan and its customs; that of Father Tissot, well known in the history of Fordham University; that of Mr. Charles Herbermann, at the time professor at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, and for many years afterwards Professor of Latin Language and Literature at the College of the City of New York, and from 1905, editor of the Catholic Encyclopaedia; that of Brother Risler, well known to every Jesuit student of St. Francis Xavier's, N. Y., as master of penmanship and drawing.

During the summer months, Father Jannsen gave the spiritual exercises to the Sisters of Mercy in Rochester, Father G. Schneider, to the Nardins of Buffalo, and Father Durthaller to the Sisters of Mercy.

On the 16th of August, the proclamation of the status of the two Jesuit communities of Buffalo was issued. It was as follows: At St. Michael's Father Durthaller, Superior; Father Christopher Kottmann, Minister, and Confessor to the Sisters of St. Joseph; Father Charles Jannsen, Assistant at St. Michael's and Chaplain of the City Hospital; Father Michael Haering, Assistant, and Chaplain of the Eleysville Hospital; Brother Andrew Tragsail, janitor, Brother Bernard Geritsen, sacristan, and Brother Conrad Meyer, cook and buyer.

At St. Ann's: Father John Blettner was Superior, with Father George Freitch and Father John Hackspiel as assistants; Brother Martin Sticklin was cook; Brother Peter Frey, sacristan, whilst Brother Desiderius Vankenterghem was awaiting a transfer.

NOTE.—This interesting history is taken with the kind permission of the Moderator, from *The Canisius Monthly.*

Schools opened as usual in September. The Girls' Department had been in charge since 1860 of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, commonly known as the Nardins. Two Sisters of St. Joseph took charge of the lowest classes in 1865.

A new organ was placed in St. Michael's in October; it was solemnly opened and dedicated on the 27th during a sacred concert, at which Mr. Berger, an organist from New York, was asked to preside. His execution was highly appreciated by a large audience.

On November 3rd, Father Jannsen delivered a lecture at Lockport under the auspices of the Sisters of Mary, the subject being, "Does America owe anything of its present greatness to Catholics?" The lecture was designed to be a refutation of a discourse on the same subject given by Bishop Coxe. A little trouble was caused by two of the parishioners of the Eleysville Mission in December, by ringing, against the express orders of Father Haering, the church bell at the funeral of a non-Catholic lady of the town. Mass was not said at the mission church on the following Sunday as a punishment; but the difficulty was soon afterwards solved to the satisfaction of the pastor.

On March 1st, 1869, a conference of St. Vincent de Paul was established at St. Michael's for the relief of the poor, especially of the parish. The society continued to flourish for many years, and the annual records show that a great deal of good was done by the generous officers and members of the Conference. Father Jannsen gave a lecture on the same day at the Cathedral under the auspices of the Conference of that parish, to raise funds for the needy.

During the month of May a solemn triduum was held in honor of the Beatification of Charles Spinola and his companions, Jesuit martyrs. High Mass was sung every day at 7.30 and Father Jannsen preached the sermons in the evening. The exercises were concluded on Sunday, Pentecost Sunday, with Solemn High Mass, procession, litanies, Benediction and Te Deum.

The newly appointed Bishop of Buffalo, Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, made his solemn entrance into his episcopal see on November 7th, 1868, amid the joyous concourse of priests and people. He was consecrated two days afterwards, fourteen of his brother Bishops honoring the occasion by their presence. One of them lodged

at St. Michael's, and four of them said Mass in the church. They were Rt. Rev. James R. Bailey of Newark, Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriant of Burlington, Rt. Rev. Bernard McQuaid of Rochester, and Rt. Rev. John J. Conroy of Albany. The first official act of Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan outside of the cathedral was, if we are rightly informed, the blessing of a new banner at St. Ann's.

We are now approaching the period in the history of St. Michael's when the administration of the congregation passed into other hands. A plan seemed to have been on hand for some time to transfer this part of the Canadian Mission to the German Province of the Society of Jesus. The first German Fathers, indeed, arrived on September 17th, 1868. They were Fathers Spicher, Hieber and Kreusch. They were of great service to their overburdened brethren in the ever increasing duties of the sacred ministry. At the close of the year 1868, the quiet transfer of the parish into the hands of the Fathers from Germany was practically completed, although Father Durthaller continued for some time longer to occupy his former position. Rev. Father Spicher, the newly appointed superior, naturally felt unwilling to accept the charge on account of the heavy debt encumbering it. We are told that he was on the point of withdrawing from his commission, when categorical orders from headquarters in Rome forced him to accept it. The final formalities of the transfer were completed in the month of May of the following year. During the month of June two more Fathers arrived from Germany, Fathers Karlstaetter and Kamp, accompanied by Brother Voegtle. Two months later the newcomers were joined by Fathers Freisch, Kockerols and Breymann, and Brothers Stieger and Bierbuesse. They were followed shortly afterwards by Fathers Krantzleiter, Knappmeyer, Delhez and Frederici, together with Brother Altkemp. The latest arrivals on the 10th of October were Father Fruzzini and Brother Philip Schneider. These new recruits did not all remain in Buffalo, but several of them soon left for different fields of labor. Thus Father Freisch and Brother Bierbuesse were sent to the newly established house at Toledo; Fathers Knappmeyer and Delhez went to the Tertianship at Frederick, Md.; Fathers Kamp and Fruzzini were transferred to St. Ann's.

On the first Sunday of January, 1869, the Rt. Rev. Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at

St. Michael's, addressing the congregation twice during the ceremony. St. Joseph's day, the patronal feast day of Father Durthaller, was celebrated in the usual solemn way. Father Durthaller sang the Mass, assisted by Fathers Kreusch and Hackspiel. The St. Ann's fathers came over afterwards for dinner, to which also some of the members of the congregation were invited. On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, Father Durthaller assisted at the services at the Cathedral, and remained for dinner as the Bishop's guest. The year 1869 exhibited the usual activities of the Fathers in and out of the parish. Besides caring for their mission stations at Black Creek, Eleysville and Northbush, they conducted missions at Elmira, St. Louis, Norwalk, Akron, O., a weeks mission at St. Louis' Church, Buffalo, and gave retreats at Lockport, Cleveland, and the usual retreats to the religious communities of Buffalo.

In February, 1870, Father Kamp preached a retreat to our boys and young men. It closed with a general communion on February 13th. On the same day Mass was celebrated according to the Syrian rite by the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Bishop of Aleppo, who was collecting funds here for the Maronites. The people attended with great attention and devotion, and during it Father Durthaller explained to them the ceremonies of the strange rite.

Rev. E. A. Magher, a newly ordained priest, and a boy of the parish, read his first Mass at St. Michael's on February 26th. A procession composed of acolytes and priests received him at the entrance of the church and conducted him into the sanctuary. At the close of the Mass, the faithful came to the altar and received the young priest's blessing. Dinner was afterwards served in the old school house, formerly the church, and fifty invited guests partook of the repast.

Father Durthaller received a beautiful statue of his patron saint on his feast day. It was blessed on the following day, and after the blessing, the school children, under the direction of the schoolmaster, Mr. Schmidt, and Father Breymann, gave a very creditable musical and declamatory entertainment. It was to be the last feast day celebration which Father Durthaller was to enjoy at St. Michael's. The rumor that was current for weeks concerning his departure was at last confirmed. When the children, at the end of their annual examinations, and in the presence of many of their parents, took leave of the good Father, their affectionate

addresses were interrupted by sobs and cries, as if a dear parent was being taken from them. Father Durthaller departed for New York on July 26th, where he labored most zealously for fifteen years at St. Joseph's Church, 87th street. He was called to his eternal reward on May 3rd, 1885, at the age of 66. His death was due to congestion of the brain, with which he was stricken in the sacristy whilst preparing for the second Mass he had to say that Sunday.

Father Joseph Durthaller was born in Alsace, November 28th, 1819, and after the usual preliminary studies was ordained priest. Soon after his ordination he entered the Society of Jesus, October 21st, 1844. In 1848, he left France in the company of other exiled Fathers, and on arriving at Montreal was assigned to a professorship at St. Mary's College. He was afterwards transferred to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, where he was successively Professor of Philosophy and Prefect of Studies till 1860, when he was appointed Rector of the College. To his efforts whilst rector is due the present college building. In 1863, as we have previously stated, he came to Buffalo, where he remained till July, 1870. On his return to New York, he was once more made prefect of studies at St. Francis Xavier's, and soon after sent to St. Lawrence's Church, 84th street, for the purpose of forming the new congregation in St. Joseph's. He was named Superior of this congregation in 1874, and continued thus until his death. When he first went among the people of his new parish, he was literally "without scrip or purse," but his devotedness and disinterestedness soon gained the hearts of his new flock, and today St. Joseph's Church, with its large congregation and parochial school attest the undoubted success of the zealous pastor.

Father Durthaller's warm nature, gentle bearing and evident but unobtrusive piety, won him many friends, nor did he lose their esteem by showing an unswerving firmness of purpose when duty called for it. Many still remember his kindly greeting, his cheery words and works of disinterested goodness which he rendered them in the hour of need. The qualities of head and heart which characterized him filled the measure of a useful and meritorious life of forty years in the ministry, and though dead his works still live and fructify unto salvation in the hearts of others.

On the evening of Father Durthaller's departure from Buffalo, Father Reiter was proclaimed his successor.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CANISIUS COLLEGE.

Until 1869, the two communities of St. Michael's and St. Ann's, the two centres of Jesuit activities in Buffalo, constituted a part of the New York-Maryland Mission. The labors of the Jesuit Fathers of this mission growing heavier year by year, with the increase of the population in the cities along the Atlantic seacoast, it was decided to transfer the Jesuit communities of Buffalo to the German Province. In September, 1868, Rev. Father Spicher, S. J., was sent to America by the German Provincial, Father George Roder, S. J., to arrange the transfer. We saw how reluctantly he undertook the task. The settlement was finally made between Father Spicher and Father Perron, Superior of the New York-Maryland Mission. The sanction of Very Reverend Father General was communicated by letter to the German Provincial, Clement Faller, S. J., constituting the new Buffalo Mission a part of the German Province. Father Spicher, who had returned to Germany, brought back with him, as we have seen, several Fathers and Brothers, and he himself was made the first Superior of the Mission, with residence in Toledo, where St. Mary's Church was also taken over by the German Province. However, Father Durthaller and Father Blettner, both members of the New York-Maryland Mission, still remained superiors of St. Michael's and St. Ann's, respectively.

The churches at Eleysville and Northbush, which had been given over to the secular clergy, were again entrusted to the care of the Jesuits. They also took charge of the poorhouse near St. Joseph's Church in Eleysville, later called Buffalo Plains. St. Vincent's Church, abandoned by its pastor, Rev. A. Keck, was also taken over by the Fathers from St. Michael's.

At that time, the principal building of the Jesuits on Washington street, was the new church. In the same line with its façade stood the old church, a low one-story brick building. Its front was used as a parish school for girls, and in the rear was the residence of the Fathers. The rest of the block along the street was still divided into lots, only a few of which belonged to the Society. The Scherers, who later gave a son to the priesthood, the esteemed pastor of the shrine of Our Lady of Help, Cheektowaga, himself a graduate of Canisius College, had their home in a lot now occupied by the centre building of Canisius High School. The Kowalds, who gave a son to the priesthood and to the Society, lived at the end of the block, at Tupper street.

The Fathers who came from Germany were fully intent on realizing the wishes of the first Bishop of the Diocese, Bishop Timon, to establish an institution of higher learning, along the lines of the Ratio Studiorum, in Buffalo. The New York Fathers had tried several times to launch such an enterprise. In the year 1856, they had opened a Latin school with about eight students, the names of six of whom have been handed down to us. They were Messrs. Zimmermann, Rossbach, Fleischmann, Peter Schmidt, and the two Fuell brothers. But the school was short-lived, and had soon to be abandoned.

We are told that in 1857, two young men, Messrs. Chase and Bettinger, were taught philosophy by Father Jannsen. In 1868, Father Durthaller and Father Fritsch taught Latin to two young men who were afterwards destined to play an important part in the affairs of the diocese; the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Nelson Baker, V. G., and the Rev. Daniel Walsh.

At last, in 1870, another supreme effort to establish a college was made, and though the project met with very little sympathy, and encountered difficulties of every description, the Fathers were resolved to make it a success. We owe it to the enterprising spirit and indefatigable zeal of Father Becker and Father Reiter that the long cherished hopes eventually became realities. A small two-story brick building, then occupied by Mrs. Haefner, stood on Ellicott street, close to the Boys' School, which, at the time, was behind the old church. This house was bought and remodelled for a temporary college. The first floor had been used as a store, in the rear of which was a workshop. Both places were changed into class-rooms, the store to be occupied by the students of the Latin course, which was expected to be the larger, and the workshop by the commercial class. The Fathers were located in the rooms of the second floor. But they had to surrender their quarters in the second year to the increasing number of students, the Latin class claiming this whole second story, whilst the commercials kept the two rooms below. The rooms were very small, about 15x25 feet each, and they were very badly heated. The windows were in such a bad condition that the winter's snows often blew through the seams and cracks, and erased the writing on the blackboard. But the hardy generation of fifty years ago, not yet spoiled by modern luxuries, never complained of such trifling hardships.

The new ambitious college was opened on September 5th, with twenty day scholars and five boarders, this number increasing to thirty-four during the course of the first year. The five boarders were from Boston, Mass., and came to Buffalo with Father Reiter. They were Messrs. Joseph Ecker, John Berg, Aloys Ochs, Henry Dirksmeier, and John Kormann. The names of the day scholars were preserved to us by the care of Mr. Anthony Gerhard, S. J., who wrote them on a sheet of paper, which is still in our possession. As no catalogue of those days existed, it may be interesting to our readers, and useful to future chroniclers, to mention the names here. They were: George Agler, Anthony Behringer, James Cronyn, Eugene Fredericks, Aloys Groell, of Cheektowaga, John Hiple, Peter Jardin, John Knickenberg, Francis Metzen, William Mullenhoff, Joseph Ott, Maurice Vaughn, Anthony Vollmar, of Elysville, Michael Wittmann, and Andrew Wutz, all of whom were students in the Latin course. In the commercial course there were: Charles Bawl, Albert Bettinger, Edward Dreher, Francis Gebhard, Adam Glasser, Albert Kraus, Jacob Lang, Peter Messner, Alphonsus Meyer, Francis Rieman, John Schwartz, John Spies, William Bernard Vaughn, Albert Widrich and Francis Zenner.

Mass was celebrated for the students on the first "Schola Brevis" day. At eight o'clock, fifteen boys were marched in solemn procession to St. Michael's, where they attended the Holy Sacrifice. Father Knappmeyer, the Prefect of Discipline and Professor of Latin, brought them back to the school, and to sanctify the very beginnings of their school work, he wrote upon the blackboard in large letters the motto of the Society of Jesus, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam." He explained to them its meaning, and exhorted them to make the motive contained in those words the mainspring of all their actions. He next proceeded to write on the board the Pater and Ave Maria in Latin, and gave the recitation by heart of these prayers as the task for the morrow. This was the first home task ever given at Canisius College.

The day scholars, of course, lived in their homes in the city. The boarders were placed with different families in the city until Christmas. Thus some of them lodged with Mr. Lang, the father of Mr. Jacob Lang, of Oak street. Afterwards a house was rented for them in Ellicott street, opposite the College. The house was owned by Mrs. Haefner. One of the Fathers took up

his abode with them, and acted as Prefect. Finally they were moved to Goodell street, where a music teacher of the parish school took charge of them.

Mr. Gerhard, S. J., who came from New York, taught the commercial branches, and Father Knappmeyer, Latin. He was a strict disciplinarian, and administered severe punishments to offenders against the rules; yet he was very much beloved by all.

Even during the first year of the history of the college, the students interrupted their studies to devote themselves to the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. It was a novel experience for the boys, especially when strict silence was exacted of them. But the boys made them with great fervour and care, and as a reward for their good behavior, received the commendations of Father Knappmeyer, and what was doubtless more appreciated, a free day and a substantial lunch. The good prefect no doubt understood how to mix the useful and the sweet for his young charges; for he provided them with a sufficient number of entertainments and excursions. One such is spoken of at the end of the school year. Fathers Knappmeyer, Kreusch, Koerling, Huber, Mr. Gerhard and nearly all the students participated in the outing. Only three of the boys were found absent when the roll was called. Four wagons and two very large omnibuses were brought into service. The boys provided themselves against any possibility of starvation by bringing with them immense stores of fodder. In fact, the supply was so great that a good part of it had to be brought back, and that is rarely the case when boys go on an outing.

The first Commencement was held on June 30th, 1871. Many outsiders were present, among them especially the parents of the boys. The audience seemed to get a good deal of entertainment out of the exercises, and applauded the young participants very liberally. Mr. Gerhard left for New York immediately after the entertainment.

Classes were resumed on September 4th, with about sixty boys in attendance, of whom eighteen were boarders. Fathers Knappmeyer and F. X. Delhez were the teachers in the Latin course, whilst the commercial classes were in charge of Mr. Benedict Guldner, S. J. Mr. Fitzgerald, who had come to Canisius to pursue a course of Philosophy, was added to the teaching staff on Sept. 8th. Fathers Delhez and Guldner are the only survivors at present of the early teachers of Canisius. Among the boarders of '71, was John I. Zahm, who was

later to become the President of the College. The accommodations of the boarders at Goodell street became entirely insufficient in the course of the year, and so room was made for them in the residence of the Fathers back of the old church. A prefect was a necessity, and Father Delhez was selected by Superiors as the man of the hour. He took up the additional work with all the zest of his ardent nature, and from subsequent history we know that he was kept at it for the greater part of his life.

To secure larger accommodations a basement was excavated, which was utilized for the boys' dining rooms and parlors. Besides this extension, the room of one of the Fathers was changed into a study hall, and the attic transformed into a dormitory. But even these accommodations could be but temporary, and it became necessary at last to determine upon a large separate structure for the use of the students. Plans were drawn up by John Wild and Florian Huss for a college building to occupy the girls' play room on Washington street. Some of the wealthier families of the city responded generously to the appeal of the Fathers for financial aid. Early in the winter of 1871, ground was broken, the first stones for the new building were brought in on February 11th, and work was actually begun a few months later. So great was the interest of the boys in the new enterprise, that they kept small pieces of the building stones as souvenirs, and even mailed them to their parents. The work advanced rapidly, and on the afternoon of Sunday, May 5th, everything was ready for the laying of the cornerstone. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, the ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward Kelly of the Cathedral. There was an immense throng of people present to witness the blessing. The societies of St. Michael and of Blessed Canisius were present in a body, and almost all the other Catholic societies of the city sent deputations. There was a lamentable absence of the city's officials, although special invitations had been extended to them. A collection was taken up during the proceedings, but the amount collected was very meagre. Rev. Edward Quigley delivered a discourse in English, and Rev. Father Becker, one in German. The walls now rose as if by magic, and by the end of June the new college was covered in with a French roof. The structure was 103 feet long, fifty feet wide, and seventy feet high. It had four stories, the third of which was one large room, extending over the entire building and used

as a hall. The edifice forms the middle of the large building now known as Canisius High School. The good Laybrothers began work at once upon the woodwork of the interior, and some of the day scholars volunteered their services during the entire vacation.

When the new scholastic year began in September, 1872, all the classes could be transferred to the new building. On Thanksgiving Day, the college was solemnly blessed by Rt. Rev. Stephen Ryan, and when the days of November were gone, the last workman had left the house.

PROTESTANT ACTIVITIES IN OUR PARISH.

LORETTO NATIVITY CHURCH.

(*Continued*)

Concerning the Blessed Sacrament we read:

1) "Never let a Sunday, or, if possible, a holy-day pass without attending at a Celebration of the Holy Sacrament.

2) Be sure that you make a good repentance before going to Communion.

3) Take the advice of some priest as to how you should make your Communion.

4) Always go *fasting*. The Blessed Sacrament of Christ's body and blood ought to be the *first* food that enters your mouth."

Again:

"Never fail, before receiving Holy Communion, to examine yourselves as to the sins committed since your last Communion. Use the questions for self-examination and when necessary confession before a priest."

The prayers that follow to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament are beautiful, containing no trace of heresy; for instance:

"*Act of Faith.*—My Lord and my God, Jesus Christ, I believe that Thy Body and Blood, Thy Soul and Thy Divinity are in the Blessed Sacrament after the consecration. Lord strengthen my faith!

Act of Hope.—My God, I hope in Thy mercy that Thou wilt graciously look upon me, coming to Thee in Thy Holy Sacrament, for Thy dear Son's sake.

Act of Humility.—I am not worthy, O my Lord and God, Jesus Christ, that Thou shouldst come into my heart, but say the word only and my soul shall be healed.

Act of Desire.—Oh how happy shall I be, kindest Jesus, when I shall have received Thee! Come, Lord Jesus, come; my soul desires Thee."

This is the reason why a priest must always question a child hitherto unknown to him about the church in which it made its First Communion, whether in a Catholic or in a Protestant Church. Oftentimes one hears the boastful remark from the child's lips:

"Oh we get bread and wine in the Protestant Church. The Catholic Church only gives the bread!"

The following is what we read about confession:

"If you have never been to confession, go and ask some priest to advise you how to prepare for it.

"We should look upon confession not only as a privilege, something to do us good, the means whereby we receive the benefit of absolution and a quiet conscience, but as a duty, something which we owe to God."

Then follow instructions for examination of conscience, which might be given to any Catholic. At the end of the examination is the advice:

"When you go to your confessor, kneel down and think that you are at the feet of Jesus on His Cross, and say:

Here follows the Catholic formula for confession, after which we read:

"Now reverently listen to the advice given, and the penance enjoined by your confessor, and joyfully receive absolution."

All this is well and good in the prayer book, but as a person goes to the Protestant churches round about, the first thing he learns is that only God can forgive sins; that there is no need of confessing before a priest, since God sees the secrets of our hearts, and a priest is a man, and no man can forgive sins; that priests invented confession for evil purposes, etc., etc. The same old stock calumnies of centuries.

The proselytizer seems to have recourse to any method straight or crooked to gain a "convert." When one of their social workers was asked one day by the present writer, "Why do the Protestants seem to concentrate all their battle lines against the Italians?" The answer was: "That poverty made the work easy among the sons of

Italy; that faith was not so strong in many cases, and where it appears strong, it generally weakens by constant acts of kindness, by gifts, by little remembrances."

"But are you not ashamed to rob these poor people of their birthright?"

"No indeed; the ordinary Protestant does not think it a shame," was the reply.

"But are you not ashamed of the methods you employ in so doing, by giving them gifts and clothes and what not in order to change them from the faith of their fathers?"

"Well, I must say we are ashamed of the methods used at times; still all these are forgotten considering the grand end for which we work, the re-evangelization of the Italian people."

These are the sentiments of the proselytizer. Now what are the various activities in each Protestant Church of our parish?

At present an old building is being torn down on 1st street, and in its stead a free moving picture place is to be run by the Protestants to attract the countless children of the neighborhood to be "re-evangelized."

We will not mention San Salvador, founded by an ex-priest in Father Russo's time, nor shall we mention the Broom St. Tabernacle, run by the New York City Mission and Tract Society, because, tho these are active in our parish, still they are on the west side of the Bowery; our paper, as was said in the beginning, will only treat of Protestant activities on the east side of the Bowery, round about our church in 2nd avenue. We cannot help, however, quoting from a letter recently sent by the Broom St. Tabernacle asking for funds. The quotation follows:

"At the present time marked progress is being made in our long established work for Italians carried on in Broom St. Tabernacle. The Sunday school here has an enrollment of 629. Recently there were 560 present at the usual Sunday school session.

"In addition to church services conducted in English, German, Italian, Spanish and Yiddish, and Sunday schools in English, kindergartens, gymnasiums, libraries, reading rooms and clubs enable us to reach and benefit all ages in large numbers.

"On these grounds we earnestly appeal for help in redeeming this city.

"Will you not kindly respond with such aid as your means allow?"

Besides the settlement houses, denominational clubs, reading rooms, two Y. M. C. A. buildings and the four main Protestant churches which we have to contend with, are the following:

St. Augustine's Chapel, Protestant Episcopal, between the Bowery and 2nd avenue; The Church of All Nations, Methodist, on 2nd avenue, between 2nd and Houston streets; Mount Olivet Memorial, Lutheran, on 3rd street and 2nd avenue, and the Middle Church, on 7th street and 2nd avenue. Here is a brief summary of their respective activities.

To begin with St. Augustine's Chapel, we have already given a description of their *Catholic*-Protestant prayer book. Let us look at their mutilated Mass as seen by an eye-witness who writes:

"I walked into St. Augustine's at 11.15 A. M. Sunday. The vicar was saying a kind of Mass. Unfortunately I entered at the gospel; but I remained to see it through. The altar is much the same as ours, only it has no tabernacle. Two candles were lit. Two bouquets of flowers were on either side of a cross of brass. The celebrant wore a white alb, a purple stole, and a chasuble of thin white muslin, no lining or work of any kind on it.

"He faced the people and read the gospel. Then another minister preached. He was a very poor speaker. His subject was: 'The Temple.'

"Then came the collection. The two collection plates with the money were handed to the celebrant. He offered them to God in the same manner that our priest performs the offertory. Then the celebrant received the wine and water into a chalice just as we do. He said the offertory aloud in English. The altar-breads used are the same as ours, large ones for the Mass, smaller ones for the people. The assistant minister knelt on the top step of the altar. The celebrant handed him a large host. He took it in his fingers and consumed it. Then about fifteen of the thirty-three people present went to the altar-rail, just as we do. Each received a small host in his hand, while the assistant followed with a chalice of wine and a napkin, giving to each one a little sip of wine, and wiping the mouth of the chalice each time. These people came back to their seats, hands swinging in every fashion. The 'Pater Noster' was sung by the celebrant in Latin, while a beautiful organ accompanied him.

"Four ministers presided: two ushers, one celebrant, one assistant. Eight altar boys in surplices sat in the

sanctuary. There were thirty children and about thirty-three adults present. I left at the closing 'hymn.'"

No wonder that our poor Italians are often deceived by this mockery of the Mass, a mockery which can only be detected by the alert. Hence one oftentimes hears: "Well, Father, they do the same thing in St. Augustine's, and with more sociability." This accounts also for the sign outside the church. It reads:

"The Italians are welcome to the English services. Mass every Sunday at 9.15 A. M."

The following are the means with which St. Augustine's carries on its work among the Italians. What we quote is taken from a yearly report:

Appropriations from Trinity Church—Sunday schools, $2,500; employment society, $700; industrial schools, $1,000.

Sunday school—officers and teachers, 25; scholars, 441.

Industrial school—officers and teachers, 15; scholars, 147.

Parish day school—teachers, 2; scholars, 86.

Kindergarten—teachers, 2; scholars, 70.

Parish night school—teachers, 2; scholars, 77.

House school—teachers, 1; scholars, 34.

Cooking school—teachers, 2; scholars, 95.

Laundry school—teachers, 1; scholars, 50.

Vacation school—teachers and officers, 4; scholars, 170.

Night school for Italian women—teachers, 1.

Night school for Italian men—teachers, 1.

There are also a scout master and two athletic instructors, one for boys, the other for girls.

The *Sunday School of St. Augustine's* begins at 9 A. M. every Sunday morning. During Lent there is a second session at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, where the children are entertained by illustrated catechism talks, missionary conferences and stereoptican views. All the pupils, the kindergarten excepted, must attend the Sunday services.

The *Industrial school* consists of the following classes: Dress-making; junior dress-making; millinery; junior millinery; crocheting; machine work and embroidering.

The *House school* teaches housekeeping to the little ones from 6 to 9 years old—they are supplied with tiny instruments. One large room or flat is divided into four smaller rooms, and this in order to show the pupils how cheaply and how nicely a home may be kept. There are three classes in this House school, two of which also attend the Cooking school.

The *Laundry school* has four courses:

First course for seven year old girls. They learn how to wash and iron towels, handkerchiefs and pillow cases.

Second course—care of aprons, shirts, underwear, linen, removal of stains, starching, etc.

Third course—shirts, collars, cuffs, infants' dresses, embroidered laces, curtains, washing, drying, blueing, starching, etc.

Fourth course—flannels, woolens, silks, linens, how to set collars and remove stains. These laundry classes meet Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, at 4 P. M.

Junior auxiliary, composed of small girls to help the institution by their sewing, etc.

Daughters of the King—wealthy women, who direct fresh air work, altar sewing circles, Sunday school.

Junior daughters of the King—these sing, teach the bible, care for the altar, etc.

Women's auxiliary—whose purpose is to help home and foreign missions by entertainments, plays, etc.

Missionary guild—wealthy women who get members to give one cent a day for foreign missions; they send away boxes and clothing at their weekly meetings.

Altar guild—to tend to the altar.

Junior Chapter Brotherhood—their idea is to get new boys and girls to the church and Sunday school.

Women's bible class—a class of women to teach the bible.

Church league of the baptized (100 members).

Church periodical club—these mail books and papers to church members and others.

The halcyon club—ever ready to help the pastor whenever they are called upon.

Athletic club—for the muscular and mental development of the young men. They have all kinds of sports and games.

This bare recital of the inner doings of St. Augustine's amazes one and would tend to discourage the workers in this part of the Lord's Vineyard were they not fully convinced that theirs is God's work, and that God will eventually triumph over all the forces of the enemy. The Protestants have wealth, we have poverty; they have countless paid social workers hunting up children and parents, we have none; they have all kinds of natural attractions for mother and child, we scarcely have any; we have to cope with worldliness and with the power of gifts and money, and though at times the proselytizer seems to gain the upper hand, still the only substantial

results are to be found with us. We can quote instance after instance where the devotion of the people going to the Protestant Church lasted just so long as there was a hand to feed them or money to clothe them.

When a father of a family has been initiated in St. Augustine's he must sign a quasi-contract that he will have his boy go to St. Augustine's school, and when the time comes for the boy's confirmation, he must be confirmed in no other church. We will give a translation of the contract or promise printed in Italian:

"Trinity Parish, St. Augustine's Chapel, New York City. The American Episcopal Church.

"I, the father of (boy) . . . . . years old, living at No. . . . . street . . . . . by these presents do ask the Reverend Vicar of the Chapel of St. Augustine to admit my boy in the day school for boys in St. Augustine's, and I promise that he will obey all the regulations of the school, and that he will attend regularly the Sunday school classes both morning and afternoon.

"I promise to keep his hair short, and to send him to school neat and clean in clothes and person as far as in me lies.

"Moreover, I promise that when the Chapel's Vicar deems my boy sufficiently old and ready for confirmation, that he will be prepared and confirmed in the Church of St. Augustine and nowhere else.

"I am a member of the church of . . . . . My occupation is . . . . . , New York . . . 19 .

Signed

. . . . . father."

To the girl is offered a card printed in Italian, which speaks for itself:

"This school is free, and opens every Saturday at 2 P. M.

"Whatever school-girl living in this section of the city, wishes to learn the various kinds of sewing by hand or machine, to work in wool, to embroider, to cut, etc., etc., is invited to come to the 'Industrial School' connected with the Church of St. Augustine, in East Houston street.

"*The regulations of the school*—the girls must come punctually according to the hour; they must be neat and clean, their face and hands washed, their hair combed. They must bring an apron and thimble.

Premiums shall be given for punctuality, diligence and good conduct.

Girls must present this ticket at the school, and may invite their companions to come to school with them."

Enough of St. Augustine's. There are several other churches still more active. Let us see what Mount Olivet Church, Lutheran Evangelical, is doing.

We have before us at the present writing a highly illustrated pamphlet telling of the work of the New York City Mission and Tract Society. In it a few pages are given to the work done by the Olivet Memorial Church among the Italians. The first page of the pamphlet reads:

"*What We Work For*!"

"New York, principally south of Fourteenth street, because this is the most congested part of our city. In the last thirty-five years, seventy churches and missions have closed their doors south of Fourteenth street, and the population and the needs have very much increased. Our work lies almost entirely among those who are foreigners and their children."

"*Who Are Our Workers?*"

"We have eight *ordained* ministers, ten laymen, and in the women's branch about fifty lady missionaries. We are the oldest and the largest society of this kind working in New York City."

"*When Do Our Churches Close for Vacation?*"

"Never! The work is always being pushed by the workers, and no church ever closes. We have no debts on our churches, and never have had, for the last dollar has always been paid before we have gone into any church edifice.

"*What Languages Are Used?*"

"English, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Yiddish. New York is no longer metropolitan. It is cosmopolitan. Do you, as a New Yorker, believe in this kind of work for your own city? Then please help it as much as you can!"

"*What We Need Just Now.*"

"Help towards our regular expenses which have greatly increased because of new and enlarged work."

"*What We Need It For.*"

"To help maintain our two English churches, our two German churches, our two Italian churches, our Spanish

church, our Jewish work (the largest in the world), our Russian congregation, our Chinese work, our lodging work, our free libraries, our gymnasiums, our work for social betterment, and all the many and varied activities of an aggressive evangelizing campaign."

On the second page of the pamphlet we see the picture of about one hundred little children, boys and girls, dressed in light summer style, all off for an outing. Beneath the picture we read:

"Our churches are used in the summer as centers for fresh air work. We aim to have as many as possible, young and old, get away for a little while from the sights, stenches and sounds of the crowded tenement districts. Large numbers are sent into the country for periods extending from one day to two weeks."

Beneath this inscription we have another picture of twelve Italian women and twenty-two children representing the Italians of Olivet Church, while on another page is the picture of the Crosby Orchestra of Olivet Memorial Church. This orchestra ranks high among amateur musical organizations. It provides music not only on especial occasions at Olivet, but also in many other places. With one exception it is composed of members of Olivet Sunday School, and represents a kind of fruitage that their work produces.

The picture of a bible class is on another page where we read:

"Great emphasis is placed on our work for the young. Hence our Sunday schools are of the utmost importance. The school of which this class is a part numbers over 600, almost all Italians. These schools are graded, and the instruction given is of the highest type."

Finally on the last page of the pamphlet there is a picture of a crowd of boys playing basket-ball on the roof playground. The reason for this roof playground is told in the following report:

"In the localities in which our churches are situated saloons abound, pool rooms are everywhere, temptations to evil present themselves under many guises. Hence we provide our young people with places in which they may have necessary recreation and innocent amusement without any evil influences. The latest move in this direction is the roof playground, which helps much in keeping our children and young people of the crowded streets away from evil resorts."

The above quotations show clearly the tremendous power backing up the Mount Olivet Church. Hence it

has no debts and never had any; it can afford to give our children clothes and books, and play-ground and library, and inducements of all kinds. Their method of attracting people to the church is similar to that adopted by the Salvation Army. About 8 P. M. of a summer evening a bugler stands on the church steps and plays a few airs. The children are the first to gather. The choir sings a hymn to the accompaniment of a cornet and a small moveable organ. The old folks begin sauntering down the street. The minister preaches and leads the people into the church; more singing of hymns, more preaching, collection, stereopticon views, announcements of coming religious and social events, and the services are over. How many Italians are present do you ask? Not many, thank God, for it is summer—about a dozen children and eight or nine adults in all. More, however, are seen at their outings and social gatherings.

D. CIRIGLIANO, S. J.

(*To be continued*)

FROM SOISSONS TO COBLENZ

(*Continued*)

The St. Mihiel salient ran from the eastern front of Verdun in a southerly direction until it enveloped St. Mihiel. There an acute angle was formed by the other line of the salient which ran easterly until it turned gradually in a southeasterly direction above Pont-à-Mousson and merged into the frontier of Lorraine. The Crown Prince had created the salient hoping thereby to envelope Verdun. In this hope he was frustrated. The German army operating between Verdun and Rheims was held up by the French, and never succeeded in closing the ring around Verdun.

It was a costly salient for the Germans to hold. Still they held it for four years. On the morning of September 12, 1918, an all-American army began the reduction. When the plan was being formed, General Sommerall, commanding the First Division, asked that the hardest point in the salient be assigned to his troops. When Colonel Parker heard this, he begged General Sommerall to give the 18th Infantry the hardest point in that hardest section. His request was granted and the 18th Infantry were told to capture Mont Sec.

Mont Sec is a steep hill which rises abruptly from the plain. Geographically and scientifically it was well suited and well prepared to be the watch-dog of the entire salient. Against this watch-dog the 18th was sent on the morning of September 11th. From the woods of Raulécourt opposite Mont Sec we marched on the night of September 10th. The rain fell in torrents. Nature could not have helped us better, although the mud was a serious obstacle to the advance of the artillery and tanks. We arrived at Xivray, our jumping off place, at midnight. We were all soaked from head to heel. Our helmets acted like a tin roof and shed the water down our necks. That made us wet without and within. But we were filled with enthusiasm for the great attack to begin in the morning.

As I stood there in the darkness and rain I heard a voice asking, "Where is my P.C.?" Peering through the night I made out the features of Colonel Parker. With the Colonel I went through shell hole, dugout and trench until I found his 'P. C.' These two letters are the first of each of the French words "Poste du Commandant." The American army adopted these two letters as most serviceable to denote the headquarters of any commanding officer. After acting as guide to the Colonel, I had another mission entrusted to me. This was a delicate one along diplomatic lines. On the afternoon of September 10, our regimental doctor had come to Xivray and taken over an empty dugout to be his aid station during the battle. Outside the dugout he put a red cross flag and wrote upon the stones a sign to show that the dugout was already taken. When the doctor arrived in the night at the dugout he found it full of Frenchmen. He tried to explain to them that it was intended for the regimental aid station. He made his explanations in English as far as words went, although the signs he made with his hands were international. The 72 hour bombardment preparatory to the assault on the St. Mihiel salient was to begin at one in the morning. It was now 12.45. The French soldiers who had arrived before us had entered the dugout and there installed themselves. With only fifteen minutes left before the big bombardment they did not relish the idea of vacating a good dugout to find another. There was, in fact, no other to be found. To walk up and down the streets of Xivray during our bombardment and the return one of the Germans was anything but a delightful promenade. Therefore the French decided to hold on to their

dugout. Such was the situation when the doctor got me to use my French upon them. I stumbled down the steps of the dugout and peered through the fog of tobacco smoke with which the cavity was filled. I pleaded with them in the best French style. But as for getting the French soldiers out of their shelter, I failed. They merely replied that the bombardment was to begin at 1 A. M., and that they were there because their Captain had put them there. They consented, however, to evacuate the dugout if I could find their Captain and bring him there to give them the command. Their two-fold answer amused me mightily. I did not like the prospect of prowling around the trenches at 1 A. M. Moreover, I did not know their Captain, nor where to find him. We made an amicable end to our negotiations, however, by letting the French remain and bringing in our doctors and attendants. We had scarcely gotten into the dugout when our first shell went singing over to the German lines. A second later the storm broke loose and shells were bursting everywhere. To us down in the dugout they sounded like distant thunder, save when one burst in the streets of Xivray. Then the roar was awful and the shaking of the ground like an earthquake's. By two o'clock we were accustomed to the din. I began to chat with the Frenchmen. My, but they were a discontented, lugubrious lot! This regiment had tried in 1915 to storm Mont Sec and had been cut to pieces. In 1916 they tried it again with the same failure. For a third time in 1917 they attacked the hill, but were massacred as on former occasions. "Here we are again," they cried out, "for our fourth slaughter." Then it was that I cheered them up, showing them that since Soissons the Germans had been steadily retreating, and that there was such an abundance of American artillery and troops concentrated along the St. Mihiel salient that this time Mont Sec would be taken.

A word of explanation as to the presence of this French regiment with us is needed. It was for sentimental reasons that they were sent to take part in the capture of Mont Sec. Three times that particular regiment had attempted to take it, and three times, after fearful losses, they were beaten back. The preparations for the fourth attempt were so complete in every detail that one could be reasonably certain that it would succeed. And it did on the morrow; and while it was the American army all along the St. Mihiel salient, and the 18th Infantry in particular on the flank of Mont Sec,

that made its capture a success, the French were given the credit for the capture of Mont Sec. The 18th, like the good sports that they are, said: "Let the French have the credit. Pershing knows who took it." At 7 A. M., I went "over the top" with the 18th.

The advance was quite different from the one at Soissons. The day was cloudy after the rain of the day before. A wide field full of wandering barriers of barbed-wire and trenches lay in front of us, with woods in the back-ground, and the watch-dog, Mont Sec, eying the scene. The bombardment of Mont Sec was terrible in its destructiveness, but very artistic. Our artillery used smoke shells in great quantities. A dense impenetrable black cloud enveloped Mont Sec so completely that the eyes of the German artillery were as good as blind. The German gunners shot over our heads. They could not see us advancing. Their blindness caused by our smoke screen was our salvation. It was a weird sight to see the sun shooting a stray beam through a rift in the clouds upon us and our path, while Mont Sec was enveloped in blackest smoke. Realizing what a security the smoke-cloud was to me I mounted a trench and took out my field glasses to survey the scene. There in front of me behind the pony tanks—(we call them Foch's flivvers) the 18th were advancing in open formation. There was no shooting; neither was there shouting. But an intense look of seriousness was on the faces of all. Below me in the trench the machine gunners were calling me every kind of fool for the madness I was guilty of in taking such a grand-stand seat on the top of the trench to view the big game. When the regiment reached the woods beyond the wire and the trenches I saw it was time for me to catch up with them. They had advanced so rapidly that they were already ahead of their schedule by one hour. Here they halted until 10 o'clock. When rockets from the artillery notified them that the barrage had advanced another kilometre, the 18th pushed on through the wood. We soon left the wood behind us and mounted a ridge. To our right we could see the 16th Infantry capturing the town of Nonsard. We lit our cigarettes, and while shell after shell from our batteries screamed on their way to the retreating Germans, we sat there and smoked, watching the stunts of the 16th. At noon we were informed that the resistance of the enemy was so weak and our advance so rapid that we were five hours in advance of the schedule which had been laid out for us. It was

decidedly funny to hear the Major shout to the men: "We have nothing else to do to-day." Forthwith the men got busy on their hard tack and corn willie. Others unrolled a blanket, and amid bursting shells and sputtering machine guns, fell to playing the national game, not of baseball, but craps. From pockets the dice and the francs came out, and there on the ground, which at dawn was held by the Germans, the 18th Infantry doughboy gamblers rolled the dice, snapped the fingers, shouted good luck words, and won and lost their stakes. Now and again a German plane would soar over us. What did their pilots and observers think as they saw the doughboys below shooting craps? What did their General say when the photographic plates were developed which showed no worry or defensive tactics on the part of the 18th, but instead the soldiers passing the time gaming with dice?

By night, all along the St. Mihiel salient, from the apex of the wedge to its extremities at Verdun and Pont-à-Mousson the victory of the Americans was so complete and so surprising that it stands as one of the most notable achievements of any army of any nation of any war. Over 35,000 prisoners were taken, 150 square miles of territory captured, and guns and ammunition beyond the counting.

Into the woods above Mont Sec the 18th went on the next day and camped there for a week. Each day brought us the news that everywhere the Germans were retreating and burning the stores they left behind. So hasty, however, was their flight from Mont Sec that they left behind for the 18th great quantities of bread, jam and beer. The bread was the black sour war bread of Germany. We threw it into the road to be mashed into the mud by the carts. The jam we kept to spread on our own bread, and the beer was honored in the way it deserved. On Sunday morning I said Mass in this wood in an open space carpeted with grass and surrounded with splendid oaks. My altar was made of two huge bales of hay, over which I spread a captured white woolen blanket. The men knelt all around. Over head, an observation balloon was anchored. Its occupants, I fancy, were wondering at the Mass going on down below. That night we had a funny parade. Among the captured materials we found a complete set of band instruments. These we made good use of. Someone sent in a report that 4,000 prisoners were to pass, preceded by a band. The band was composed of the 18th Infantry

doughboys. At the appointed hour they marched down the road playing "The Star Spangled Banner" on the German instruments. Doubtless that was the first time they ever played that air. All along the road hundreds of soldiers were waiting to see the German prisoners. When these did not appear after the band had passed, the soldiers saw that they were duped. Then the originators of the joke heard themselves called very unprintable names.

On that particular evening it was others who were being shown how dearly they were loved in a language whose terms of endearment usually bring on a fight between lover and beloved. But I too was barraged with a variety of profanity from a Colonel from whose lips the cataract of denuntiation came down like that of Lodore. I shall never forget the Colonel, nor his language, nor the time, place and provocation. On the second day of the St. Mihiel fight I made my way back to Seicheprey, famous forever as the scene of the first encounter of the First Division with the enemy in February, 1918. I had heard that there was a stock of cigarettes and chocolate in that town destined for the soldiers, and to be given to them if they or their agent would come for it. At 5 A. M. I set out across the shelled fields, through twisted and ripped wire barriers, down into and up deep trenches, over streams I made my way. Famished I was from yesterday and doubly famished because of the labor I went to in order to reach Seicheprey that morning. Beside the road I met Father Sellinger (Rochester), Chaplain, 7th Field Artillery, who was burying some soldiers fallen the day before. He told me where I could find a kitchen whose menu that morning was rice, bacon, jam and bread. I consulted my stomach as to the advisability of a "double-header" breakfast, one round to compensate for the loss of supper the evening before, another round to constitute the usual morning meal. The steaming rice, the sizzling bacon, the exposed jam and the fragrant coffee, all stirred up such emotion within me that I could not give St. Ignatius' "Rules for an Election" a chance to be applied, The will might like to exert its supremacy over the stomach, but the will would have to surrender before the array of food and the starvation within me. The "double-header" took place on the side of the road and resulted in a complete victory over the food.

Strengthened twofold, physically and morally, I continued on my way towards my objective, the storehouse. I won another victory here and assembled my supplies.

The next thing to be done was to get them on some cart or other vehicle, and then up to the front and the men. Now my difficulties began. Running out to the road I saw a stream of transportation that was several miles long. I inquired of a passing cart if the driver knew where the wagons of the 18th were in the line? "Right behind us," he cheerfully answered. He was from the 16th. I waited there by the roadside. Cannon and ammunition caissons, motor trucks and kitchens, staff cars and ration carts, all these vehicles flowed by up to the front along a road which had not been used for four years, a road which had been wired and torn up by enemy and French and American shells. At last the Keystone in blue, the symbol of the 18th, caught my eye. I hailed the first wagon and told the driver what I wanted him for. He stopped and got down to follow me. After him the next cart stopped, then the third and fourth and so on. In a word my call to him halted that stream of transportation. The Colonel charged with the duty of permitting no stopping of traffic noticed the gap between the last of the carts of the 16th and the first of the 18th. "You this and that," he yelled to my driver, "Who, the this, that and the rest of it, let you stop?" The driver looked helplessly at me; I stepped out into the mud, saluted the cursing Colonel and answered: "Sir, I asked him to stop." "Who in blankety blank are you to give such an order; what do you want the wagon for?" "I have something to send up to the front for the men." "What things, what men?" were his next questions, bawled as loud as the others. "Why, sir, chocolate and cigarettes for the 18th." Then the waters of profanity tumbled all over me like the waters do at Lodore. Later I learned that this Colonel once belonged to the 18th, but for conduct unbecoming an officer was sent to his present post and occupation. He had no love for the 18th and no respect for its Chaplain. At the end of his bombardment he ordered the driver to mount his cart again and to hurry on to his former position behind the last cart of the 16th. I sadly gazed at my departing driver, and then fiercely looked at my cursing Colonel. But I was determined to get the cigarettes and chocolate up to my men. I quickly formed a plan. It was to separate the supplies into smaller lots for the separate companies and to place them myself upon the company carts as they went by. This I did, and when I got back to the men that night, I was everywhere cheered and thanked in language far different from what I had heard that day in Seicheprey. The driver who was scolded by

the Colonel was my herald, and well he sang my praises. That night we had chocolate and cigarettes to vary the menu of German food which we had captured the day before.

When our festivities were over, and while we sang in in the evening by the moonlight, we heard the distant booming of the anti-aircraft guns. "The Germans are coming, boys! Old Fritz is lonesome and is coming back to see the old homestead! Get under cover!" Such were the shouts which broke up our musicale. The German motor, especially in the bombing machines, has a noise which we all knew. The night was beautiful, with the stars shining brightly. Looking up at the sky overhead we saw a long shaft of light sweeping the dome of night. It came from the southeast, from somewhere near Toul. Then from the south we saw another beam creeping up in search of the German machine. Still another searchlight sent its inquisitive gleam from the southwest. Sometimes the beams were parallel, sometimes they mingled into one lane of light, sometimes again, they crossed one another, each piercing the darkness in a different direction, all looking for the enemy plane. At last one beam caught him in its lustrous net; then the beam wavered and trembled. This was the signal for the other two lights to meet it with their glow. When all three were converged on the æroplane it put such a spotlight of dazzling brilliancy about the German that the machine looked liked a monster butterfly in silver and phosphorescence. To be so caught in the gleam of searchlights is to be blinded. The German plane could not go forward. Its pilot saw nothing but dazzling light; it could not dart off to the sides for the light followed it; it could only turn about and go back to the German lines. That night we were not bombed.

The next day I was called upon to bury some Germans whose bodies were reported as lying on the slopes of Mont Sec. I was delighted that the call came to me for I was desirous to examine the fortifications of this famous hill. I found the first corpse in a machine gun emplacement which was powerfully constructed of wooden beams two feet square, of cement and 'I' beams of iron. The German was terribly mangled. One of our shells had struck the emplacement and twisted the construction into a shapeless ruin. The legs of the dead soldier were caught in the mass of stone, wood and iron which had crushed him. The only way to remove the body was to chop off below the knees the feet which

could not be drawn out with the rest of the body without danger to the burying detail. I never had to supervise a more sickening operation. But we had no other way to release the body. Thus the poor fellow's feet were buried by the hand of the shell, while the rest of his body found a better grave.

When the burying was done I climbed up to the top of Mont Sec. Only when I stood on its summit did I realize what a powerful defense it was to the St. Mihiel salient, of which it was the watch-dog. Shafts from the summit were bored at least forty feet down into the heart of the hill. Spiral stairways from stages below enabled observers to go up and down. Lateral tunnels ran from these stages out to the sides of the hill, whose apertures served as windows for observation. Thoroughness, the most scientific, and utility, the most desirable, were apparent everywhere. I descended and mounted the spiral stairway, marvelling at every step at the amazing boldness of the work. We found a pair of trench glasses. This instrument consisted of a system of prisms which enabled the observer to thrust the glasses over the tip of the hill, and through two pipes of the diameter of our domestic steam pipes, which relayed the object seen to the eye of the observer, he could see everything and not be seen himself. I used these glasses to pick up the Cathedral of Metz, more than forty kilometres away. The Cathedral would have been distinctly visible on a clear day, but there was a haze, and this made the outlines of the Cathedral appear to me blurred. On the slopes of the hill there used to be a village called Mont Sec. The several bombardments to which the hill was subjected during the four years of the war had turned the town into a desolation indescribable. By a strange fate the spire of the church still stood, although the walls were demolished. Many were the "pill-boxes" scattered through the town; they usually commanded the approaches to the hill, and were cleverly constructed and strategically placed. In them I found the machine guns in good condition, with ammunition in plenty beside them. The gunners were dead or had fled. As I came out upon the road at the foot of the hill a big car drew up and stopped. I looked into it and saw for the first time General Pershing and Secretary of War, Baker. I saluted them. They returned the salute; but ceasing to have any further interest in me, I ceased to have any further interest in them. The car with its distinguished occupants started off again. I did too. They went to

examine Mont Sec as I had done before them. I returned for "chow" to the woods. The cook had promised to have doughnuts for supper. Doughnuts after the capture of Mont Sec seemed unbelievable. Therefore I, at the head of my burying detail (I secured the men to dig the grave only by promising them doughnuts for payment), struck the trail to the camouflaged kitchen, and in the glow of a September sunset, I, with my men, —"German buryers" they called themselves—ate our "chow" first and our doughnuts last.

Several days and nights we passed in the Mont Sec woods. Our luck had been so wonderful in its capture that we felt we would not be left in that fairly comfortable place. Our feelings were good prophets, for one afternoon we were ordered to fall back to Commercy. This surprised us, for Commercy had never been in German hands. It was a large city, and visions of good beds to sleep in came before our fancy. But Commercy was ours for only a night and a day. We assembled there only for the purpose of entrucking for an unknown destination. Everything was mystery. Some said we were to go back to the Flanders front. Those who said such a foolish thing knew nothing of the extent of Northern France. The saner seers foretold a journey towards Verdun. The latter were right in their guess. The woods south of Verdun did receive and hold us for two days. Verdun was a city of glory to all of us who had read and heard of the seige by the Germans and the heroic defense by the French. Not the city, but only the woods, three kilometres south of it, was our objective. I had planned to visit the city once I got rested, but after two days we went into trucks again and were shot away to the west. The all-American offensive of September 25, 1918, had begun, an offensive in which only American divisions were to participate. Rumors of how an American division, after having reached its objective, had been counter-attacked by the Germans and had been obliged to fall back, came to us. It was said that we, the First Division and the veteran one, were to go to the relief of the retreating one. Accordingly, on the night of September 29, trucks came for us and we rolled all night in the rain to a point forty kilometres from Verdun. At eight o'clock on the morning of September 30, we descended from the trucks along the highway that runs out of Clermont en Argonne. We, the relief division, were marched over fields that lay beside the highway—we, the relief

division, were to engage in the bloodiest of all the battles of the war—the Argonne. We were not allowed to march along the highway because it was streaming with all kinds of transportation bringing up food for men, horses and guns—the humans, the animals and the instruments that were to fight and to win the Argonne battle. Had our march been along the road it would have been an easy one, for the road was in fair shape, save where shells had burst upon it, or dynamite bombs had been exploded beneath it. All day we marched over ground that taxed our endurance to the utmost. We were in ill humor because our kitchens were far in the rear, not having been able to keep up with the motor trucks which had brought us to where we had landed that morning. There is nothing which so cheers a doughboy as the sight of a kitchen when he is hungry and tired after a long hike. When at evening they do descry them, humorously they sing "and this is the end of a perfect day, when the kitchens come into view." That evening after "chow" one of the tragedies of the war occurred. The field into which we had come at dusk was a mine field. Some French artillerymen had passed that way, and one of them had been blown to pieces when he stepped on a concealed mine. The mines were harmless looking packages, about the size of a shoe box, covered with tar paper. They were set into the ground and covered. All that was needed to set them off was the weight of a soldier treading on them as he passed along. When the 18th arrived, a Frenchman ran out in front of the first battalion, waving his hands most warningly. I went forward to ask him the reason. He led me to where the mines were and pointed out the black covered boxes. I stood there on guard and directed our soldiers through spaces that were free of them. Thus the 18th safely passed over land sown with dreadful death. From the opposite direction the 28th Infantry were approaching. It was now quite dark. I did not know that the mines ran in a line clear across the field. Had I known that I would have warned the 28th of their danger. We sat around on the ground in fear and trembling. There might be other deadly machines on the very spots where we were seated. All of a sudden two deafening explosions occurred over in the area of the 28th. Everyone wanted to rush to see what had caused them. The Major took out his pistol and threatened to shoot any soldier of the 18th who would move from where he stood. Only two of us were permitted to

go to the scene of the explosions, a doctor and myself. Great caution was needed lest we also should be blown to bits. I knew fairly well what the mines looked liked, and therefore I went forward, with the doctor following in my steps. When we reached the spot we found one soldier with his legs and arms and back horribly mangled. His head was even worse than the rest of the body. In fact, only three teeth and a part of the jaw-bone were all that was left of the head. This poor fellow had stepped on a mine. A short distance from him a machine-gun cart driver had passed over another. His mule was killed and he himself badly wounded. The man that was killed was not a Catholic, but the injured man was. He was in dreadful pain. I knelt down beside him; possibly upon a mine. I told him that I was a priest and gave him my crucifix to kiss. Immediately he drew it to his lips. I usually followed this plan when a man was in too much pain to speak. His actions in such awful moments speak more plainly than words. After this profession of faith and hope and love and contrition on the part of the poor fellow I anointed him. Hundreds from their safe vantage ground watched my movements. Those who were Catholics understood. When I was done an ambulance drew up, but I warned the driver not to approach. Two soldiers from the 28th took a stretcher, and with me leading the way to where the wounded man was lying on the ground, they placed him on it and bore him back to the ambulance. I know not if he ever recovered. I rather believe that he died, for his wounds were serious.

We had hoped to rest in the woods that night, but, no, it was "forward march" after a few hours of rest. Hearing that another wood several kilometres beyond was to be our place of bivouac that night I stayed behind in a very comfortable dugout which I had discovered. The doctor would have stayed with me but he feared that he would be needed with the battalion. About nine o'clock the troops moved forward, while I moved inwards—into my bunk in the dugout. It had some German blankets, straw and a stove. My slumbers were broken twice when two German shells fell so near to where I was sleeping that splinters rattled like pebbles upon the tin roof. I deliberated after each visitation whether or not I should stay. The enemy knew exactly the location of this dugout. He had built it and had lived in it for four consecutive years. Those truths impelled me to evacuate it. But over against them I

marshalled my "pro" arguments for staying. You see I was very Ignatian in this election. The great "pro" argument for remaining was this: I was accustomed to shells falling near me; I had never been touched by their fragments; I had not been touched by the splinters of the two which had already burst around me this night. Therefore I stood a good chance of not being touched by any others. Therefore only a direct hit would be really dangerous. In fact a direct hit would finish me and the dugout. Therefore I stayed and slept and lived.

TERENCE KING, S. J.,
Chaplain 18th Infantry,
A. E. F.

A DAY IN BANDRA

It has been suggested to me that some jottings of the incidents that occur during the course of a day in Bandra would not prove without interest to the readers of "THE LETTERS." So I am sending you a description of some of these daily happenings. In the interests of accuracy, it were better, perhaps, to call some of them occasional happenings, since the impression must not be drawn that the day I describe occurs 365 times in the year; but I do vouch for the truth of what I write, and the incidents I record are typical of other similar happenings.

To begin with, our Bandra day, as is usually the way with days in Jesuit communities, starts at 5 A. M. We have the international caller, Big Ben, made in Waterbury. Only at 5.30 does the big church-bell ring the Angelus, to remind our 240 boarders that they still have a half hour more of slumber. That is the way the German Fathers did it, and the custom continues, as do 101 other equally absurd customs with the same origin.

When I do not go to the Convent to say Mass for the community there, and give Holy Communion to some 400 girls, about 200 of whom are discalced, I say the 5.30 Mass in our own church, or, as it is officially called, our chapel, it being the only one in the house.

Some mornings I may put on my heaviest shoes and reconnoitre in the church before Mass to see if "that sheet lady" has brought her dog with her again. It is rather distracting when you are giving communion to a discalced girl to see her dog come up and begin licking her feet, or showing other signs of affection. I have

seen a dog lying trustfully near the communion rail at full length, while everybody carefully avoids disturbing him. Sometimes there are two or more in the church, and they get into a canine dispute. I have prevailed upon our sacristan to go through the church at times with a hockey stick, while some of the boys wait at the doors, armed with like weapons. A lawsuit has been threatened for the death of one dog that was ungently ejected, but I have made the sacristan understand that "he should worry." One day a dog came up to make a personal investigation of the priest's alb during Mass. Even our conservative old Superior admitted that that was going a little too far.

When the new Canon Law went into effect, some of us suggested that it would be now a good occasion to enforce the provision forbidding women to enter church without head-covering. Many have this custom here. They begin as babies or very young girls, and keep it up till they are married. The only way to put an end to the irregularity is to refuse the sacraments to those who do not wear some headgear. This was duly announced, and most of the Fathers have had the courage to put the regulation into effect—and there have been no riots as yet.

My Mass may possibly be held up for a while till the altar-cloth is changed, as happened one morning when the tap of the ice-box over the altar upstairs had not been turned off; but usually conditions are normal. It has not fallen to my lot as yet to sing the Requiem High Mass, as this is always celebrated at a later hour, and is said by one of our three secular priests. The fee for this Mass is one dollar and twenty cents, of which one dollar goes to the celebrant, and twenty cents to the organist and choir; that is to say, to the organist, as he is usually the whole choir on those occasions. Some weeks there is a Requiem High Mass on every day of the week, and perhaps two on some days. After the Mass, the priest comes out and blesses the catafalque, which at times is only a strip of black cloth on the pavement, in the middle aisle outside the sanctuary, with four candles about it. The people want all this show. But I am persuaded that if these Masses were not announced on Sunday, they would be reduced by half.

The boys usually go to the 6.30 Mass. Quite a number go to Communion daily, but care must be taken that no one goes before having made his first confession. In receiving new boys, I must always find out if they have

made their First Confession and Communion. The little fellows are likely to go up with the others anyway, as has happened on several occasions. Only a few days ago this happened, not with a little fellow, but with a big boy of sixteen. He comes from the Island of Timor-Dilly, north of Australia, where the Portuguese clergy are in charge of the spiritual welfare of the inhabitants. I made sure, at least, of his certificate of baptism. He had been brought to a native State four years ago by his uncle, a Goan, and put in a Hindu school there. His uncle brought him to us this year. He was too big for the class he had to be put into, but it was a special case, so the boy was taken. He had just begun to receive instructions for First Confession and Communion, when one day he went up with the other boys for Communion. I asked him why he did this, and he answered: "Oh! I know my prayers."

Breakfast in India is on the European style—coffee and bread. This is what the boys get, and expect nothing more. Of course, it is a whole loaf and a big bowl. Our communities too, keep up the same good old German custom. But the good Padres always go down to the refectory a few hours afterwards, to make up for the mistake. In our community, the good—or bad—example of an American has converted nearly all. Our ways must be the right ways, since they are always so convincing. I used to observe how readily the Spanish and Italian scholastics in Woodstock absorbed American breakfast fashions and foods.

The boys have an hour's recreation after breakfast, all except the "charge boys," who have to give up a little of this time to cleaning up the tables, polishing knives and spoons, sweeping and doing various chores about the house. All the orphan boys, and the third-class boarders as well, since their monthly fees do not pay for their support, have these different charges assigned them. As a consequence, we do not need as many servants as would otherwise be required.

Every high-class European must have at least a dozen servants, who do the work of about two good men, and at the same time get the pay of two. There must be a separate servant for each job, each one belonging to a different caste, of which there are hundreds in India. You can't get one man to do the work of another. The carpenter will drive his nails and do his planing, but

you can't force him to clean up afterwards. One man will come and put in a pane of glass for you, but the putty and the broken glass will be left scattered on the floor when he retires. Of course, with our Christian servants it is a little different. But even so, our *hamal*, or sweeper, will not do the work of the *bunghie*—and I don't blame him—but you can't get the *bunghie* to do the sweeping in his own domain, so one is in a dilemma at times as to how to get the work done.

All natives look down upon a European who does any manual work himself, who carries his own bundle or does anything that can be done for him. One day, when I was doing some carpentry work with some of the boys, the postman came with a registered letter. The Superior was out, and I was not long in the house, and it was hard for the boys to persuade the postman that I was the "big sahib" who was to sign the receipt. But as soon as they learn you are an American, they are not surprised at anything you do.

My desk hours are often the most eventful and interesting of the day. There is, of course, the usual drudgery of class-work to be gone through with, the correcting of exercises, with a great deal of school correspondence; but during this time, things begin to happen that are often worth remembering.

My first visitor is my charge-boy, who comes in to change the water, dust about, etc. They are quite willing also to sweep the room, polish shoes and the like, but I do not allow them to do these things for me. Several boys presently start typing outside my room. Soon a crowd may come in for a holy picture—"My Feast Day, Father." I had to give out about fifty pictures on the Feast of St. Joseph. There are also many Johns, but all seem to claim "The Baptist" as their special patron. His feast is always a great day in this part of the world—a Portuguese custom, very likely. Firecrackers are shot off all day, and bonfires blaze in the evening. A Jew is then burnt in effigy, as a sign of the end of the Old Testament. The day would not be a perfect one without a dip in the "tank," in renewal of baptism. There is an old well at one side of our property, full of dirty water, with a rich green scum, which the village women use for washing purposes. Here the villagers come for their bath on St. John's day.

Next will come a boy with the "itch"—the old Roman "scabies." It is very prevalent among the people, and seems to come mainly from a conservation of soap and

water. It is also quite contagious, and our boarders must be protected from it. So I tell the boy with the "itches," as they always call it, to go to the Brother Infirmarian or the doctor for medicine, or to go home till cured, if it is a bad case.

Comes now a procession into my room—a little boy at the head, with only a very short coat on, and that without buttons where the buttons ought to be. Follows one of our bunghies, grinning all over, and after him, a blushing maid, with a gorgeously colored *sari* around her shoulders. The relationship of the little boy to the pair I have not yet fathomed, but it was evidently the bunghie's wedding day, and they were going to all the Padres for presents. I gave him a rupee, and his bride a large aluminum sodality medal, which I happened to have handy. That afternoon I saw the fellow himself with the medal around his own neck. The boys call him "King George," I can never understand why, but that is the only name he is known by.

Another day, the two *hamals* came in. They wanted to go to America, to Fowler, California, where some friend had gone before, and they came for a letter of recommendation. They had the necessary money, though where they got it, on a monthly salary of three dollars and twenty-five cents, is a problem. Each had a wife and two children, whom he was going to leave behind him for the present. I did not inquire if they had the permission of their wives, but persuaded them to wait till after the war.

Perhaps it is the monsoon time, and the compound is flooded after a heavy rain, as often happens. There is an uproar outside. I go to the window and see a crowd of our khaki-skinned youngsters, clad only in the *lingatee* or loin-cloth, paddling about in two or three feet of water, some improvising rafts, others pulling over the cart to the pigsty and the servants' quarters. The pigs must be rescued. As it is, some of the smaller ones have to jump up out of the water for breath. The smaller ones are carried over to the carpenter shop, but the bigger ones have to be tied, and pulled over in the cart. And what a squealing! You would imagine it was Thanksgiving Day in Marriottsville. The servants take up new quarters in an unused class-room, which they are in no hurry to leave afterwards. The boys are enjoying themselves hugely, with the hope, moreover, of a holiday ahead. If I go to class to-day, I may have to take off shoes and stockings to get there, as my predeces-

sor had to do on one occasion. But probably there will be no class. The teachers cannot get *gharries* to ferry them across the roads, which are hub-deep in water in some places. But the earth is very thirsty in the tropics. I have seen our compound under two feet of water in the morning, and two cricket teams out playing on the very same spot in the afternoon.

If it is not monsoon weather, it may be the weekly bed-airing day, when the boys' beds are exposed to the purifying sunlight on the not-purifying compound. So the order is given, "beds down," and down they are carried—the matting or blanket and pillow,—and spread out on the ground at the end of the hour's recreation. A picture of the compound on these days would be worth framing. The blankets are all the colors of the rainbow, with intervening shades, so that the compound presents a unique view. I could not believe my eyes when I first beheld the sight. During the dry months there is no grass anywhere, so the blankets are all spread out in the dust. But "that's the way the German Fathers did it," and I have not interfered with the arrangement yet. Nor have I heard any protests from the boys. Why, Father Rosario, S. J., their prefect, has his own mattress and pillow taken down at times, and spread out in the dirt for an airing. One afternoon, when the hockey ball came that way, I saw one of the boys roughly drag the Father's mattress some feet further away, and throw the pillow alongside it. Multiply all this a hundredfold in the people's own homes, and of course you get "scabies."

The boys are coming in now to pay the school fees. To record all these on some days of the month taxes my ingenuity and energy as well. They all have the nice custom of thanking you when you receive the money; and indeed, the boys are really very polite and gentlemanly. They must have learnt this from the early Portuguese missionaries. Yet, on the other hand, they never know when to leave when they come to pay you a visit. They will stand and grin and not say a word, and answer in monosyllables. When the older people want to get a favor from you, especially if it be a pecuniary favor, they will never understand a refusal. If you tell a man that he cannot have his son as first-class boarder on third-class fees, he will stand motionless and speechless for minutes at a time, hoping for a change of mind. If you offer any reasons, you are lost, overwhelmed by a repetition of difficulties. Their methods proved success-

ful usually with the German and native priests, but some of them are learning better now.

A Parsee boy now enters my room: "Father, one man wants you in the parlor room"—("one" is the indefinite article "this side"). "Who is he?" "He's one of your caste." So down I go to "the parlor room," about eight feet by twelve, with four chairs and a rickety round table. One of my sodalists is there, another man, an old granny and two girls. It seems that the old woman lost some money in the house. The sodalist was called in, as a neighbor and "a pious man," to carry out the ordeal of innocence or guilt. So, after a solemn prayer to St. Anthony, a pair of scissors was procured and twirled about in some mystic circle. The result was that the scissors pointed out as the thief one of the girls who lived downstairs in the same house as the old woman. She denied everything, and the petition was brought to me to uphold the findings of the court.

Back to my room after the case was suitably settled. The postman enters, taking off his sandals, but keeping on his hat, and gives me a letter from the Editor of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS, marked "damaged by sea-water." An interesting tale that letter would unfold could it only relate all its experiences. Another letter is addressed: "The Principal, Astonish Large Institution, Bandra."

A crowd of boys waiting outside. One pushes his way in: "Father, I've got small-pox. How long shall I stay away?" He wanted to show me his chest, but a look at his face and neck was enough. "Get out of here, and stay away till you're cured." He came back in two or three weeks, with only a few pock-marks here and there. Small-pox, like the plague, is always with us, so people do not bother much about it. Mothers will drag their children to church on a feast-day, with the pocks coming out thickly all over the child's face. Children will play about the open coffin of a small-pox victim, while the mourners fill the room, the priest among them. Several times have boys come in to me with: "Father, I've got small-pox! Father, I've got chicken-pox!" and they had. Several have been sent to me out of the class by the teacher when the pocks began to appear on them.

The postman has brought me a letter from the Syrian Bishop of Bagdad. He wishes to arrange for the admission of an Armenian boy into the school. A sad tale he has to tell of the sufferings of these poor people: "Magnus numerus, quotidie, emigrantium christianorum,

ex Armenis, Chaldeis vel Syris ad urbem Bagdad perveniunt ut se ex tyránnide Turcarum et fame liberent; major illorum numerus est ex pueris et puellis qui multa passi sunt; et non exaggero si dicam quod christiani passi sint hoc bello plura mala quam passi erant christiani primis ecclesiæ temporibus. Utinam haberémus media ut nemo ex his miseris pueris et puellis qui revera filii sunt mártyrum, vagetur; sed plures ex illis derelicti sunt." Surely, the newspaper reports we get are not exaggerated.

Since the English occupation of Mesopotamia, many boys have been coming from there to Bombay for their education. They all go by the generic name of Bagdadis, and are usually big, strapping fellows, with not enough knowledge of English to get into a class suited to their size and age. They always claim to be several years younger than they really are. Mr. McGlinchey was doubtful one day about the knowledge of the catechism that one of them was supposed to have, so he asked him how many persons there were in God. The boy promptly answered, "Yes, sir, fourteen years old." They have about eighty of these boys at St. Mary's, and we have a few here, but there are unfortunately a good many who go to the Protestant schools in Bombay.

At last the bell rings for class, which begins at 10 o'clock. But my callers do not cease; they only become fewer and more irregular. A boy is sent over to be caned for coming late, or for not having his books, or for chalk or ink or maps, or for a hundred and one other possible reasons. This is one reason why I do not shave; it would be difficult to find a half hour free for the purpose, though we have a house barber who attends to all the Fathers at a salary of eighty cents a month.

Another note from a teacher: "Please see that this boy gets a crop." I have witnessed the performance on the small boys' side. One little fellow kneels down on the cement floor, and another little fellow runs the clippers over his head in a couple of minutes. I at least modified the performance and mitigated the cruelty, by making them get a chair for the victim.

One morning I got a call from one of the teachers to come quickly, as there was a plague rat in the classroom, and all the boys were afraid to enter, as was also the teacher. I went down, and there were all the boys, with the teacher, peering fearfully through the window. I was worried myself, as the discovery in the school of a plague rat, or a rat which carries the plague fleas, would

mean the closing down of the school for some days, as the boys themselves knew. But when I was informed that the rat was found on the teacher's chair, I saw that the little rascal who was responsible for the trick had overreached himself. Plague rats don't die on teachers' chairs. So I went boldly in, picked up the rat, and threw it out the window, while all the boys looked on in gasping amazement. There was no more trouble, and school went on as usual.

We have been very fortunate in having no plague cases among our boarders, though several day-scholars have died of the plague since I have been here. It was pretty bad in Bombay last year, and here in Bandra also, people were dying all around us.

On days when I have a little time, I get around to some of the class-rooms for an inspection. I never see now what used to annoy me before, the non-Christians playing about in the compound during catechism hour. They are all present now at the lesson, in all the classes, though of course they are not questioned on it. And like many other things that "couldn't be done," it has been done, and not even an explanation has been asked by any of the boys' parents.

In visiting the classes one day last March, I witnessed an interesting scene—the abduction of a child-bride, in the lane just back of our school. My attention was first attracted by a crowd that had gathered outside one of the houses, where a closed carriage was held in waiting. Presently a big brute of a man came out, carrying in his arms a little child, certainly not more than twelve years of age, who was kicking and screaming frantically. The men in the crowd looked on with an unconcerned smile, but some women joined in the uproar, and one of them began to rain blows on the man or the girl, I could not tell which, who had now got into the carriage, which was driven off leisurely. I have seen similar scenes in Bombay; a man dragging a woman along the street, and beating her brutally, while no one interfered.

A few days afterward, near the same place, I saw a Mohammedan *fakir* going through his stunt for at least two hours, without pause, as far as I could tell. He had nothing on except a big, heavy, gaudy-colored blanket, which he held up around his waist. His black hair hung down below his shoulders, and there he stood in the broiling sun, shouting out in a sort of chant some words in Urdu. There was not a pause, except for an occasional expectoration, and his voice had lost none of its

wonderful volume at the end of two hours. Our drawing master told me that he was calling out, "Allah, give something." But nobody took any notice of him in the houses and shops near which he was standing. A *pice*, I was told, or one-sixth of a cent, would have sent him away. But the people were obstinate, and so was he. I was told that he might end up by abusing them, or perhaps doing penance himself of some kind. But I had no time to wait for the end.

Soon it is time for my own class, unless indeed, I am called over earlier to take the place of some teacher who is kept away because of sickness. "Why is this boy absent today; small-pox?" "No, Father, big-pox." This seems to be a sort of cross between small-pox and plague. Or it may be that a boy's uncle or some other relative has small-pox, and so the boy is kept away until the danger is over. Several times parents have come to me and said: "Camillo's little brother has small-pox; do you think I ought to keep Camillo home for a while." I assure him that it would be an act of prudence to do so. But when the examination time draws near, the boys forget the virtue of prudence, and come to class, even though there may be small-pox in the house, or big-pox or plague. It was just at the end of the school year that small-pox and chicken-pox broke out among our boarders. I was in a quandary. What should I do? I had arranged for a big prize night, with an entertainment given by the boys, and the Administrator Apostolic was to preside. Should the whole thing be given up, and the year end in a fizzle? I know I would be prosecuted in America for what I did, but things are different here. Fortunately, the cases of small-pox and chicken-pox were confined to the small boys' side. So I sent as many of these home as was possible, since the examinations were now over, and sent out the invitations to the distinguished guests, saying nothing about the epidemic. The day before the play came off, one of the chief actors had to go to the hospital with a case of chicken pox. But fortunately, his part was that of a detective, so another boy was trained up to be always taking notes while sleuthing, and the substitution was not noticed. Everything went off well. We had a fine attendance at the closing exercises, and there was no further small-pox scare.

I was returning from class one day, when several of the boys came up, shouting! "Father, there's a monkey in your room. Chocolate chased him." Chocolate and

Blackie are the two dogs that prowl about all night, and spend the day on or under the easy-chair in my room. It was true about the monkey or monkeys, for there were two of them. Chocolate was all excited when I opened the door. The monkeys had gone up on the roof, and were chattering away there. I made a lasso for the boys, and showed them how to throw it. But the monkeys fled as soon as the boys got near them, and one of them, a big, heavy fellow, came sliding down my window-shutters, got onto a lower roof, and made for a clump of cocoanut trees. For several days they were seen on or around the house, but I suppose the boys made it too exciting for them, so they went off to the jungle woods again.

Presently it is time to go down to sample the productions of our cook. Cooks are usually Goan, and they have the reputation of sending home more than their salary. Last year, our three cooks and the *lala*, or what we might call the "bottle-washer," were all Goanese. They were a cliquey lot, and not above suspicion in various transactions. Yet the cook is very often the boss here, as elsewhere. To dismiss any of them for any reason is a risky undertaking, as there is danger of a boycott. But we took the chance during the May holidays last year to fire the first cook, because he wouldn't take a fine. The other two said that they would leave also, and they were told to go. One of our two Brothers jumped into the breach; we luckily found a good Hindu cook without any trouble; and I wrote to a Mangalorian, who had applied before, and whose address I had kept, to come at once. I suppose "his mother got sick suddenly and he had to go to his own country," so the next day he was with us, and has stayed since. Our old cooks came back to look in through the window to see how we were getting along, and soon begged to be taken back again, but we were well rid of them, and they had to look for another job. There is no clique now with the bunch of different castes that we have, and they give fair satisfaction.

No dinner would be complete, even if a *burra khana*, or first-class, without the inevitable curry and rice. It may be the season for the big blue flies, which come by the thousand, driven away for some reason from their feast of "Bombay Duck," a fish, like smelt, spread out to dry in the sun on the seashore. The next day, we may have fish on the table, but that is as near as they ever get to me. The smell on the table is not as power-

ful as that wafted from the beach, but it is close enough. And yet some people consider "Bombay Duck" a delicacy —others, limburger cheese. The "bluebottles" are the only annoyance we have here in the shape of flies, as the ordinary house fly is very scarce.

After dinner, there is a repetition of the matutinal desk occupations till afternoon class begins. Today, I sprang a surprise on the boys by giving a half-holiday in honor of the American victories in France. I am rarely left free for any kind of a siesta, and indeed, there is no great need of one, since the heat is not oppressive, and there is always a good sea-breeze blowing in through the windows, which extend from the floor up to near the roof, while the room is open above on the corridor side.

I shall hurry over the afternoon experiences. A sparrow may come in to search for spiders near the ceiling, or to take a drink or bath at my holy-water font. I may move to go down to the drawing class at the end of the hour to see that the boys leave quietly. Our drawing master is a new hand, and not as good at discipline as our old one. I had nine applications for the post, all of certificated teachers, and all were willing to take it at a little over thirteen dollars a month. Our present drawing master is a Hindu, but he is broad-minded, dresses in European style, and will even attend our church services at times. His father died suddenly a few months ago, and he wrote me a pitiful letter, saying I must be his father now. But while he was away, his relatives must have managed to get a good dose of religion pumped into him, for when he came back, his hair was cut short, Hindu style, with the little pigtail, and he wore the Hindu turban, *dhoties* (divided petticoats over bare legs) and Turkish slippers. He is back again in European dress, but I do not seem to be more of a father to him than before. He is father himself of a little daughter six or seven, though he is just twenty-four himself.

Several afternoons I got a visit from a Mohammedan, employed in Bandra on the police force. He is about six feet four in height, lean and lanky, with a badly pock-marked face and goggle eyes. He wanted to go under instructions to become a Catholic, and incidentally, to marry one of the orphan girls at the convent. I suspected the purity of his intention, and referred him to our assistant pastor. I think the fellow still believes in Mahomet.

I may get a little cricket practice on some days with the boys after class, or a billiard game with some of the teachers or sodalists in the sodality library, or pay a visit to some sick sodalist, and not discover till I have entered the house that there was a case of small-pox there, though several whom I spoke to on my way should have informed me of the fact. Usually there is nothing more worth recording till bedtime, and the end of the day in Bandra.

HERBERT J. PARKER, S. J.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

Model English, Book II. The Qualities of Style. By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. Allyn and Bacon, Boston, New York.

There are three stages in the art of composition: *Invention*, the finding of thoughts to establish or amplify the truth; *arrangement* of the thoughts; the fitting *expression* of the thoughts.

As the author notes in his preface, "the third stage, described by the word *style*, is the subject of *Model English*, Book II. Invention is the chief topic of Book I, better known under its former title, *Imitation and Analysis*. Arrangement is adequately treated in both books. The two books embody a complete and practical presentation of the art of composition for secondary schools."

To quote further from the preface of this excellent manual: "*Model English* teaches composition, in the way every art must be taught, by the following of master-models. Definitions are given in the form of directions, and technical terms are kept subordinate. The speaker or writer is made by speaking and writing, and though each one should furnish his own thoughts, he need read, and for the most part connect, devise new words or new forms of sentences and paragraphs. For these he must go to the best authors, avoiding individual memories and adopting what is standard in English."

"In *Model English* a great variety of forms is presented; defects are pointed out; excellent traits are emphasized; the composition is analyzed; subjects are suggested which may be readily adapted to any class of scholars, and every topic is so prepared that the student is stimulated to think for himself, and then to put his own original thoughts into the accepted English form before him."

"The author has used successfully in class many of the models here studied, and has experienced through long years of teaching quick and gratifying results from this oldest and best of methods."

This manual is indeed good. It is well gotten up, and will prove a most beneficial help to teacher and pupil.

Convent Life. The Meaning of a Religious Vocation. By Martin J. Scott, S. J. Author of "God and Myself," "The Hand of God." P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. 1919. $1.50.

We can best review this new work of Father Scott by quoting an editorial from the *Boston Pilot*. While a tribute to the author's skill to catch and hold the ear of the multitude, it expresses very thoroughly the opinion the public has formed of "Convent Life."

THE RADIANT NUN

The great need, in these days of print, is of writers who will make good books as readable as the bad ones, who will interpret the things of God winningly to "the man in the street."

Poets like Joyce Kilmer have exemplified the harmony of religion and life. Chesterton, who, though not a Catholic, is Catholic-minded and uniformly "on the side of the angels" has shown forth the charm of the soul's high adventures in the quest of the Holy Grail. But such chosen spirits are pitifully few.

Many make money out of bookwriting, but not by their efforts does Catholic literature prosper, though their names help somewhat. Lastly we have the numerous foot-soldiery, who feel the cosmic urge and have excellent intentions, but are otherwise ill-equipped to accomplish much of note in the lists "pro Deo et Ecclesia."

We are always on the lookout for one who can lift "Excalibur," the man of the "two-fold Logos," the thought and the word, who can catch the eye and hold the ear of the multitude while he displays the treasures that the Church offers to the children of men.

For this reason Father Scott's new book on "Convent Life" is a notable contribution to the thought of today, for it renders understandable to the worldling a phase of life generally as mysterious to him as the mountains of the moon, it displays the silver lining of a cloud which he has persisted in considering unutterably gloomy. If you think this an easy feat take a long walk through the graveyards of ineffectual religious books.

Who but a man instinct alike with the lore of the old and the new would describe the religious vocation as the air service of the Church Militant, because the army of God for this arduous work calls only for volunteers? Or who would point out the fact that the light of faith is the X-ray of life, or that the "social service" that perseveres is the "uplift" work of the Catholic Sisterhoods?

The real results of such an exposition as Father Scott's are to be measured fully only in its effect on the indifferent, wrongly educated multitude that persistently misinterpret holy things, but yet for whose sake Christ died. The church is abroad in the world for all mankind to see, but what we need is writers who have the gift to make men lift up their eyes to behold the "King in His beauty" and the brightness of "the land far off."

"Convent Life" is much more than a book; it is a moving picture of the Religious Life.

The Government of Religious Communities. A Commentary on Three Chapters of the Code of Canon Law. Preceded by a Commentary on the Establishment and Suppression of Religious Communities. By Hector Papi, S. J. Author of "Religious Profession." Professor of Canon Law, Woodstock College. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. 1919. Price, postpaid, $1.10.

This book covers the first fifty-one Canons on Religious, and Father Papi's method is similar to that adopted by him in his preceding work. He first gives the Canons and then a short commentary.

The reviewer of the book in *America* notes that "the chief recommendation of this little book is its brevity, clearness and practical character. It consists of a commentary on those Canons which have a bearing on the establishment, government and suppression of religious institutes. The purpose held steadily has been to provide a simple exposition of the new law of the Church in so far as it concerns the government of communities of religious, and to this end the author has excluded everything which does not bear directly on that purpose; has very wisely avoided the danger of filling the commentary with erudition and so clouding the meaning of the laws, and has confined himself to the task of elucidating the text of the new legislation."

Father Edward F. Garesché's Books. We wish once more to call attention to the devout, live and chatty books of Father Garesché, the energetic editor of the *Queen's Work.* A new uniform edition, beautifully printed and bound, has been gotten out recently by Benzinger Brothers, New York. The books are designed to afford to Catholics in the world a convenient series of readings bearing on their own spiritual advancement, the help of their neighbor and the defense and spread of the Church. They make interesting and practical reading for retreats. The works are: "Your Soul's Salvation;" "Your Eternal Interests;" "Your Neighbor and You;" "The Most Beloved Woman." The price of each, postpaid, is $1.00.

OBITUARY

Father Joseph F. Grimmelsman

At the time of his death, Father Grimmelsman was in the 65th year of his age, and in the 48th year of his life as a Jesuit. From the very first years of his religious life, he had manifested qualities of mind and character that marked him as one likely to take a prominent part in Province affairs. Even so early as in his first year of Philosophy, one of the Professors at Woodstock declared positively that Mr. Grimmelsman would one day be at the head of affairs in Missouri. His leadership among the scholastics was of the sort that presaged great things for his later years.

The omens and predictions all came true, and nobody was surprised except, perhaps, Father Grimmelsman himself. I know he was not pleased, naturally, at being set so continuously in authority, and certainly those who lived with him during the few years that saw him free from responsibilities as superior, saw as happy a man as ever lived in the Society. When he was last appointed Rector at Brooklyn, the news came to him as most unwelcome tidings. "Surely the General isn't looking to let me have a rest! In my present condition, I ought to be in the hands of the infirmarian." I suggested writing to Rome, but he said: "Let Father Provincial do that; I have never asked for anything for myself yet, in the Society, and I won't begin now." Having known him intimately for nearly forty years, I can vouch for the truth of his assertion about not asking any favors for himself. Yet I have known him to interest himself for companions who were timid about asking, and who often remained ignorant of his charitable efforts, unless somebody else enlightened them.

The story of Father Grimmelsman's life, after his profession, is simply one of superiorship. A summary statement may be made here, by years, to show what is meant by this: In March, 1889, he was appointed Rector of Marquette College, Milwaukee. Two years later, he was transferred to the Rectorship of St. Louis University. In August, 1898, he was relieved, and for about six months he enjoyed the life of a pastor in our church in Detroit. In February, 1899, he was appointed Provincial. From this position he was transferred to that of Rector and Master of Tertians at Florissant, in December, 1905. From Florissant, in 1908, he was called to take the Rectorship of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati. In 1911, he returned to Milwaukee, after twenty year's absence, to assume the charge of Marquette Univer-

sity. Four years later, in 1915, he was again made Rector and Tertian Master, this time at Brooklyn, Ohio. In the summer of 1918, owing to failing health, he was relieved, retiring to St. Louis, where, after a long and painful illness, he died, at St. Louis University, on December 20, 1918.

Father Grimmelsman was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 17, 1853. His parents, sterling Catholics, had him educated first in the parish school of St. Mary's, and later, at St. Xavier College. From the first, the boy's talents appeared to be of a high order, and he was easily the leader in his classes at St. Mary's. And this leadership was not merely one of studious ways and of intellectual gifts; he was a leader as well in the fun and sports of the boys, not always to the satisfaction of his teachers, and these latter had often to wield the rod in the training of young Grimmelsman. The methods of that particular school may not have been so different from those of other schools of those days, but they were certainly strenuous, to a degree. Each teacher was the Radamanthus of his own class; the strap and the whip were in evidence daily, and from the stories Father Grimmelsman used to relate, both aids were well used, and with good reason.

He finished his classes at St. Mary's, and entered St. Xavier's in 1866. Here he seems to have had, from the very beginning of his college days, the idea of something higher to hold his attention and interest. Still a leader in the fun of his class, he was always sure to be found on the side of law and order. His teachers found him remarkably bright and appreciative, always ready and willing to do his share, whether in the class or on the campus. He and James Weir were inseparable, and both were full of boyish spirits. All in all, while Joseph Grimmelsman was not what one would call a saint, he was a normal, healthy, lively, talented boy, and the men who had his training developed all his good qualities to the utmost. They all found the boy responsive and eager to do his best. The one teacher of whom he spoke much, was Father Fastre. He seemed to remember Father Fastre just for the fact that he knew boys thoroughly, and made class entertaining as well as instructive, but especially was he against the "namby pamby" sort of boy, and so he and Weir were perfectly at home with Father Fastre, not hesitating at all to play their tricks, and sure, as they said, to be treated "like human beings" by Father Fastre.

At the close of his year of Rhetoric, young Grimmelsman and James Weir entered the novitiate at Florissant, August 9, 1871. Just when or how the idea came to him, of entering the Society, he could not say; he always felt that he would be a priest, and when he met Weir, who had a like presentiment for himself, the two quietly agreed that they would become Jesuits. That, at least, is the way he looked at

matters when at college. Of course, his spirit of faith, fostered in the atmosphere of an intensely Catholic home, the prayers of his pious parents, his own genius, manly piety, sodality membership, with the living examples of his teachers in the College, had their share in developing the vocation to religion, a vocation in which he never for a moment faltered, all the days of his life.

He spent three years at Florissant, uneventfully, it would seem, for he seldom or never referred to those years in later days. One year was all he had of the Juniorate; evidently his college work had been of sufficient worth, to make a second year of Juniorate unnecessary. Three years of philosophy at Woodstock, years which he often spoke of as the happiest years in the Society, made him many friends for life, and gave him occasion to display, without any ostentation or pretence, his remarkable talents in the line of philosophy and literature. His work came to him so easily that he found time in plenty to read broadly and thoroughly in various directions. He was still the lively, cheerful soul he had always been, the personification of generosity in dealing with his brethren, to all of them dear and respected, as well for his gifts of mind and character, as for his unaffected spirit of humility and regular observance. For years after he left Woodstock, his name was frequently on the lips of Professors and of his fellow-students, as one that Missouri should be proud of.

His years as a teacher in college, were all passed in Detroit. He was the first scholastic of the first faculty of Detroit College, which opened its doors to students in the September of 1877. The beginnings of most of our colleges in this Province were of the heroic sort. The residence of the old Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul housed the Fathers. With but few changes in the interior, the building still stands on the old site, and the dwellers of today may guess what things were when the whole community had to live there. Some outbuildings back of the faculty building were made to serve as classrooms, and the Trowbridge home, at 358 Jefferson avenue, was transformed, more or less satisfactorily, into a classroom and college building. The stable served as a play-room, a sort of shelter from rain or wet days; otherwise avoided for obvious reasons. The cassocked figures crossing the street at various hours during the day caused not a little wonder and ridicule, which were met with smiles and cheerfulness on the part of Mr.—no,—Professor Grimmelsman and his companions. From the beginning, the boys in Detroit were encouraged to call our scholastics "Professor," gradually modified into "Fess'r," a habit that jarred somewhat on men who came from other colleges. But

it persisted, and even today the usage obtains in the University of Detroit. During Father Grimmelsman's time as Prefect, one of Ours, just from Woodstock, explained to a callow reporter from the *Free Press*, that the title "Professor" among the Jesuits was given to such as had completed their course in Philosophy, and were not yet priests. All the students of the Society preparing for the Priesthood were "scholastics," and those who were teaching, but who had not yet finished their philosophy course, were called 'Mister.' Now this elaborate statement, with some more nonsense, would have been printed for the edification of Detroit citizens and for the annoyance of a numerous body of Jesuits, had not "Fess'r" Grimmelsman been approached by the same young reporter for some details about some other college subject. Needless to say, the fine distinction of terms of the other Professor did not appear in the paper. Instead there was presented a neat story of the work of the Jesuits as educators, and of the Jesuit College in Detroit and its prospects. The reporter had nothing to do but hand in the paper written for him by the suave Mr. Grimmelsman. The recreation room, that evening, had something of interest for the community. The indignation of Mr. Grimmelsman was set aglow by the direct action of the Rector, who asked him why he didn't tell the reason for calling our scholastics "Professor." The scholastic-aristocrat was glad to hear the bell ring for the end of recreation. Never did he want the subject recalled; he was content to be "Mister" for the rest of his career as a scholastic. Often, when he was already known for his eloquence and learning, throughout the West, he would look back to that night in the recreation room in Detroit, and say, most heartily: "Wasn't I an arrogant young fool?"

Being the senior scholastic, Mr. Grimmelsman was made 'bidellus' and besides, he was appointed assistant Prefect of Studies. As a matter of fact, after the first few days of each year, he had almost complete charge of the discipline, both in class and in the yard. He gave himself to the duties in his usual thorough fashion. His whole-hearted spirit of generous service made him a tower of strength to the other scholastics, by counsel, encouragement and helpful interest in their class duties and problems. Sometimes, his good nature was a little imposed on, but he never excused himself from helping, no matter how foolish or unreasonable the request might be. Always exact in the observance of every rule, he was yet no 'kill-joy,' and he did more than his share to increase the sum of community happiness. Finances were always at a low ebb during Father Miege's term, and it was a source of fun to everybody, to see Mr. Grimmelsman coaxing the Rector to let the scholastics have some carfare. One might ask for a house and lot, or for a suit of clothes, and feel pretty certain the Rector would say: "certainly, my

dear, if you need it." But the mention of carfare was always sure to rouse a gentle, but terribly firm opposition. Once, Mr. Grimmelsman felt sure he had won his point. "Father, we want to take a long walk, out to Grosse Pointe, and we would like to ride home." A smile came over Father Miege's face: "H'm, yes, my dear, but you need not ride; walk only half way out, and then walk back, and you will have the long walk and save the carfare."

For the entertainment of his fellow-teachers, he would sometimes indulge in fantastic nonsense, which occasionally swept through the whole corridor. But this was only on days of recreation, and when somebody looked or acted "blue." He scorned all pretence of being anything better than the rest, though they all looked up to him for help and example. He was charity personified, when there was anybody ill in the house. Day and night, he devoted himself to the task of alleviating, so far as possible the sufferings of the patient, while he never missed a moment of his regular work as teacher and prefect. During the summer vacations, which were spent in rather primitive and inconvenient quarters, he was the soul of cheery good nature. He made the best of everything, and he persuaded all his companions that there never was so fine a place, never so enjoyable a vacation. There were only seven in the group; yet he had baseball games! One scholastic made noises more or less agreeable on the flute; he himself scraped the fiddle; there was an orchestra. Wonderful symphonies would be played, Mr. Grimmelsman sitting on a camp-stool, his long legs stretching away out to nowhere, and the flutist trying to keep a straight face, pretending to pay heed to the weird sounds that the enraptured virtuoso on the fiddle was doling out as a 'violin obligato.' A friend of the college had lent us a tent, in which we set up a couple of beds for which the cottage had no room. That meant a circus, and "Chang II,' the 'son of a Chinese Giant,' stalked majestically *across the beds*. He would row the boat for fishermen that liked trolling, and he would clean and cook the fish for dinner. Often he commented on the days in Detroit, in contrast with the elaborate and complete equipment for vacation, now, at Beulah and Waupaca. And those of us who were of that old party on Lake St. Clair, agreed with him that the primitive simplicity of the cottage was too small, and the tent that was an eyesore, gave quite as much real relaxation and enjoyment, as do the villas of today. After all. it is the men that make the vacation, and for a pleasant outing for scholastics, Mr. Grimmelsman was a host in himself. Even to the last, there was about him, a certain boyish manner that lent a distinct charm to his refined, intellectual conversation; it won him friends almost at once, easily disarming prejudice, almost inviting confidence.

As a teacher, he possessed the remarkable union of

thoroughness and lucidity that makes for success; his pupils had to work, but they found their tasks a pleasure under such a master. His erudition was phenomenal; from his college days, he had pursued a systematic course of reading, and so varied was his information, that he was able to carry on conversation with persons of different interests and professions, as if their special subjects had been his own particular study. He read rapidly, but he managed to get from his reading a good mastery of the subject, with a just appreciation too, of its qualities, good or bad, as literature. I have heard him discoursing, as a young scholastic, with an architect, about some plans on the desk before them, and he spoke with fullest familiarity and readiness, so that the gentleman's admiration was openly expressed. Again, before he began his theology, I have heard him discussing with Major Henry Brownson, who esteemed him highly, such abstruse matters as the Procession of the Holy Ghost, and the right or wrong of Ontology. For fun, the Major used to pick out hard sayings of Holy Writ, and give them to his son, to be proposed to Mr. Grimmelsman at catechism class. Usually, the answer was given off-hand, and generally it satisfied the Major.

No wonder, with such a man to lead them, his pupils worshipped him! And he, in turn, gave them of the fullness of his learning, patience and charity. His kindness, patience and interest in every one of them, made each think himself a special favorite. He thus, but with what sacrifice the boys will never know, carried to success in their classes, some lads who would have been the despair and cross of less gifted teachers. His influence went out to them, in their homes, and some gray-haired men today, with scant regard for their conscience, their religion and their priests, will yet take off their hats, when mention is made of Father Grimmelsman, their old-time, much-beloved teacher.

Outside of the college circles, in the parish and throughout the city, he was well-known and highly esteemed. He helped teach Sunday school for the Pastors, and the acquaintances thus made with secular instructors in the same work made him an authority in many households outside our parish limits. Always alert, buoyant, earnest and dignified, he commanded the affectionate respect of all. In 1881, he went to Louvain, with some others of the Province, for his theology.

Here, as in Woodstock, as a philosopher, he distinguished himself in his studies, and won the affections of all, by his cheerful charity and his boyish enjoyment of an entirely new environment. The Belgian scholastics seem to have had a special regard for the Missourians who came to Louvain, but they singled out "le Père Grim" as especially their own. It was sometimes very embarrassing for poor "Père Grim," as bilocation was not in his power; and without it he must

make some party feel disappointed. When out walking, he had to sing 'darkey songs' for them, until he was hoarse. But through all the enjoyment ran the steady stream of severe application to his studies and side-paths in many other branches of education. He mastered French rather easily, and made considerable acquaintance with the finer French literature. He never cared for light reading in those days; always there was the desire to make himself a 'four-square man' for his fuller and better serving of God and his neighbor, in the sacred ministry.

His ordination to the priesthood in 1884, gave fresh ardor to his desire to advance in learning and piety. Still the affable, generous gentleman, he seemed to acquire a more dignified and reserved bearing, while his application to intellectual work grew more intense. His career at Louvain gave evidence of superior capacity, not of the brilliant sort, that flashed and scintillated, but of the steady, clear quality, that never failed in its light, though it did not dazzle. Superiors judged him worthy of being chosen for the "Grand Act," and after a fifth year of study at Louvain, he faced the ordeal with the quiet smile and boyish simplicity that characterized nearly all his actions before the public. Those who were present for the examination found it difficult to say which they had most to wonder at,—the perfect mastery and clear presentation of doctrine, with ease in answering most serious difficulties, so as to impress many with the notion that the difficulties were but 'stock' objections, or the modesty and simplicity of the boyish-looking young priest who there sat in the famous chair of Father Lessius. Learned men from seminaries in France and Belgium tried his knowledge of doctrine, Scripture and Councils, and all declared that Father Grimmelsman's defence was well worthy of the Society, and honorable to himself and to the Professors of the Louvain Scholasticate. He told me, speaking of his experience of that day, that he never felt less embarrassed in his life. Occasionally, while explaining a thesis or answering an objection, he would find himself whimsically wondering how big a man Lessius must have been, if this chair was made for him? Some tricks of manner in the objectors would set him wondering whom that reminded him of at home, in America? These and other subconscious acts accompanied his close, analytical reasoning, or his exact repetition of the objector's words. Certainly his auditors never suspected the existence of such odd half-thoughts, in their theological antagonist, whose distinctions were so well-made, that to "subsume" was simply out of the question. I have had a like experience told me by others of the Society, when examined "ad audiendas" or "ad gradum."

The trips in Europe, which he was allowed to make, during his term of theology, were all availed of as so much

more material for good use when he should be in the ministry. He seemed to have had a special delight in studying the great cathedrals, and before and after each such visit, he would read as fully as possible about their history and their chief excellences. Many of those who met him later, found the information he had won from his travels, remarkably fresh and charming in its original presentation. The admiration and sincere regard of his brethren in Europe, showed itself in the affectionate expression of their farewells. Many in Belgium and other lands of Europe today retain pleasant and affectionate remembrance of "le bon Père Grim."

He spent the Summer months in his native city, Cincinnati, greatly to the consolation of his mother and brother, who had been longing for nearly two years, to receive his priestly blessing. His father had died years before. At the close of vacation, though he was expecting to go to his tertianship, his services were called for, to teach second year philosophy at Woodstock. The companionship of Fathers Finlay, Brandi and Sabetti, made the year a very pleasant one. Part of his work was the care of the little parish of Woodstock, and his sermons in St. Alphonsus' Church were often listened to by some auditors he would not have welcomed,—theologians, with a desire to inform themselves about preaching,—and perhaps a 'wee bit' critical, at the same time. They heard discourses that were evidently finely prepared, elegant in diction, clear in statement, forceful in reasoning. But there was little or no appeal to feeling, and the speaker lacked the oratorical voice and manner to attract ordinary hearers. The audience of villagers liked the man, but they did not. wax enthusiastic over the preacher. In later years the same criticism was passed about his pulpit efforts, and I think he realized its truth, but he made no effort to excel in this field of preaching. His instructions at the low Masses, years afterwards, in Cincinnati, were admirably done; in just such addresses, he left little to be desired. As a matter of fact, the work to which he was assigned after his tertianship, gave him little chance, even had he the inclination, to devote himself to sermon writing or delivery.

His tertianship, at Frederick, in 1887-88, under Father Perron, was a delightful year, he used to say; but during that year he came as close to dying as ever he was until his last illness. He had an attack of typhoid, and this was followed by erysipelas of the face. He suffered terribly, but he declined all services that looked like sympathy or pity for his state. For weeks after his recovery, he was perfectly bald, and had to use a skull-cap until his hair grew out again. He felt this keenly; he had always some sort of a notion that it was foolish to be sick. Unless the case were one of a grave nature, he would treat the patient, scholastic or priest,

with a mild tolerance, and remark that *he* wouldn't let a little thing like that keep him to his room. But when there was anything serious, he was charity itself in his attentions to the invalids in his community. His allusions to his own immunity from illness, or experience of illness, often gave matter for pleasant stories among the scholastics.

After his tertianship, he was appointed to be socius to the Master of Novices, at Florissant, and with the appointment came teaching of the Juniors. From this work he was called to the Rectorship of Marquette College, Milwaukee, succeeding the vice-rector, Father S. Lalumière. In August, 1889, he made his profession. From that time, with the exception of his brief career as pastor in Detroit, before he was made Provincial, and of the few months preceding his death, he was continuously in office, as noted above.

As a superior, he always showed himself inclined to be conservative,—too conservative, some thought. At times, there appeared to be an actual fear in his heart about initiating some important affair which implied a departure from the ordinary conduct of things. Once I taxed him with this fear and he said: "Yes, I am afraid. This will mean a lot of worry and burden for others later on." But when once he had made his mind up to action, he was steadfast in carrying matters to a definite conclusion. He had a great capacity for work of any sort, and in his administration, he took care to inform himself well and thoroughly on all matters that came under his charge. In the beginning of his various terms, some found him, as it were, absorbing the details of work that had been given to them, and they found it irksome. But after a little, when Father Grimmelsman had "oriented" himself, things went on satisfactorily, and everyone found that his own field of labor was left entirely to his care. As rector, his government was mild and firm. Rigid, almost to severity, with himself in all matters of regular observance, he was averse to granting exemptions to others, save when there appeared serious reasons for the allowance. He disliked to find fault, and this unwillingness itself sometimes made his reprehensions appear harsh or unkind. Yet he never willingly spoke a word to hurt others intentionally, and whenever he learned that his remarks were taken in a wrong sense, he would not hesitate for an instant about restoring good feeling by apologizing or explaining. He had no illusions about his own importance, at any time, and subjects could speak their minds freely to him, without fear that he would take umbrage or harbor ill-will. "I like a man to talk candidly to me, when he thinks I have not done him justice; I want to do the right thing to all, but I know I am not a saint, and that often I am lacking in tact, but I try to be honest in dealing with my brethren, always." Taken all in all, he was a man whom we might all regard with esteem for his religious spirit, his great gifts of intellect and his genial character.

He admitted that he did not like country residences; the city appealed to him more, and he would laugh at himself for the weakness. Yet, in the cities, he seemed to most of us, to be too closely tied to his desk and to little matters of detail that could well have been given to others. Men of affairs in our big cities used to wonder why Father Grimmelsman did not present himself more to the public. On the rare occasions when he yielded to earnest urgings of Ours to represent the college or the Society at some public function, he acquitted himself in such fashion as to bring credit to himself and Ours. He commanded attention by his fine, intellectual countenance, and by the mental superiority that showed in his discourse, revealing high gifts and thorough culture of mind and heart. His tall, erect figure, his dignified manner, his pleasant smile, won the interest and attention of his audience. It seemed a pity, to some of us, that these many advantages and gifts should not have been employed more among the educators and the influential men of the cities in which he was at the head of colleges, but he could not see the matter in our way.

Of his own worries, cares and labors,—and as Provincial and Rector, he had an abundance of each,—he spoke seldom and very little. He took it for granted that with the office came the burdens and trials, and he took them in a religious spirit of holy indifference that we can all admire, although we cannot always imitate it. He never asked for a privilege for himself, and he never asked to be relieved of a burden, no matter how unwelcome to his natural temperament. Somewhat to this effect, he gave counsel to the Fathers of the "third year," in explaining the spirit of the Constitution and rules of the Society. A wonderful proof of his doctrine on this question was given in the heroism with which he held to this work, although his physical and mental powers were so unequal to the task. It was real pain to the Tertians to see him trying to conduct the classes, in his sad plight. Yet, some letters of his, written at that very time, made it clear to me, that his own anguish of spirit at the sight of his physical unfitness was greater than that of his class, and he noted, pathetically: "It doesn't seem fair to the Tertians, but Rome is very slow about relieving me. I can only try my best. Pray for me, that I may be patient."

Twice or three times, in the winter of 1914-15, he had severe attacks of palpitation of the heart. One paroxysm was so bad, that we feared the doctor could not reach the house in time to care for him. His features were drawn, he was ghastly pale, and he could not lift himself from the chair. Many of the Community knew nothing about these seizures, and he never spoke of them except to a very few. When he returned from the Congregation at St. Mary's, Kansas, in which he had been elected to go to Rome, he told me very seriously, on the train, "they should have chosen

somebody else; I don't like the idea, at all; I am afraid I shall not come back." He spoke to me in the very same strain, when he said good-bye, on setting out for Rome. "Pray that I may come back home!" I chaffed him about being ambitious, as if he had a notion they would keep him to do some work in the Curia, or the like. "No, no! not that, but you remember those heart attacks? So, pray for me."

During the sessions of the Congregation for the election of our present Very Rev. Father General, he seemed greatly interested in everything, and kept busily engaged. He was specially pleased to meet Father Brandi, with whom he had been associated at Woodstock, in 1887. Father Brandi had somewhat recovered from a paralytic stroke, and Father Grimmelsman was, of course, interested in hearing all about Father Brandi's case. Strange to say, a day or two later, Father Grimmelsman was stricken in identically the same manner as Father Brandi had been. When he arose from the table, after dinner, to say grace, he found his left foot "asleep," but he managed to balance himself during grace. He had to be helped from the refectory and carried to his room. The doctor was called, and every care was given him for rest and quiet. The sacraments were administered, as there was no telling how serious the case might be. With careful nursing and the best medical skill, he was able, after some weeks, to take the trip back to the United States. When back in his room in Milwaukee, he seated himself wearily in his chair, and with evident emotion exclaimed: "Deo Gratias! I was afraid I would never return to America alive!" To all who saw him, there was a marked change in the physical aspect of the man; he had aged terribly, and his left foot dragged rather noticeably as he moved about. The left hand was not under control, and a sort of aphasia showed in his speech. But he did not like to have these "little things" remarked on, and he studied his every motion, to avoid betraying them to observers. Only to very few, would he admit he had had a stroke; to others, it was "a nervous collapse," merely. He gave himself entirely to taking his full work, and would show some impatience, if any tried or offered to help him. But it was evident to all, that he was failing in bodily strength, day by day, though his mental powers seemed as vigorous as ever.

In September, 1915, he was called from the rectorship of Marquette University, and appointed to St. Stanislaus', Brooklyn, Ohio, as Rector and Master of Tertians. In making preparations for his departure, he would not allow the Brother to assist him in packing. As a result, he came near having a renewal of his Rome experience. Finally, he had to give in, and yielding to the entreaties of the Brother and one of the Fathers, he left the trunks and bags to be looked after by them. For the first time since he had been

stricken, he then spoke plainly of his "paralysis," declaring feebly: "That paralytic stroke in Rome has pretty well done me up; I guess I'll be more or less a 'cur. val.' for the time that's left. Well, it is God's will; fiat."

His two years at Brooklyn saw a steady decline of his physical faculties, and he himself realized that he was failing fast. But he would not ask to be relieved; he left that matter to God and his superiors. To the Tertians, his patience and courage were a cause of admiration and edification; it was the triumph of a strong, earnest will, over the drag of bodily weakness. Still he would accept no service from others, so long as he could force himself to his doing the thing himself, though it was evident to everybody, that he made every bodily effort, with great difficulty, at least, if not with real discomfort to himself. At last, he was relieved of the burden of office, and superiors called him to St. Louis, where, in St. John's Hospital, he might have all possible aids of tender nursing by the good Sisters of Mercy, and the best medical skill.

Even here, the old spirit of self-reliance asserted itself, and to the very last, he would try to help himself, without calling for the aid of orderly or nurse. But finally, he said his "Suscipe," and submitted himself, with a wan smile, to relying on the charitable ministrations of others. To those who knew the man, the long period of helplessness, with consciousness, must have impressed them as a very severe purgatory for the patient.

The end came peacefully; he had been purified in the crucible of bodily and mental suffering; he had been well prepared for death, and he accepted it with edifying resignation to the Divine Will. Fortified with all the Sacraments and with every religious aid for his passing, he went into "the house of his eternity," with, we may well believe, an assured hope of a favorable sentence from the merciful Judge Whom he had so long, so well and so joyfully served. R. I. P.

Father Theobald M. McNamara.

Father Theobald M. McNamara died at St. Joseph's Hospital on Friday, January 10, 1919. This simple announcement brought sorrow to the hearts of many in Philadelphia, for Father McNamara was well known throughout the city, in which he had spent nearly all his priestly life, and wherever known, he was loved. He had been ailing for some time previous to his death, but as his health had never been robust, and his illness on this occasion did not seem to be serious, little alarm was felt at first. Other troubles, however, developed, and before long it was evident that he could not overcome the complication of disorders by which

he was attacked. His condition grew rapidly worse, and during the last few days of his life, he was scarcely conscious. At eleven o'clock, on the night of January 10, he passed quietly to his reward.

Father McNamara was born in Natick, Mass., on October 17, 1852, and entered the Society at Frederick, on August 9, 1873. He spent his regency at Loyola College, Baltimore, from 1879-1884, and then returned to Woodstock for his theology. His ordination took place in the Baltimore Cathedral, on December 18, 1886. In 1889, he returned to Frederick for his third year of probation, after which he spent one year at Loyola College, Baltimore. Here he pronounced his final vows on February 2, 1890.

Few Fathers of the Society have served as long as Father McNamara in Philadelphia. He first came to this city in the fall of 1890, when he was assigned as Minister of St. Joseph's College. In 1894, he went to Loyola College as vice-president, holding that office until 1898, when he returned to St. Joseph's College and the Church of the Gesu. He again held the office of Minister until 1901, when he was assigned to parish work. With the exception of two periods of a month or two each, during which he was at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, and at Fordham University, respectively, he was identified with the work of the church in Philadelphia. A few of these years were spent in St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley, but most of the time was spent in the Gesu.

The two works with which he was specially identified were the care of the Parochial School and the spiritual direction of the Young Men's Sodality. In these offices, both of which he held for a number of years, he was deeply interested and the results of his labors are felt today by those who came under his care. He was especially devoted to the young men—his "boys," as he loved to call them, and many of our leading professional and business men, likewise officers and men who served with distinction on the battle fields of France, who passed through the ranks of his sodality, bear testimony to his inspired zeal, his genial winning wanner and his personal sanctity manifested in his outward bearing. The crowds of young men, who week after week flocked to his box, who did not mind a long wait, if only they could go to confession to Father "Mac," showed that the words of comfort and consolation he blended with his admonitions were treasured blessings. A letter sent to the *Catholic Standard and Times* on his death reveals the love his boys had for him:

HEARTFELT TRIBUTE FROM A SODALIST TO THE MEMORY OF FATHER MCNAMARA, S. J.

Editor *Catholic Standard and Times:*

In the death of Father Theobald M. McNamara, S. J., the Catholic youth of Philadelphia has lost a sincere and loyal

friend. For many years as director of the Gesu Young Men's Sodality, he endeared himself to all who knew him. His personal influence was wonderful. In him the fire of spiritual genius and penetrating psychological insight were combined to a rare degree. In his Tuesday evening talks in the rooms at Seventeenth and Stiles streets, and in his many personal letters, these gifts were exercised with a power which deeply affected the lives of many young men of our city. In private life he was a charming companion, with a frank simplicity running through all his conversation. He was fond of the society of young men, who loved him and delighted in his humor.

He experienced in prayer a close contact with God. Methodical in all matters, he kept at one thing until it was fully realized and could be handled and solved easily. Always accessible, he had the happy faculty of making one feel at ease and at home in his presence.

"Father Mac," as he loved to be called, numbered his friends by the hundreds. His constant thought was for his young men. Some years ago he began a collection of photographs of his sodalists. Six immense volumes attest his popularity. These photos came from nearly every State in the Union, and from many foreign countries. His correspondence was enormous.

Father McNamara was very helpful to those who needed his advice, and many indeed are the young men who owe all their success to the loving and kind-hearted Jesuit, who has just passed to his eternal reward. The amount of good he did is incalculable.

During the last few years of his life his health began to fail. A great calm seemed to settle over his spirit. His words seemed to glow with a white heat of conviction. His ardent love of God and His Blessed Mother, whose champion he was, impressed those who drew near him. As a trained soldier he was at his post to the last. Shortly before Christmas the writer had a long chat with him. "The twilight of my life is here," said he. "They tell me it is the end. An old man, like I am, can only bow his head and say: 'Thy will be done!'" When at last the end did come, on Friday evening, with the soldier-like fidelity of a true disciple of Loyola, he was ready to obey the summons.

His loss to us is greater than we can realize. During the long years that are to come, his pleasant talks and winning smile will linger with us. Good, old, gentle Father McNamara! May God have mercy on his soul and give him eternal rest. Oh, when we come to kneel and pray, we cannot help thinking of what we owe to him. Requiescat in pace!

The great love and devotion that the little ones held for him were well shown at the observance of the silver jubilee

of his ordination, when 2,200 Holy Communions were offered up by the children of the parish as a spiritual bouquet. On this occasion also the Young Men's Sodality presented the jubilarian with a gold chalice.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, January 14. At 8.30, the Rev. Patrick Quill, S. J., celebrated a Requiem Mass in the presence of the school children. The Office of the Dead was recited at 9.30, and was followed by Requiem Mass. The Most Reverend Archbishop presided and pronounced the final absolution. Besides the members of the community, Right Rev. Joseph Yazbek, Syro-Maronite Chor-Bishop, and a large number of priests, both secular and religious, were present in the sanctuary. The students of the college and the high school attended in a body, and the church was filled by those who mourned the loss of a friend and a father, and who had come to pay to his mortal remains their last tribute of respect and affection. R. I. P.

Francis P. O'Sullivan, Scholastic-Novice.

The death of Brother Francis O'Sullivan, at St. Francis Hospital, Poughkeepsie, New York, on January 27, 1919, was peaceful and happy. Four Fathers were with him as he passed away, and before consciousness left him, he had the comfort of bidding farewell to his brothers and both sisters, one of whom is a Religious of the Congregation of the Sisters of Mercy.

Brother O'Sullivan entered the novitiate on June 2, 1917, from Newport, R. I., his home, where he was born on January 23, 1896. After finishing in the high school of that city, he entered Holy Cross College, where he remained till the end of his Sophomore year. His quiet fidelity to the daily reception of Holy Communion, and to the sodality devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin, may not have distinguished him from his companions. Those who knew him better, however, were scarcely surprised when early in June, 1916, he was accepted for the Society, and July 31 was fixed as the day of his entrance.

But there awaited the future novice a heavy cross. His mother had died three or four years previously, and now, shortly before the day fixed for his entrance at the Novitiate, death claimed his father. All possibility vanished of following, for the time at least, the vocation that was his; he took up manfully the responsibilities of head of the little family, and for the next twelve months was engaged in business in Newport. At length, however, he was enabled in May, 1917, to apply a second time for admission, and on June the 2nd arrived at Saint Andrew's to begin his novice life.

Little can be told of the uneventful life of the Noviceship, though for Brother O'Sullivan it was, perhaps, a little less

colorless as to external details than for most of his Brothers. Superiors found in him a keen desire to be of service, a sense of responsibility and a thoughtfulness for those under him, that soon induced them to place him in charge of several activities connected with improvements about the grounds. It was a matter of frequent notice that a visit to the Blessed Sacrament consecrated all his work, and that the few minutes left free on his return to the house likewise found him there; and when occasion sent him out or brought him in, he would often contrive to make his way lie through the chapel, that he might make an extra visit, however brief.

Entirely characteristic of him was his zeal for the teaching of catechism, and with peculiar force—in view of his short life in the Society—stands the fact that alone among the novices had he been assigned to this duty during almost the whole of his Novitiate. In his parish church at Newport, he had assisted in this work, and his real pleasure was apparent at each new assignment to the different countryside missions about Poughkeepsie.

Shortly before Christmas, 1917, he was among those who received tonsure and minor orders from the hands of Bishop Collins, of Jamaica. The open delight with which he was accustomed to journey to serve Mass at the mission those winter Sunday mornings, made it easy for others to appreciate his joy on the occasion.

Twice as a novice, death came near Brother O'Sullivan. The sudden fall of a live wire was rendered harmless by a pair of boots that insulated his body from the snow; and again, less than a month before his death, in a headlong twelve-foot fall to a concrete flooring, a fatality was averted only by a seeming miracle. When all was safely over, many smilingly remarked the value of a life that earned such signal protection of his Guardian Angel, and pleasantly suggested to him the great labors that must lie before one so signally preserved from accident. "Thank God it was no one else," he said quietly. "God has reserved me for another kind of death."

When, in the middle of January, the epidemic of grippe at last gained foothold at St. Andrew's, few among the novices could have foretold that he—physically perhaps the strongest of all—alone would fall. A slight cold which at first did not prevent his daily duties, growing worse, brought him at last to the infirmary on Monday, January 20. A smile went round the dormitory—converted for the time into a ward—at the advent of Brother O'Sullivan, and none could be persuaded that there was anything to fear for him. For forty-eight hours he lay in silence, his suffering steadily increasing, yet nothing in the patient smile save a cheerful resignation to God's holy will. Word was brought of the death of good Father Reid, whose Mass he had often served.

"Dead!" he said slowly, raised on his arm—and this was practically the only word he spoke. On Thursday he was removed to St. Francis Hospital, near by, the pain ever gnawing deeper, and respiration growing more difficult. His words that day to Father Master were to the effect that though "feeling comparatively well," he thought death near at hand. Father Master bent over him and urged him not to yield without struggle. "I'll do anything you want—but I know I'm going to die." Urging was scarcely necessary—he fought bravely for a life that might do much for God's glory, but the Will of God was otherwise. On Sunday morning, the twenty-sixth, he was sinking rapidly, and the novices, watching before the Blessed Sacrament, heard early in the afternoon that he was dying. Communication between the hospital and the Novitiate was constant, and at half-past three came word that Brother O'Sullivan was at the point of death; prayers were redoubled. For a time it seemed that prayer would prevail with the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, for within a short time the sufferer was resting more easily. It may have been that strength was given him solely that he might renew his vows of devotion; and as the hour approached that he should die to this world, he murmured the words that made his triple promise in the Society of Jesus—"therein to live forever," with those that have gone before.

Towards midnight he became and remained unconscious until the end. At ten minutes of three in the morning, he quietly turned his head, and bearing away the vows he had offered and the tonsure he had worn—Jesuit and Levite, breathed forth his soul to God.

Mr. Andrew A. Ramisch.

On January 27, while the community were still lamenting the young novice, Brother O'Sullivan, who had died early that morning, the angel of death paid a second visit to St. Francis Hospital and took away another member of our community, a Junior Scholastic, Mr. Andrew A. Ramisch. During the influenza epidemic he had acted as nurse to the sick, and probably in that way caught the disease, dying a martyr of charity.

Mr. Ramisch was born on November 27, 1893, in Roxbury, Mass. He received his grammar school education at St. Peter's Parochial School, Dorchester, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, and on the completion of grammar school, went to Boston College High School, where he remained four years, graduating in 1912.

During his course at Boston College he cemented the friendships he had formed at High School. He was president of his class during his Freshman, Sophomore and

Junior years. He was also president of the Marquette Debating Society, and during his last two years at college was a member of the Fulton Debating Society. He received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in June, 1916, and on the fourteenth of the following August he entered St. Andrew's.

Generosity was the characteristic that marked the short career of this young Jesuit. He was always ready and eager to volunteer where his services were wanted, and his cheerfulness and generosity made the work of others easy and happy.

In August, 1917, the new novitiate was opened at Yonkers, and Brother Ramisch was numbered among the pioneers. From the day he arrived there until the day he left to go back to St. Andrew's, he was ever actively engaged in the manifold duties which a new novitiate present. During that terrible winter, when war measures curtailed our supply of coal, and the openness of the country added to the severity of the cold, the bitter temperature could not cool his ardor, and he gave all his spare time to gathering wood, making up by his strength for what was lacking through the inconveniences of the new surroundings. His free periods were few and far between, for, when not engaged in the regular novice duties, he was lending a hand in some extra work.

Throughout the year he was in charge of the mission at Holy Eucharist Church, Yonkers, and here as at Beacon, where he had served the Sunday School the year before, his kind words and cheerful spirit made a lasting impression on the children's minds. Every holiday found him devoting some of his time to preparing, along with the other members of the little mission band, for his Sunday work.

In a word, we can say that his life as a novice was given to helping others. He thought of himself only when his brothers' needs had been attended to.

When the epidemic broke out at St. Andrew's, it was not surprising to find Mr. Ramisch offering his services to nurse the sick. He was appointed night nurse, and from early dusk till sunrise he visited the sick, a cheery word here, a helping hand there, offering any possible service. On Wednesday evening, January 22, when the sickness was at its highest, he made his last tour of the infirmary. He went to bed early Thursday morning to get his rest after a busy night. It was a shock to his brothers when they heard, during the day, that one of the strongest and healthiest of their number was ill with a high fever. It was soon evident that he was in a critical condition, and on Saturday evening he was removed to St. Francis Hospital. His high fever continued; on Sunday evening he remarked to his brother, who was visiting him: "I never felt so sick before." On Monday it was evident that death was near at hand, and when informed of it, he expressed his resignation to God's

holy will. As his last moments here on earth approached, despite his weak condition, he greeted his visitors with that same smile that was ever on his countenance. His mother, father and sister received a warm welcome from him as they entered the room where he was lying in the shadow of death.

About two o'clock on Monday afternoon, January 27, the death struggle set in and lasted for nearly an hour. He was very brave. At two-fifty, with his parents, sister, the good nuns and three priests at his bedside, with the words "Jesus, Mary and Joseph" sounding in his ears, this martyr of charity gave his soul to God. R. I. P.

Mr. Edward A. Reilly

It was the first time in the history of St. Andrew's, that the "De Profundis" was tolled twice in one hour. In those dark days of trial it seemed as if the hand of God was indeed heavy upon us. The second tolling on the morning of January 29, was for Mr. Edward A. Reilly, a first year Junior. He was the fourth to hear the one clear call, and St. Andrew's had paid in full the toll of death which the influenza was demanding.

Edward Aloysius Reilly was born in Jersey City, on September 7, 1898. After a primary school education at St. Aloysius School, Jersey City Heights, he entered St. Peter's College High School, in 1912. At school he was a splendid type of the American Catholic boy. Always above the average in his classes, a splendid entertainer, following all branches of sportmanship with a truly American zest, he never allowed anything, no matter how engrossing, to interfere with his duties to God. In announcing his death, his parish priest declared from the pulpit, "he was always a generous and loyal boy, and a perfect acolyte."

His High School course completed on August 14, 1916, he entered the Noviate, to which his brother had preceded him five years previously. He came to us just an ordinary novice, a quiet kindly smile on his lips, a merry twinkle in his eye, and a wealth of generous good humor at everybody's disposal.

The "merry jingles," which he wrote for the novice entertainments, were the portents of a clever poetic gift that was to distinguish him in the Juniorate. An entertainment over, Mr. Reilly immediately settled into the routine of novice life. There was an indescribable quality about his gentle unobtrusive ways that inspired confidence. In manner frank and open, as is the case with most men who possess an abundance of natural generosity, he placed the fullest possible confidence in everyone.

The noviceship ended, he entered the Juniorate. Here, too, the same modest way characterized him. Because of his love for Xavier, he was elated when he was allowed to volunteer to preach that saint's panegeric. As in all his efforts, he put forth the best that was in him, and preached a splendid sermon, that many will long remember. Next morning when asked by another Junior for the manuscript, he replied: "Oh, that was a terrible sermon. I tore it up last night." He refused to see the real worth in anything that he had accomplished.

For a day or two after the first victims of the influenza took to their beds, Mr. Reilly complained of a cold, but there were no signs of fever until the afternoon of January 20. About two o'clock he consulted the infirmarian, and was sent to bed. On leaving the ascetory he laughingly pleaded with one of the nurses for good treatment. It seemed at first only a slight case of the grippe. For a day or two his fever seemed to be leaving him, then suddenly rose again, and it was thought best to send him to the hospital.

His mother and father arrived on the night of January 27. Scarcely had his mother entered the room, when her wraps were off, and she was prepared to nurse her boy back to health. She was persuaded, however, to rest that night, and satisfied herself with a short visit to the sick room. When Mr. Reilly heard that his parents were present, he seemed annoyed, and declared: "My mother has enough to worry about, without adding any more." When they entered the room he did his best to cheer them, and even greeted his father with the old familiar title that he used as a boy.

All the next day his fever raged. At times he did not recognize those about him. Continually he affirmed that he suffered somewhat, but he never complained. On his brother's arrival in the afternoon, he tried to show an interest in everything, except himself and his sickness. "Was the skating good in Philadelphia, and was Mr. ——— praying for him?" It seemed impossible to impress upon him the gravity of his illness. That great confidence which he had placed in all men, stood him in good stead. When the countenances of those around betrayed their fears or anxieties, he smiled and confidently declared, "Sister will save me."

His last night was nerve-racking for those about him, for all his efforts to conceal his pain were futile. About four-thirty prayers for the dying were begun. When his brother assured him that death holds no fear for a Jesuit, though his voice was too weak to reply, his beaming smile told that he understood perfectly. His last words were: "How is Mr. Annable?" his brother Junior across the ward who had just died. After that his speech failed him, the fever steadily consumed his vitality, and at ten minutes past six, he quietly passed away. R. I. P.

Mr. Harry J. Annable.

In the early morning of February 20, 1919, Mr. Harry J. Annable, died at St. Francis Hospital, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It was a marvellous end of an heroic life. "My God, if I can only die like that," said his stricken father immediately afterwards. And everyone present silently repeated the same prayer. If we could be sure of dying like that, the awful moment would no longer cause any dread. Mr. Annable was choking to death, while fully conscious, and the sound was horrifying,—until one saw his face. Then all fear was forgotten. The peace which possessed him during the whole death struggle and enabled him to smile cheerfully at everyone, spread through the by-standers. The Consoler of the affiicted seemed almost visibly present, to show him heaven while he was still on earth.

Very significant now is a note of Mr. Annable's, written at the time of his long Retreat meditation on death. "Some day," it reads, "I am going to die. If I've always done God's will and have been charitable and obedient and humble and dependent wholly on God's grace, then my death bed, if I am permitted to have one, will be very peaceful, happy, and undisturbed by the evil one, and I will have no regrets and will be surrounded by Jesus and Mary and Joseph and a cordon of angels." . . . An ordinary note, perhaps, for a novice in the midst of those thirty days of fervor and prayer; extraordinary though since so exactly prophetic.

In Mr. Annable there was one marked quality that made him delightful to all who knew him well—his absolute naturalness and lack of affectation. In conversation he was like a boy, enthusiastic about everything he liked and free from reserve. And just like a boy he would plunge into everything he did, often neglecting to weigh the difficulties. Sometimes trouble followed. But in other ways what a blessing was that enthusiasm. Paradoxical as it may seem it was that very trait that made him so exactly conscientious about little details of duty. In the "Suscipe" he promised his whole being, and he meant everything.

About his faithfulness to that promise much might be said, for in his notes Mr. Annable kept a rough but detailed journal of the climb heavenwards. But it is only the interior story of the quiet life of Noviceship and Juniorate, and there is nothing very remarkable except one trait—the never-wavering, enthusiastic fidelity. To every little duty it extends, and no virtue seems neglected. About the first of the vows he said: "I think it is harder to keep poverty in small things than in great," and the harder thing, of course, was chosen. Many were the gifts received from home, but only occasionally would he ask permission to keep some small article, and his reason for that was characteristic—"it

would make mother feel better." And the meditation resolutions jotted down so faithfully proved a high degree of self-abnegation. Day after day minute actions would be foreseen and chances for mortification grasped in advance. Ill health, which made necessary a constant diet, brought no complaint; "for," he wrote, "unless I come to her battle-scarred, the Blessed Mother won't welcome me with open arms." Few, if any, knew how he yearned after sanctity and union with God; but he wrote, "how terrible it would be if I ever stopped striving after perfection." And yet best of all, he would, while striving so intensely, acknowledge his own helplessness and write down after the resolutions—"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, please help me." Truly humble, he knew his own frailty.

It was Berchmans whom he chose to imitate, and his success might be shown from the words of a Father who, though greatly devoted to the saintly young Belgian scholastic, still says: "I don't see how Berchmans could have been any better than the young saint we had in our own midst." Without comparing them farther, one thing may be said: the saintliness of each came from the same source: enthusiastic fidelity to ordinary duties.

His entrance into the Juniorate afforded Mr. Annable a chance to use all the zeal he possessed. Lack of previous application, especially in Greek, left him far inferior to many of his class-mates. But early in poetry year he heard an aphorism that seems to have impressed him deeply: "speed is the scourge of America," he wrote. That speed had hurt him in the past; he would control it for the future. Often would he come to class without having finished the preparation of even the required matter; and extra reading in the ancient poets and historians was almost unknown on his schedule. But his work was thoroughly done, and progress steady.

Mention must be made of one more striking virtue in Mr. Annable, his constant charity for others. A chance for extra work, to help another—and his order for the morning was settled. The myriad little tasks of the Noviceship found him an eager servant. And a willing spirit could find many other chances.

It was during the first few days of our influenza epidemic that Mr. Annable was taken sick. As he left the ascetory for the improvised hospital ward in the class corridor, he remarked smilingly to a neighbor, "God only knows when I'm coming back." Perhaps he had a premonition, for little did the others at St. Andrew's realize the trial awaiting them.

But soon it was evident that he was seriously ill. On Thursday the 23rd, he was moved to a private room for special care, and on Saturday taken to the hospital. The case was diagnosed as plural pneumonia. On Monday night

he passed the crisis successfully, but the struggle had terribly weakened his constitution, and he was unable to stand the strain. Gradually he lost strength, and early Thursday morning word reached St. Andrew's that he was dying.

The grief-stricken mother and father were already at the bedside. Their only child, he had been bound to them by ties of affection unusually intimate; on him had been centered the hopes and ambitions of their lives; and now their grief was pitiful. We too might have grown sad at the sight of so sudden and unexpected a loss, had he not smiled up at each one of us as we entered the room. Usually in the last stages of this disease each gasp for breath racks the patient with agony; but his eyes shone brightly with no look of pain.

He was still fully conscious; gratefully acknowledging the the blessings showered upon him. And when the priest began to repeat the short formula of the vows, he showed a special delight.

Shortly before the end he became a little restless. We thought at first that he might be growing delirious; but no, deliberately he stretched over to his mother, took her beads from her hands, and lifting them on high made a rough sign of the cross. He indeed had no regrets at going, but that heart ever thoughtful of others, knew what the parting meant to her. Thus blessing those little beads, he would leave a priceless memento for her, a precious chain to stretch from time to eternity, binding their hearts together in perpetual union. Then he blessed her with a little crucifix he had in his hands, then his father, then each of us in turn. Deliberately and gravely he performed this last act, as if he considered it a solemn duty.

Soon after he grew very very quiet. Gradually the heavy breathing became easier; the head drooped to one side; and the end came gently, almost imperceptibly. R. I. P.

VARIA

BALTIMORE. *Loyola College—Golden Jubilee of Father Ziegler.*—Father Ziegler was born on March 23, 1851. He entered Loyola College in 1866, and having finished the equivalent of the High School course was admitted to the Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, Md., on July 29, 1869.

After the usual course of studies there and at Woodstock, he taught for six years at Boston College. Among his many pupils during this time was His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. Father Ziegler was ordained priest by Cardinal Gibbons, at Woodstock College, on April 19, 1884. While at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, he had in his classes Mr. P. J. Tumulty, secretary to President Wilson, Congressman Hamil, Judge Sullivan, and others who became prominent in various walks of life. Former Governor Glynn of New York, and the late Mayor Mitchell were among his pupils while he was a professor at Fordham University. Father Ziegler has been stationed at Loyola, his Alma Mater, since 1910. During these years he has been known to our congregation as a zealous confessor; to our alumni as the energetic moderator of their Association, and to our students as a painstaking teacher.

During thirty-six of his fifty years of Jesuit life, Father Ziegler has occupied the professor's chair; no words can do adequate justice to the postolic zeal and heroic self-sacrifice that this implies. Three dozen years spent in the patient drudgery and monotonous obscurity of a classroom can be rightly valued only by Him for whose sake this labor of love of "instructing many unto justice" was undertaken. The years that go to make up the golden jubilee of a Jesuit have not impaired the youthful vigor of Father Ziegler. He shows today the same enthusiasm in teaching his Latin, Greek and French to the boys of Third Year High School that was characteristic of him when he first sat in the professor's chair, more than forty-three years ago. That God may spare him to us for many long years to come is the united prayer of our parishioners, our alumni and our students.

The formal religious celebration of Father Ziegler's jubilee took place in our church on Sunday, September 28, at 11 A. M.

Father Ziegler was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass. Two of his former pupils, Rev. Michael J. Doody, pastor of the Church of St. Mary of the Annunciation, Cambridge, Mass.,, and Rev. Joseph F. Dolan, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's, Bayonne, were deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. Father T. J. Campbell, S. J., preached the sermon.

Deaf-Mute Notes.—The Instruction Class for Deaf-Mutes was resumed in Loyola College on September 7. The attendance was very large.

The officers of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin were elected.

The Instruction Class, which is for adults only, is held on the first and third Sundays of the month, at 3.30 P. M. It is followed by a sermon on the Gospel of the day. On the second Sunday of each month, and on the fifth Sunday, when it occurs, Father Purtell conducts a Catechism Class for deaf and blind children at Overlea, instructing by sign and orally at the same time.

On the fourth Sunday of the month, he gives an instruction and presides at the Sodality meeting of deaf children at Irvington.

Father Purtell and Mr. Peter Krastel, local Grand Knight of the Knights of De L'Epee, went to New York for the convention of Catholic Deaf-Mutes, which was held during the last week of August.

Retreat for Laymen.—The Laymen's League for Retreats of Baltimore had their sixth annual retreat at Georgetown University, Washington, beginning on Friday, August 8, at 6 P. M.,and ending on Monday, August 11, at 8 A. M.

The exercises were conducted by Rev. Owen A. Hill, S. J., of Fordham University, New York. Seventy-one men sent in applications for reservation of rooms for the retreat. This is the largest number of applicants received by the League during the six years of its existence. To accommodate the increasing numbers, two or more retreats will probably be held next summer.

BELGIUM, *La Libre Belgique.*—The Jesuits, whom their enemies have so often accused of spying and plotting, have for once justified their evil reputation, but in a noble cause. The history of *La Libre Belgique* has now been published, and it discloses the preponderant share taken by the Belgian Jesuits in this wonderful feat of secret journalism. The paper was founded by a Jesuit and a lay journalist, and organized by the Jesuits; the Jesuit College, St. Michael's, was its regular headquarters, and most of the contributors were Jesuits. This explains why so many of these, the Rector included, were deported and imprisoned, and why the college was the object of so many searches on the part of the German authorities. The Bengal missionaries may well be proud of their colleagues, whose ingenuity, wit and patriotism have deserved the admiration of the Allies.—*Catholic Herald of India.*

BOSTON. *The College—Change of Rector.*—On July 20, 1919, Rev. William Devlin, S. J., was appointed Rector to succeed the Rev. Charles Lyons, S. J., who for the past six years has guided the destinies of Boston College. Father Lyons retires to New York City, where in the parish of St. Ignatius Loyola, he will take up his duties as Operarius.

School of Education.—With the opening of the term the President of Boston College was able to announce the inauguration of the new School of Education. This School of Education grew out of negotiations carried on during the past year between the former President of the College, Rev. Charles Lyons, S. J., and the Superintendent of Schools for the City of Boston. The plans, which were the outcome, were completed and perfected by the present Rector, Rev. William Devlin, S. J., and it has thus been possible to commence the school with the opening of the present term. The purpose of the courses offered by this School of Education of Boston College, is to provide a more scientific plan of training teachers for service in the secondary schools of Boston. It is provided by the arrangement, entered into between the college authorities and the School Committee of Boston, relative to the establishment of the school, that all applicants for the degree of Master of Education should previously have completed a full undergraduate course of four years at some recognized college. It is then provided, that in the event of a successful passage in the regular Normal School entrance examination, they may elect to continue their course in the School of Education, either at Boston College or Boston University. The agreement was made jointly by the School Committee with Boston College and Boston University. The first semester, however, of this one year course must be devoted to practical training in the elementary, intermediate and high schools of Boston, under the direction of the Department of Practice and Training. Students who successfully complete the prescribed course in training will then enter upon a second semester of related academic work, according to their choice, at Boston College.

It is not necessary to emphasize the importance of this new School of Education. It will be quite clear to all of what immense value it will be to Boston College to have in time a large and influential body of high school teachers and superintendents as its graduates and friends. It is interesting to note just now, and gratifying to those who are engaged in this pioneer work, that of the eight successful candidates in the first examination held by the Board of Superintendents, September 12, 1919, all elected the course at Boston College in preference to the one offered by Boston University.

Visit of Cardinal Mercier.—On Monday, October 6, Boston College was honored by a visit of the distinguished prelate and statesman, Désiré Cardinal Mercier, Primate of Belgium, accompanied by His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston. In the short period that the overcharged itinerary of Cardinal Mercier would allow, the faculty and students of the college tendered him an informal reception in the main assembly hall. It had been planned to hold the reception outdoors, but the rain prevented this. The Cardinal arrived

about half-past ten in the morning, and remained with us about an hour. Present with him, seated on the stage were Cardinal O'Connell, the Rector of the College, members of the faculty of the High School and College, and prominent representatives from the Mayor's Committee for the entertainment of distinguished foreign visitors. In the body of the hall were gathered all the students of the College and the graduating classes from the High School. The President of the Fulton Debating Society, in the name of the students, welcomed the Cardinal to Boston in a very well prepared speech. Father Rector followed, emphasizing and extending the welcome, and very eloquently portraying the struggle that Catholic education was making in this country for correct, fixed and durable principles of education. Cardinal O'Connell, who then spoke, said it was the greatest pleasure for him to be able to bring to his Alma Mater as his guest and colleague, Cardinal Mercier. He spoke in strong convincing terms, when he turned towards the distinguished visitor and declared: "I love Boston College, as much as you ever loved Louvain. . . . And my heart would bleed if ever I heard that anything was being done to weaken the foundations for the solidification of which we are to give our lives."

Cardinal Mercier, responding cordially to these evidences of welcome and good-will, paid this tribute to the College:

"The first visit arranged on the list was Boston College. When I heard of that, for the time I did not understand thoroughly why Boston College was of the first rank, but now that I have seen you, heard you, heard your rector, heard the programme of your life, heard your archbishop explain what you have done, and what he is sure you will do, I understand why Boston College was the first visit."

After the brief ceremony in the College Hall, the visitors paid a short visit to the Faculty Building, St. Mary's Hall. They were met in their progress by a battery of photographers, and Cardinal Mercier posed with kindly patience until all were satisfied. In the afternoon the Cardinal went to Harvard and received there the degree of Doctor of Laws. The civic celebrations in his honor during the two days he spent in Boston were most whole-hearted and sincere, and at the hands of the Press he received the greatest sympathy and praise.

In addition to the visit of Cardinal Mercier, the College has been honored by the visits of several other notables, and is plainly becoming a spot of marked interest to educators generally. During the past month Professors Ely and Bullock, of Wisconsin and Harvard Universities, have come on visits of inspection. Professor Conybeare, of Oxford, England; Sir Alfred Davies, Inspector of Education for Wales, and Dr. Jacobs, President of Ogelthorpe College, Georgia, were all here, and were pleased with educational

conditions and environment as they found them at University Heights.

BUFFALO. *Canisius College—New Superior.*—The appointment on July 20, 1919, of Rev. Robert H. Johnson, S. J., as Principal of Canisius High School and Rector of St. Michael's Church, marks a new era in our history. Heretofore the Preparatory Department of Canisius College, though separated from the latter since December 30, 1912, has always been under the direction of the President of the College. Henceforth the governing authority of the High School will be distinct from that of the College. Father M. J. Ahern continues as President of Canisius College.

Summer Courses at Canisius College.—The President of Canisius College is pleased to announce that a summer school for the teaching Sisters of the Diocese of Buffalo, under the auspices of the Right Reverend Bishop of Buffalo and the Diocesan Superintendent of Schools, was held at Canisius College, Main and Jefferson streets, Buffalo, N. Y., for thirty days, beginning Saturday, July 12, 1919, and closing on Saturday, August 16, with examinations.

The Right Reverend William Turner, D. D., Bishop of Buffalo, in an eloquent address, formally declared the session open, expressing his intense interest in the school, and offering every encouragement to the Sisters in all their undertakings. Bishop Turner has from the beginning been enthusiastic in his approval of our summer school, and has, by his every word and deed, been one of the most vital factors in its success. Short addresses were made also by Reverend Father Rector, Father Kanaley, Superintendent of Schools of the Diocese of Buffalo, and by the Reverend Augustine V. Hickey, Superintendent of Schools of the Archdiocese of Boston.

The total registration was 217, distributed among the various communities as follows: 18 Sisters of Saint Francis (Felician), 16 Sisters of Saint Francis (Stella Niagara), 10 Sisters of Saint Francis (Pine street), 4 Sisters of Saint Francis (O'Connell avenue), 6 Sisters of Saint Francis (Clark street), 65 Sisters of Saint Joseph (Mount St. Joseph, Buffalo), 3 Sisters of Saint Joseph (Mount St. Joseph, Erie, Pa.), 12 Sisters of Saint Joseph (Mount St. Joseph, Rochester), 41 Sisters of Saint Mary (Lockport, N. Y.), 11 Sisters of Notre Dame (Rochester), 2 Sisters of Notre Dame (Broadway-Buffalo), 1 Ursuline (Columbus, Ohio), 2 Nardins (Nardin Academy), 4 lay-women.

Extension Courses at Canisius.—Beginning on September 29, 1919, Canisius College offered a number of courses of college grade, the classes in which will be held in the late afternoon, in the evening and on Saturdays.

Golden Jubilee of Father John B. Jutz, September 30, 1919.—Father John B. Jutz, S. J., celebrated the golden jubilee of his entrance into the Society. The aged Jubilarian

sang the solemn High Mass at St. Michael's Church, assisted by the Rev. George J. Krim, S. J., President of Brooklyn College, as deacon, and the Rev. Peter W. Leonard, S. J., assistant pastor of St. Michael's Church, as sub-deacon. The Rev. Theodore van Rossum, S. J., a former Superior of of the Buffalo Mission, preached the sermon.

Father John B. Jutz was born October 26, 1838, at Franstanz, Vorarlbérg, Austria. He was the son of good Catholic parents. Even as as boy he had the ardent desire of becoming a priest; but since his father thought that it would cost too much, he learned and practiced with great success for fifteen years the art of form-cutting in order to render it easier for his parents to bring up and educate their eight children.

At last, in 1865, he found it possible to carry out his renewed resolution, and began his classical studies at Stella Matutina, Feldkirch, Austria. After four years, he entered September 30, 1869, the novitiate of the Society at Gorheim, near Sigmaringen. But the Franco-Prussian war tore him out of the quietness of the religious house and showed him his place in the hospitals near the battlefields. There, through overwork in the service of the wounded soldiers, he contracted typhoid and smallpox, from which, however, he completely recovered.

Banished, in 1871, by the infamous law against the Jesuits, he went into exile; first to Holland for the study of philosophy, and then to England for the study of theology. It was at Portiko, near Liverpool, where he received, August 29, 1878, the long desired grace of the priesthood. After completing his studies and finishing his third year of probation, he embarked, in 1880, with twelve other Fathers and Brothers, for America.

His first activity in his new country was that of minister and procurator of the just founded College of the Sacred Heart at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. There he also made his last vows February 2, 1881. Then, after a year's work as assistant Rector at St. Gabriel's, Prairie, he began his Apostolic labors for the Indians.

He first founded St. Stephen's Mission; then, after eighteen months of pioneer work, he went to South Dakota to found St. Francis Mission on the Rosebud Reservation, and when this second station was finished and ready for the work of the Missionary, he was, in 1887, ordered to build the Mission School of the Holy Rosary at the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota. Here he was allowed to stay for nine years, and he employed this time not only in missionary work, but also in equipping this great Mission with everything necessary and useful.

For thirteen years he was the father of the Indians. For their benefit he built churches and schools, dormitories and workshops of all kinds, instructed them in many useful arts, was their priest and counselor, and their mediator in war.

In the planting of kitchen-gardens and orchards, in the erecting of the manifold mission buildings, and in everything else he was not only the directing spirit, but also an active laborer; he, for instance, dug with his own hands, assisted only by Brother Nunlist, a well 200 feet deep. The details of his activities are described in the pages of the *Canisius Monthly*, in the last numbers of 1918 and the first of 1919.

In the summer of 1896, he was taken out of his cherished life among the Indians and sent to Boston, Mass., where for ten years he was the zealous and revered Rector of the German Holy Trinity parish. After that he had for four years the spiritual administration of the City Hospital and the Prison on Blackwell's Island, New York.

Finally, since 1910, he has been Assistant Rector of St. Michael's, Buffalo.

The congratulations of Very Rev. Father General were sent to the Jubilarian through Rev. Father Hanselman.

ROME, August 24, 1919.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER JUTZ:

P. C.

Very Rev. Father General wishes me to send you his best wishes and hearty congratulations on your Golden Jubilee in the Society. His Paternity will offer fifty masses as a Jubilee gift. He will also remember you especially in his prayers for all the good service you have rendered in the Lord's vineyard. Your good work among the Indians is not forgotten.

Let me add my own best wishes and fervent prayers.

In union with your holy SS. and prayers

Devotedly in Christ,

JOSEPH F. HANSELMAN, S. J.

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE. *Washington. Seattle College—A Correction.*—FATHER J. TOMKIN writes:

Would you kindly enter among the Varia a correction to the account given in your last issue regarding the acquisition of the New Seattle College. The mistake is probably a printer's error, but it seems of some import. Mr. T. C. McHugh not merely gave us the hint and $5,000, but actually purchased the property for us before Rev. Father Provincial could arrive to give a decision on the matter. He paid down in cold cash and at financial sacrifice the sum of $50,000, leaving a balance of $15,000, the full amount of purchase being $65,000, which balance he is now paying as money comes to hand. A few other good friends have joined the Roll of Honor Club with donations of $1,000 each to help towards defraying the expenses of repairs, which will probably run to $11,000.

The gift came at our darkest hour, when it seemed that we could only pray and hope for better days. I am firmly convinced that the holy deceased Fathers who toiled here

years ago brought "God's own time" most unexpectedly. The college building cost $60,000 in 1905-6; the residence $40,000 in 1909-10; both very substantial brick buildings, and admirably adapted so our needs. The grounds are extensive, over seven acres, and the location most ideal.

CANADA. *A Continuation of the Guelph Affair..**—On April 7, 1919, Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes made the following motion in the House of Commons at Ottawa: "That, in the opinion of this House, in view of the statements made public in relation to the Guelph Novitiate during the month of June, 1918, and the circumstances and facts concerning those and other similar charges concerning the evasion by young men and the connivance of others to defeat the ends and aims of the Military Service Act and other Acts and Orders relating to the upbuilding of the Military Forces of Canada, it is advisable that a Select Committee of this House be appointed to inquire into the matter with full authority to examine witnesses under oath, to pay necessary expenses and to report to this House."

Then Sir Sam Hughes went on to say that the Guelph Novitiate had defied the law, and had acted as though it were not amenable to the laws of Canada.

Major-General Newburn, Minister of Militia and Defence, then arose and defended his action in regard to sending the following apology to the Rector of the Guelph Novitiate:

MY DEAR SIR:

I am just in receipt of your letter of the 8th inst., on my return to Ottawa, and words cannot express to you my deep regret of the action taken by the Deputy Provost Marshal, Captain Macauley, on the evening of the 7th inst. My attention was called to this matter on my arrival in Ottawa this morning, and I find that my Adjutant General has taken immediate action for a most thorough investigation, and if the facts are as stated in your letter—which, of course, I do not doubt—I can assure you that the error in judgment committed by this officer will be dealt with in a proper way, as I will not tolerate any such action on the part of any military officer as far as the operation of the Military Service Act goes.

As I have already stated, I deeply regret this occurrence, and I thank you for your frank letter.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) S. C. NEWBURN.

When Major-General Newburn sat down, several other members spoke, some in favor and others opposed to the resolution. Then the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux took the floor and proceeded as follows:

"I have listened with a great deal of attention to the speeches which have been delivered this afternoon on the

NOTE.—See W. L., vol. 47, p. 396.

motion made by my honorable friend from Victoria. I now gather from the remarks of the Acting Minister of Justice that a Royal Commission will issue so that a thorough investigation may take place of the honorable gentleman's charges.

Any fair-minded citizen, any broad-minded member of the House of Commons, whether he be Roman Catholic or Protestant, will admit with me that the raid organized against the Guelph Novitiate in the dead of night on the 7th of June last spells humiliation, spells indignity, bitterness and disunion in Canada.

Now, what briefly stated are the facts? On the 7th of June—not at noon, not at three o'clock in the afternoon, not even at six o'clock, but at 9.30 at night—three men appear suddenly in the parlor of the institution, wearing plain clothes, and without any parleying with the Rector of the Novitiate, give a general order to parade all the members of the Novitiate within five minutes. . . . Then the Rector went to the telephone to consult the counsel of the institution. Then Father Hingston appeared. Father Hingston is a Jesuit, son of the late Sir William Hingston, who was a member of the Senate, and one of the leading physicians of Canada—indeed, of America. Father Hingston, as I insisted a moment ago, was just back from the front where he had served as a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Force—here he was under military garb in that institution. So that the gentlemen from London and from Guelph who were so nervous at that moment lest the institution would shelter evaders and slackers could well have confided their consciences to Father Hingston, then Captain Hingston, a gentleman who had served his King and his country, and who had lost his younger brother on the battlefield of Flanders. It was only at the moment that Father Hingston appeared that Captain Macauley gave his name and produced his brassard as the symbol of his authority, and then, on being further questioned, produced a copy of a letter purporting to give him the necessary authority.

When Captain Macauley was asked for the written authority mentioned in the instructions, he could produce none, and yet he insisted on having the whole Order paraded before him at that late hour. Moreover, he threatened he was not going to listen to any parleying, and he began putting questions to two or three members of the Order who were present in the parlor. Then Captain Hingston registered a last protest against a search without proper authorization. Overlooking the irregularity of the proceedings, the Rector invited Catain Macauley to visit the bedrooms or dormitories, or if he preferred, offered to summon all the members of the Novitiate to the refectory. Captain Macauley chose this latter alternative. When he appeared to have come there with only two men, as a matter of fact—

and I wish to impress this on the House—he had come within the precincts of the Novitiate with three men, but there was a cordon of eleven other men around the premises, and the gates of the institution were closed and guarded by one of the eleven.

Sir Sam Hughes: "I know the honorable member does not want to mislead the House. Captain Macauley took three men into the house with him, as is admitted by all parties, and there were eight more outside."

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux: "Between my honorable friend and the Rector of the Novitiate my heart is in the balance, but I have the words of the director that there were three men with Captain Macauley and eleven around the building, fourteen in all.

The interrogatory began about eleven o'clock and lasted about an hour and a quarter. Three members of the community were seized as deserters and placed under close arrest. They were told to make ready to leave for the barracks and were escorted to the dormitories to make the necessary changes in their clothing. None of these young men were within the scope of the Military Service Act, or of any of the subsequent Orders in Council, as has been clearly established by the Acting Minister of Justice. They all come within the exceptions under the Schedule to the Military Service Act according to the clause:

'Clergy, including members of any recognized Order of an exclusively religious character, and ministers of all religious denominations existing in Canada at the date of the passing of this Act.'

The three men were about to follow Captain Macauley as far as the barracks when a telephone message from the Adjutant General at Ottawa was received, staying the unjustifiable proceedings, and after much telephoning between London and Ottawa, when one of the officers from Guelph reminded Captain Macauley that he was not acting within the military law, Captain Macauley left and returned at 12.40 in the morning, after having accepted the courtesies of the Order and partaken of the delicacies offered by them. All this occurred in the refectory at a late hour, and to show how those sinister Jesuits who are supposed to eat at least one Protestant a day, the members of the Order placed before them the delicacies of the refectory, and the officers and men all left well pleased with the hospitality they had received. The action that was taken was most unwarranted; it was a high-handed way of dealing with the citizens of a free country like Canada."

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux was followed by several other members, among whom was Mr. Robert Butts, who, in concluding his remarks, said: "I am not a very good Catholic, though I try to be one. I am somewhat like the Irishman, who, when asked by an Englishman what he

would be if he could not be an Irishman, replied: 'I would be ashamed of myself.' Let us get rid of this discussion. I have read the history of the Jesuits from the days of Ignatius Loyola down to the present time, and I say this: 'There never was a Jesuit yet who was afraid to have his life exposed to the world.'"

After some further debate it was decided to withdraw the motion.

Ontario. Sudbury.—Our college here is now too small. Although opened only six years ago, it is marvellous how rapidly it has grown. This year we were obliged to refuse thirty pupils for lack of space. Next spring we intend to add a forth story to the present building. This addition will accommodate 150 boarders.

CHINA. *Zi-ka-Wei.—The First Golden Jubilee of a Chinese Father—Father Firmin Sen.*—On July 25, there was a great ceremony held. It was the celebration for the first time in the history of the Society in China of the golden jubilee of one of its members, Father Firmin Sen, at Zi-ka-Wei. He was born at Tsing-Pow-Cien, September 25, and entered the Novitiate at Zi-ka-Wei September 7, 1867.—*Relations de Chine, Jan.-April, 1919.*

ENGLAND. *Stonyhurst.—Death of Father Sidgreaves.*—Father Walter Sidgreaves, the distinguished English astronomer, director of the Stonyhurst College Observatory, died recently.

Father Sidgreaves had a long and distinguished scientific career. His first directorship of the Observatory was during the years 1863-68. In 1863 he began the regular series of magnetic observations which have been continued without interruption since that time. In 1866 he installed all the self-recording meteorological instruments in the Observatory, which had been chosen by the Government as one of the seven principal stations for meteorology in the British Isles. He accompanied Father Perry on a magnetic survey of the west and east of France in the years 1868-69. He also served as companion to Father Perry in the two Government expeditions to observe the transit of Venus across the sun's disc in Kerguelen Island in 1874 and in Madagascar in 1882.

On the death of Father Perry on the total solar eclipse expedition of 1889 at Salut Isles, French Guiana, Father Sidgreaves assumed the direction of the Observatory. While maintaining the solar work inaugurated by his predecessor, he devoted himself more particularly to solar spectroscopy. He devised some very efficient instruments, with which he took remarkable photographs of the spectra of the new stars of 1892 and 1901. The results of his astrophical work have appeared in several papers communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society. His original researches on the spectrum of the star, Beta Lyrae, formed the subject of a

lecture he delivered before the Royal Institution in 1904. His photographic work in Stellar Spectroscopy was awarded a gold medal in the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, and a *grand prix* by the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908.

Number of Our Chaplains During the War.—A letter of Father Rawlinson to the Chaplains gives the number of Chaplains on the English, French and Belgian fronts as 312 on Armistice Day (Nov. 11, 1918), and states that 32 had lost their lives on the French front, while 57 had been wounded. On that day the English Province had 75 Chaplains with the forces, and the Irish Province 20; and in France the two Provinces had lost eight members—including Father Sydes, who was invalided home before dying.

GEORGETOWN. *The University—Sodality.*—The Sodality of Our Lady Immaculate had a more than ordinarily successful year. In spite of the fact that absence, unexcused beforehand, from a single meeting, or the incurrence of enough demerits for suspension from night permissions, meant instant expulsion from the Sodality, the number of members remained 140 at the end of the year. The regularity and devotion of these 140 members was admirable, and their influence in the college was distinctly perceptible. The year ended with the solemn reception of new candidates after a year's probation. The Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency the Most Reverend John Bonzano, received the candidates into the Sodality, and was the guest of honor at an Academy given by the members.

Record of Georgetown Men in the War.—The names and rank of 2,621 graduates or former students who were in the service during the War are on record at the College, though the actual number must be much greater. Fifty-four either were killed in action or died in service. Twenty-six received decorations or citations. The percentage of commissioned officers was a little more than sixty-two. The list contains three generals, one admiral and twenty-one colonels.

Commencement.—A year full of successful activity found a fitting reflection in a more than ordinarily active commencement week. On Friday evening, June 16, the class day exercises were held in the unique setting of the quadrangle. The senior classes of the University entertained the faculty, the undergraduates and their friends by a well-planned historical pageant portraying the foundation and growth of the College.

Next evening was the Alumni meeting and smoker, noteworthy for the reunion of many Georgetown men who had been or still were in service. The smoker was followed by a reception to the Alumni, to the members of the graduating classes and their friends by the President of the University

and the faculties of the various departments. The evening closed happily with a band concert in Gaston Hall.

On Sunday, the Baccalaureate sermon was preached after solemn High Mass, not as usual in Trinity Church, but outdoors in the first valley of the walks, a unique and beautiful setting. This solemn religious ceremony was almost a consecration of the spot for the patriotic ceremony which was to take place there on the morrow.

Monday, June 16, witnessed one of the most impressive ceremonies in the history of the University. Fifty-four Georgetown men had fallen in service; the grief of those who had known them as boys naturally sought a means to show an appreciation of their generous sacrifice to insure, in so far as might be, that their names and their deeds might be forever an inspiration and a stimulus to succeeding generations of Georgetown men. And so it was decided that a living memorial, a tree, a Lombardy poplar, so familiar in the battle-scarred ways of France, should be planted for each fallen soldier, and dedicated to his memory. At five in the afternoon, the Marine Band led the procession of the Pesident of the University, the faculties, alumni, undergraduates, spectators, many of them relatives of the heroic dead, to the valley in the walks, and there, as General McIntyre, presiding officer, read each name, the seniors planted a poplar, and hung upon it the bronze plate of the National Forestry Association, engraved with each man's name, his class at the University, and his rank in service. After the seniors had paid their tribute to their fallen comrades, Dr. Laplace, speaker of the day, ended the ceremony with an enthusiastic panegyric.

In the evening, after a banquet tendered the returned soldiers and sailors, the Gold Star Service Flag was unfurled. Speeches reviewing the record of the University during the war were made by prominent Alumni, and the flag was solemnly placed in its position of honor behind the Gaston Statute in Gaston Hall.

Commencement itself came on Tuesday as a worthy climax to the week. The year past had seen many professors and students go forth to the war. The College had been turned into a camp. There had been doubt if there even would be a graduation. Four members of the class of 1919 had given their lives in the service of their country. Others had failed to gain their degree because of time spent in service; others had had their graduation postponed a year; nearly all had made up the time spent in service only by intense effort. So commencement was in truth a triumph, and with sound reason, the President, Rev. J. B. Creeden, in his opening address, congratulated the University and the graduates.

The address to the graduates was given by the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney-General of the United States.

This was his first public utterance after the attempt of the anarchists to dynamite his residence in Washington, and naturally aroused great expectations. Nor were they disappointed. The Attorney-General in a strong but appropriate speech, took occasion to score the lawless elements in the country, to announce the determination of the Government to use strong measures, and give a hint of the policy of deportation which was later put into execution. His address was widely quoted by the press.

Honorary degrees of LL.D. were conferred on James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus; upon General William Nichelson, of the class of '71, Commander of Camp Meade, awarded the Distinguished Service Cross as Commander of the 157th Infantry Brigade in France; upon Doctor George Tully Vaughn, Head Surgeon of the Leviathan during the War, and upon Doctor William Holland Wilmer, who was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his services as surgeon in charge of the medical research laboratories of the air service. Both, Doctor Vaughn and Doctor Wilmer, are professors in the Medical School, and are examples of the many distinguished physicians whose capable, though gratuitous, services insure the high success attained by the Medical School. The honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on James Harris Rogers, inventor of the Underground and Subsea Wireless.

The graduates in all numbered 234; in spite of the War, the largest number in the history of Georgetown.

Opening of the New Preparatory School.—The new Preparatory School at Garrett Park, Md., eight miles from the College, was auspiciously opened on September 17. The faculty is composed of Father John A. Morning, Head Master; Father Cornelius Shyne, Spiritual Director; Father William Cowardin, Mr. Robert Holland, and one lay teacher.

Only one class was admitted this year—fourth preparatory, or the first year of high school, together with some few in need of further grammar school preparation. Twenty-six boarders and four day scholars form the student body. While the preparatory school was at the College, the average number of boarders in fourth preparatory was only eight.

Father Devitt's Diamond Jubilee.—On Thursday, October 2, the College students were granted a holiday in honor of Father Edward I. Devitt's completion of sixty years in the Society. Father Devitt received many hearty congratulations throughout the day, and was tendered more formal congratulations by Rev. Father Rector and the faculty in the evening, at dinner. Despite his seventy-eight years, Father Devitt responded to Father Rector's greeting in a speech full of humor and feeling. Nearly half his life in the

Society has been spent at Georgetwn, where for the past years he has been writing his history of the Maryland-New York Province.

Weekly Paper.—The Hilltopper, the weekly paper modestly started last year by the class of journalism, has been enlarged this year to embrace not only the College, but the entire University. It thus serves as a bond of union between the various departments and brings the law, medical and foreign service schools into closer touch with the College. *The Hilltopper* has received favorable comment from the Washington press.

Enrollment of the University.—The following is quoted from *The Hilltopper* of October 7:

Up to date 1,954 students have been enrolled in the various departments of the University. This is a large increase over even pre-war registrations.

The Law School has the largest registration. Eight hundred and ninety-one students reported for the first lectures. The Freshman Class numbers 434. This is the largest Freshman Law Class of any law school in the United States.

The new School of Foreign Service is already filled to its capacity. Three hundred have been received.

The Medical and Dental Schools total 207 students. In both these schools the Freshman classes are unusually promising; in the Medical School there are 43 freshmen to a total of 112 students, and in the Dental School 41 freshmen to a total of 95 students.

Recently 45 more have been accepted in the School of Arts and Sciences. There are now 364 following the undergraduate courses, and six the postgraduate courses.

School of Foreign Service.—That the School of Foreign Service has filled a long-felt want is evidenced by the thousand or more requests for information which have been received during the past few months. The young men of the country have evidently been affected by the repeated emphasis laid by Government officials and public men on the need of well-trained men for service in all branches of foreign representation, diplomatic, official, consular, financial and industrial. Five hundred applications for admission were received, from which three hundred were selected, in some cases by competitive examination. This is a very promising first-year enrollment, especially in view of the fact that the entrance requirements demand as a prerequisite two years of college credits, or a three-years business experience.

Classes are at present being conducted in the newly appointed rooms at the Law School. Maps and charts are conspicuous; while trade and technical periodicals and reports in many languages evidence the practical nature of the work done.

The faculty numbers twenty-five, exclusive of special lecturers. Ten of these are language teachers, without exception, natives; Arabic and Chinese are the two latest language courses, introduced to meet the needs of students. Fourteen are professors of commercial, economic and political sciences, all of them authorities in their respective subjects.

It would be tedious to enumerate the professors, or to quote the numerous approbations given the School of Foreign Service by Government officials, by firms interested in foreign trade, and by public men. The Departments of State and of Commerce, the Consular Bureau, the Pan-American Union, the Shipping Board, the National Council of Export, have all written cordially, offering help and co-operation. The American Manufacturers' Export Association has invited the Regent of the School, the Rev. Father E. A. Walsh, S. J., to address their tenth annual convention, whose purpose is to outline a plan for the improvement of our consular service. That Georgetown should be the only School of Foreign Service asked to present its program is the more striking as Yale, Columbia, New York University and Pennsylvania have all followed Georgetown's lead in opening schools for foreign service. Several papers, among them the *New York Mail*, the *Philadelphia Ledger* and the *Washington Star*, have given Georgetown's School of Foreign Service their enthusiastic approval in editorials.

The following letter from Mr. J. A. Farrell, Chairman of the National Foreign Trade Council, will show how strong is the conviction, in the minds of men qualified to judge, of the need and the value of the School:

"It is with intense satisfaction that the National Foreign Trade Council notes the growing public interest at present being manifested in foreign trade as a means of achieving greater national prosperity. The very serious attention now being paid to our overseas commerce in its relation to the expansion of our commercial and industrial life is in itself a gratifying recognition of the policies adopted and consistently advocated by this body since its foundation in 1914.

As the first essay towards filling the long-felt want of a specialized form of commercial education, a scientific programme for systematic and sustained training for foreign service has been formulated, and, in fact, applied by Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., working in close co-operation with governmental bureaus and practical business men. Further and more precise details are available in bulletin 6.

The constitution of the new "*School of Foreign Service*" is modelled upon that of the famous "*Ecole Libre de Sciences Politiques*" at Paris, an institution that grew out of the Franco-Prussian War, when France found herself face to face with grave economic, social and political problems not unlike those confronting our own country at the present time. Cordial relations between the two schools have

already been established through the courtesy of the French Embassy in Washington and the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris. The French Government also assigned a French officer, a graduate of the University of France and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, to act as the first Professor of Diplomatic and Commercial French in the Washington School. A provisional half year was begun on February 17, 1919, and closed on June 23, 1919. Specimens of the work done are enclosed. Twelve members of the first class have already been placed in the foreign service of the government and with private corporations engaged in export trade. For the next session, which begins October 2, 1919, so many applicants are already in sight that the chief difficulty will be that of finding adequate space.

The overhead expenses of the school might readily be met without a wide appeal; but the ultimate purpose for which it has been established cannot be fulfilled on the broad, nation-wide basis desirable unless a large endowment is provided. Thus, in addition to the purposes outlined on page 6 of bulletin 6, definite provision must be made for the expansion of the programme to emphasize to the utmost sound, liberal, economic principles and American ideals.

Many as are the advantages of locating such a clearing-house of higher vocational education in Washington, the seat of the National Government, where a wealth of valuable trade information has been gathered during the past five years, the proper activities of the School, requiring as it does a separate faculty and specific equipment, would be lamentably handicapped without the financial support which the organizers confidently expect from forward-looking leaders of public thought and commerce.

Not less than $500,000 will be required at the outset as the endowment necessary for the proper conduct of a school conceived on such broad lines. Already twenty expert instructors, each a specialist in some phase of government, commerce or finance, have been added to the faculty. For the present, temporary quarters have been secured in the Georgetown University Law School, where the student of foreign trade or public service, in addition to his technical training will have exceptional facilities to obtain instruction in such legal branches as may be deemed necessary for a well-rounded commercial representative or government agent. For the purpose of securing and administering the funds required, as well as for the drawing up of a suitable curriculum, there has been associated with the Regents of the University an advisory committee of whose solid and responsible character I am personally satisfied.

I feel myself that the National Foreign Trade Council cannot fail to support this school, established as a direct outcome of the campaign for educational preparedness which,

if we did not initiate, we at least have made one of our primary objects.

I, therefore, earnestly recommend this institution to the generous support of all the members of the Council and to all organizations and individuals interested in the expansion of our foreign trade.

As an indication of my own appreciation of the soundness and opportuneness of the policy outlined I hereby make a contribution of $20,000 to the endowment fund.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. FARRELL,
Chairman, National Foreign Trade Council.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1919.

Sodality Pilgrimage to Mt. St. Sepulchre.—In April and May of 1918, when the United States entered the World War, there was among the students so much anxious discussion concerning the branch of military service to be taken up by each one, that the College Sodality conceived the idea of making a pilgrimage in order to secure spiritual light for the making of the choice. Accordingly, on May 16, 1918, a holiday when all could have taken late sleep, one hundred and thirty students went to Mt. St. Sepulchre, the Franciscan Monastery, Washington, D. C. So successful was the event, that the students again demanded the pilgrimage the following year; this time with the purpose of pleading with the heavenly Father for the overthrow of Bolshevism and the obtaining of a lasting peace. Decoration Day, May 30, 1919, was the day selected and again one hundred and thirty students made open profession of their faith.

Special cars left Georgetown at 7 A. M., and conducted them to the Monastery, where Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock by the Rev. Herman I. Storck, S. J., Director of the Sodality. The Rev. Father Joseph Rhode, O. F. M., Superior of the Monastery, delivered an eloquent address. Perhaps the most impressive ceremony was the reception of Holy Communion, the students two by two ascending the altar in the centre of the spacious church. The large, melodious monastic choir organ was an inspiration, and all sang with full-hearted energy and affection. At the end of Mass, prayers were said for Georgetown men who gave their lives for their country, and the Rev. Director read the famous prayer for authorities, composed by Archbishop Carroll, first Archbishop of the United states and founder of Georgetown College. Thanksgiving over, the generous and courteous Franciscan Friars and Brothers entertained the pilgrims at breakfast in the convent refectory. After half-an-hour's recreation, in which many photographs were taken, the students singing hymns to Our Lady, went in procession around the cloister, thence to the woods, beautiful with May, where along a winding pathway are ranged the Stations of the Cross. The Reverend Father Anaclete,

O. F. M., read the prayers, and the pilgrims, with fervor, sang the "Stabat Mater." An Act of Consecration was read at the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, a panorama picture was taken, and benediction was given by the Reverend Superior, the Knights of Mount St. Sepulchre, in their white, red-trimmed costumes, serving in solemn military fashion. The Knights, who are laymen devoted to the interests of the Monastery, then conducted a tour through the famous building.

GERMANY. *Ours Again Residing in Germany.*—Anti-Jesuit laws having been repealed in Germany during the war, the Jesuits are now carrying on their work freely, and have their residences in Berlin, Munich, Essen, Frankfort, Bonn, Munster, Cologne, Coblenz, Aix la Chapelle and Aschaffenburg.

INDIA. *Bombay—Death of the Administrator Apostolic, Father Aloysius Gyr, S. J.*—The death is announced of the Right Reverend Aloysius Gyr, S. J., Administrator Apostolic of the Archdiocese of Bombay and Superior of the Bombay-Poona Mission. The arduous and concentrated duties which he fulfilled during the last few years had gradually worn out his health and strength, and upon this supervened a disease which was diagnosed as cancer of the liver, of which he died in St. George's Hospital, early Sunday morning, August 24, 1919. Seemingly not very ill, he had been taken to the hospital on Thursday morning. On Friday evening, shortly after he had been anointed, he fell asleep never to awake again in this life.

Born on the 15th of July, 1855, at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, he received his early literary training as a day-scholar at the famous school attached to the ancient Benedictine Monastery of his native town.

In 1874 he entered the novitiate at Exaten in Holland, and after his philosophical studies was for several years a teacher at St. Andrew's College, at Ordrupshoj, in Denmark. From Denmark he went to England, where he completed his theological studies, and later on did much useful work as a preacher in various churches of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

On the 10th of October, 1888, he landed in Bombay, and two months later he experienced the first illness in his life —a violent attack of dysentery that in a measure undermined his health for good. His strong constitution, however, enabled him to fill many importantant posts in the Archdiocese for the last 30 years. He was chaplain of St. Anne's, Mazagon, till 1894, then parish priest in Ahmedabad. At that time the first attemps were made to open a Mission in Guzerat, the pioneer Fathers studying the language in Ahmedabad. After the Mission was founded he became its Superior (1898) at Anand, where he published the first Catholic books in Guzerati.

In 1903 he became Vicar of the Cathedral in Bombay, during which time he was entrusted for a while with the administration of the Archdiocese. In 1908 he was appointed Superior of St. Stanislaus', Bandra, and in 1910 Superior of St. Patrick's, Karachi. Five years later, in December, 1915, on the removal of Rev. Father Boese, he became Superior of the Mission and Vicar General, residing at Archbishop's House. Then after the death of the Archbishop of Bombay, the Most Rev. Dr. H. Jürgens, in 1916, he was appointed Administrator Apostolic of the Archdiocese during the vacancy of the See, which he presided over down to his death. He was able by skilful management and prudent economy to lessen the heavy financial debt that the Archdiocese had contracted through the building of the new Foundling Home and St. Ignatius' Church, and he felt very grateful to all those that helped him herein so generously, especially his old friends of Karachi and the parishioners of Quetta. He was powerless, however, to secure a sufficient staff of priests—and this was his heaviest cross.

Father Gyr was a large-minded man, gifted with great prudence, and distinguished for his sound judgment and knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs. In his manner he was extremely simple and unaffected. A good religious, a homely and genial man, a benign and firm Superior, he was beloved by all who had to deal or live with him. He knew nothing of recreations or holidays, but worked to his last hour in the patient plodding execution of his duty. His loss is keenly felt by all Catholics of the Archdiocese of Bombay who have been without Bishop for the last three years. R. I. P.

CEYLON. *Ceylon Missionary Honored.*—Rev. Father Delaney, S. J., member of Galle Mission, formerly teacher at the Jesuit College in Galle, Ceylon, and who has served as a Military Chaplain at the Front, has received the M. C. for conspicuous bravery. The order read out by the Colonel of the Royal Fusiliers runs as follows:

"At Fontaine-au-Bois, on the morning of November 4, 1918, when passing through a village, several casualties occurred. Father Delaney immediately collected stretcher bearers and led them to the casualties whom he caused to be removed to an adjacent cellar, remaining in the barrage, comforting the wounded until all had been received.

In the absence of the medical officer, he organized a First Aid Station and attended to the wounded, thereby undoubtedly saving many lives.

During operations he was ever present where casualties were heaviest.

His conspicuous bravery and disregard for personal safety in dressing and remaining with the badly wounded in the open was beyond praise."

BENGAL. *North Point College.*—Twenty-five North-Pointers have given their lives for their country. Rev. Father Rector of the College has decided to set up a War Memorial to these old boys of the school. In his circular, the Rector suggests that the Memorial should take the form of a marble altar in the school chapel, a commemorative tablet with the names of the young heroes occupying a prominent position.

IRELAND. *Honors for Ours.*—Father William O'Leary, S. J., was on March 16 elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy. The number of new members who can be elected in any one year is limited to seven. The choice made of Father O'Leary is a recognition of the great value of his persevering practical work in science, carried on in several centres for many years. From 1909 to 1915 he planned and carried out the fine seismological laboratory at Mungret College, near Limerick; the instruments used there are almost all of his devising. A second laboratory was constructed between 1915 and 1918 at Rathfarnharm Castle, near Dublin, where the University Juniorate of the Irish Province has been located since 1913. Of late, Father O'Leary's attention has been specially directed to the construction of a scientifically accurate clock. The instrument which he has invented has received very high praise from highly qualified experts. One of the latest testimonies to its value is that of Professor R. A. Sampson, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, who writes from Edinburgh to say that: "I know your construction will produce fine results; indeed, with proper precautions, much finer results than you claim or have yet attempted. In its essentials it is one of the very best."

Father H. V. Gill, S. J., who was a distinguished student at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, under Sir Joseph Thompson, and who was awarded both the Military Cross and the Distinguished Service Order for his services as a Chaplain on the French front, is now on the staff of University Hall, Dublin. This hall of residence for lay-students at University College, Dublin, built and managed in connection with our University house at Lower Leeson street, has for several sessions opened with the maximum number of residents and a considerable waiting list. Father Gill had in July, 1919, been admitted *ad eundem* M. A. in the National University of Ireland (having been M. A. of Cambridge for several years past), and also has received the Honorary Degree of M. SC.

Travelling Uuiversity Studentships.—The close of the war has enabled Mr. John J. A. Coyne, S J., M. A., who had been, as travelling student of the National University of Ireland, at Innsbruck, in 1914, to return to Ireland. Mr. Coyne held his studentship in Ancient Classics, and had devoted special attention to Greek influences in Egypt and

the lands between Egypt and the inland seas. The travelling studentship is worth 1,000 dollars a year, tenable for two years, and is the highest prize in the University. Mr. Cyril Power, S. J., M. SC., is likewise enabled to hold his travelling studentship in experimental science, and will proceed to Cambridge. Mr. John Ryan, S. J., M. A., who won the travelling studentship in Celtic studies a year ago, will probably defer proceeding abroad until the Celtic faculties of the European Universities are again working normally.

Centenary of Tullabeg.—This College is the inheritor of the traditions both of Clongowes itself and of St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore—known familiarly as Tullabeg—whose fortunes were submerged with ours in the year 1886. The year 1918 was the hundredth since the foundation of Tullabeg, and it is fitting that we should avail ourselves of such an occasion to recall to the many old Tullabeg men still living the memory of their *Alma Mater*. And it is a memory that well deserves to be recalled. For it is not too much to say that Tullabeg in its heyday was one of the foremost places of education in Ireland—possibly quite the foremost. In academic distinctions it outshone for a time the Clongowes of those days, and from it have gone forth a surprising number of men distinguished in every walk of life. Moreover, so far at least as the writer's experience goes, it is the common thing to find old Tullabeg men looking back on their old school with affection and pride.

We cannot, it is true, use the term Tullabeg Centenary without certain qualifications. It cannot be said that the institution has been a college, such as Clongowes is, for the past hundred years. It began as a preparatory school for Clongowes. Then for a period it was conducted on the same lines as Clongowes, and was in fact a rival college. In 1886, the year (as it has always been called) of the amalgamation, its pupils were all transferred to this college. Since then it has served as a Noviceship for the Irish Jesuits.

It is for this reason, as well as for others connected with the war then still in progress, that no public celebration of the Centenary was held. But in October last the present Rector of St. Stanislaus', Father Darlington, S. J., invited those Irish Jesuits who had formerly been pupils of the College, or who had been connected with it as members of its community, together with the bishop and clergy of the diocese and a few other guests, to meet for a day at Tullabeg. For our Tullabeg readers, to whom the names of former schoolfellows or former masters and prefects may recall pleasant memories, mention may here be made of those who were able to be present. Of old Tullabeg men, most of whom were afterwards members of the Tullabeg community, the following were present: Very Rev. T. V. Nolan (O. T. 1881-5), Provincial of the Irish Jesuits; Fathers James Brennan (1870 sqq.), Henry Foley (1877 sqq.), James Whitaker

(1878-1882), Charles Farley (1869 sqq.), William McCormack (1877-1881), Martin Maher (1875 sqq.), afterwards Rector and Master of Novices for several years; William Power (1860-63). Father Tomkin, the present Rector of Clongowes; Father Henry Fegan, and Father Henry Browne, former prefects and masters, were also present. Father William Delany, Rector for ten years of Tullabeg in the days of its greatest prosperity, was unfortunately unable to be present, as the doctor would not permit him to travel. Old associations were revived, old times talked over, and acquaintance renewed with scenes once familiar.—*The Clongownian, 1919.*

Clongownians and the War.—Final summary 1914-19 (May)—Casualties: Killed, 85; died on active service, 8; missing, 1; prisoners of war, 7.

N. B.—Our information regarding the wounded is so incomplete that we have thought it better not to put down any figure here.

Military Honors (during European War).—Victoria Cross, 1; Bar to Distinguish Service Order, 2; Distinguish Service Order, 29; Bar to Military Cross, 4; Military Cross, 41; Air Force Cross, 1; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 1; Military Medal, 1; Foreign Honors, 15. Total on active service, 604. —*The Clongownian, 1919.*

A Commentary on the Exercises by an Anglican Clergyman—A Remarkable Book.—Father Joseph Darlington writes to us from St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore, Ireland: "Venture to recommend a new book on the spiritual exercises, very highly, as a scholarly work, based on a thorough study of the best commentators. All our Fathers here, who have seen it, praise it, and the author has received a flattering acknowledgment from Father Watrigant, Father Rickaby and others. The work is especially interesting, for it is written by an Anglican clergyman, a Cowley Father. It would be hard to discover where he differs in anything from the exercises he so attractively treats of. He has been an intimate friend of mine since we were at college together in Oxford."

The advertisement of the book reads thus:

A Commentary on the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius of Loyola, together with a translation of the Directorium in Exercitia, by W. H. Longridge, of the Society of Saint John the Evangelist, Cowley. Demy 8vo. 400 pp. 9s. net.—This is the most complete and exhaustive book on the Spiritual Exercises of S. Ignatius which has yet appeared in English. It consists of a literal translation of the Spanish text, a commentary explaining very fully both the exercises and the method of giving them, and a translation of the "Directorium in Exercitia." The commentary embodies the cream of the best Latin works on the subject, some of them little known and not easily accessible.

It is believed that this book will be of great value not only to conductors of Retreats, but to all priests in helping and directing souls, and also to devout lay people who desire to deepen their spiritual life.

The Spiritual Exercises contain indeed a complete system of spiritual teaching as clear and lofty as it is solid, and approved by long experience. Saint Francis de Sales said: These Spiritual Exercises have converted more souls than the letters contained in the book. But this teaching does not lie on the surface, and is often expressed so briefly that it needs careful explanation to bring out all its meaning and power. To do this is the purpose of this commentary.

The Directorium in Exercitia, here for the first time translated into English, is a Latin treatise of forty short chapters dealing with the method of giving the exercises to others. It was drawn up partly by Saint Ignatius himself, and afterwards enlarged by some of the most experienced Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and finally printed, with the authority of the General, in 1599. It has therefore, the highest sanction, and will be found of the utmost use to all who conduct Retreats. Robert Scott, Publisher, Roxburghe House, Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.

JAMAICA. The Rev. William O'Hare, S. J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, has been appointed by the Holy See, Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, in succession to the Right Rev. John J. Collins, who recently resigned. The appointment was made September 2, 1919. The new Vicar Apostolic has the title of Bishop of Maximianapolis.

MISSOURI PROVINCE. *Beulah—Welcome to the Denver Scholastics.*—On the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, occasion was taken by the philosophers and theologians at Lake Beulah to welcome the scholastic members of the Denver Mission to the Province, the decree of division of the Denver Mission between the Missouri and New Orleans Provinces having been promulgated on that day. The response of Mr. Raphael McCarthy on behalf of the Denver scholastics and the Denver Mission is deserving of a place in the LETTERS, so well does it express the sentiments of the former members of the Mission.

"Rev. Father Superior, Reverend Fathers, and fellow Scholastics of the Missouri Province:

It is a privilege to voice the sentiments of the Denver men who today have been transferred to the Missouri Province. I appreciate it highly.

You will easily understand why this change affects us with conflicting emotions. It is always sad to see the passing of an institution which has done its work well. By the division of the Mission, Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers, whom we have known and loved for years, are sent to another Province; perhaps we shall not see them again.

And there is another regret we cannot but feel. To most of you, I think, Sacred Heart College and the Colorado Mission were almost synonymous terms: but the college was only one and almost the last of the Mission's activities. For almost half a century our Italian Fathers have been keeping the faith alive and spreading it in Colorado, New Mexico and part of Texas. They were great men, men like Father Pantanella, who, with Piccirelli, De Augustinis, Schiffini and Cardinal Mazzella, gave Woodstock a faculty which has seldom been excelled, and left their chairs of philosophy and theology for the saddle. Father Marra, who enjoyed the friendship of two Popes, and was voted on for General in the the last Congregation, slaved for over thirty years among the Mexicans of New Mexico; and Father Guida, who taught philosophy to Ours at Boston and Georgetown before Woodstock was founded, travelled over the plains by prairie schooner to build up the church in Colorado. And so I could go on enumerating men who grew old amid hardships and sufferings that surpassed those of many a foreign mission, whose energy and zeal founded and maintained over a hundred churches and missions in the vast territory of the Rocky Mountains. Men like these and work like their's made history for the Church in the West. They were scholars, and they left their class-room; they were imbued with the spirit of the Society missionaries; they were cultured gentlemen who left refined homes in Europe for the roughness of the mining camp.

Traditions grew up around their work and customs were formed which were special to ourselves. We leave those customs with regret. It is hard to forget those old traditions, but we shall forget them all save one, that one was an intense loyalty for the Mission, the personal interest which each man felt in its well-being. That spirit we shall bring with us when we come to you, but the object of it will be our new Province.

The regret we feel at today's change is tempered by the consciousness that our sacrifice is made through obedience; it is softened by the thought that we enter on a field of broader opportunities; it is almost wiped away by the kindly words of welcome we have heard, and the enthusiasm with which they were received. I know those words were sincere. I am convinced your applause was whole-hearted, for we have had experience of your sentiments towards us before. Most of the men who come to Missouri today have been educated in this Province. We have known the kindliness of Superiors and of subjects; we have lived with you as brothers; we have never been made to feel that we 'did not belong.'

And so in the name of the Denver men who are here today, I thank you for your welcome. In their name, and in

the name of those in Colorado I tell you we are glad to come to Missouri."

Cincinnati. St. Xavier College.—This year the college department has been moved to Avondale, a very beautiful hill-top section of the city, where a plot of over twenty acres was acquired some years ago. Two buildings are being erected there, a faculty building, the gift of Mrs. Henkel, costing about $100,000, and a class-room building, the funds for which were donated by St. Xavier Alumni.

Kansas. St. Mary's College.—The Golden Jublilee of the granting of the Charter to St. Mary's College was celebrated on June 14, 15, 16, 17. It was made the occasion of the Triennial Alumni Meet, and hundred of the old boys returned. A reception was given them on Saturday evening, the 14th, followed by an entertainment by the students. Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, a Solemn Pontifical Mass was sung in the Immaculata. At half-past three a ball-game was played by the Alumni and Varsity; at half-past six, Solemn Benediction was given in the Immaculata. That evening the commencement exercises were held in the Auditorium.

On Monday, at ten o'clock, a Solemn Requiem Mass (Coram Episcopo) was sung by Very Reverend Father McMenamy for the the deceased Professors and Alumni of St. Mary's. Rev. Peter Wilwerding and Rev. Henry Flaherty were deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. Rev. Charles Buddy, Chancellor of St. Joseph's diocese, preached the sermon. At two o'clock Monday afternoon, the Alumni held a business meeting in the Senior Library, when funds for a new science hall were pledged and the subscripton for the Memorial Arch in the course of construction was completed.

On Monday evening the banquet was held in the Senior's dining hall. This marked the close of the Jubilee celebration, and the Alumni left for their homes on Tuesday.

The enrollment for the new school is very large. 410 boarders and 50 day students are now in attendance, while many applicants were rejected solely for lack of room. The closest approach to this was in October, 1913, when, for a short time, there were 397 boarders. The attendance at the four laymen's retreats at St. Mary's during the summer totaled 211.

Father George Worpenberg and Brother Joseph Dixon celebrated their Golden Jubilee of entrance into the Society, during the summer. They, with Father M O'Neil, of St. Louis University, and Brother James O'Neil, of St. Stanislaus, Florissant, and Father John Neustich, are the five Jubilarians of the year.

Milwaukee. Marquette University.—The two-thirds of a million cash subscriptions necessary to secure the remaining

third of a million from the Carnegie Endowment Fund was completed early in September. This is to be used for the department of medicine of Marquette University.

Omaha. Creighton Universtty.—Father John McCormick, for several years past, Professor of Philosophy at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, became Rector of Creighton University on July 2, succeeding Father A. J. Burrowes, Vice-Rector for the previous two months. Father Burrowes is now Superior and Master of Tertians at St. Stanislaus' House of Retreats, Brooklyn, Ohio. Over 600 Sisters of various congregations attended the summer school at Creighton.

Saint Louis. The University.—Father James I. Shannon has been appointed Superior of the Scholasticate. Both the Philosophate and Theologate are filled to fullest capacity this year. The philosophers number 63, the theologians 104. Sixteen scholastics of the Congregation of the Resurrection are attending the classes. Nine theologians and seven philosophers have been sent to Spain to continue their studies. Four have gone to Oña; twelve to Sarria, a suburb of Barcelona.

The Department of Commerce and Finance has had an unusual growth. 300 students are enrolled, while very many applications were necessarily refused. Alumni attentive to the interest of the University have done much to direct prospective students to this department.

South Dakota. New St. Francis Mission.—In 1912, fire destroyed a new boys' building, which was immediately rebuilt in concrete. Four years later, January 20, 1916, came the disastrous conflagration that left the entire Mission, the above-named building and a few shops excepted, a smouldering heap of ruins. Twenty-five long years had been spent in rearing the 760 foot structure, enlarging and improving it. The church was a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, with altars built and beautifully carved by the Brothers. In three hours all had gone up in smoke and ashes. A few of the most necessary articles of furniture and some personal belongings were the only relics.

But Father Digmann, who had celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the Society a few months before, had met and overcome too many obstacles to be daunted by this fresh calamity, however disheartening it appeared. With resignation to the will of God and unfailing trust in the Great Procurator, St. Joseph, he set to work at once rebuilding the Mission and lived to see his task accomplished.

The first few months must have been trying beyond description. In fact it is hard to see just what would have happened had the one building not been spared. Fortunately, this contained two separate dormitories. Hence, of the fifty children that remained, the girls were assigned to one dormitory, the boys to the other. Sisters, sixteen in

number, had their living quarters in an average-sized classroom. The boys' play-hall was used as a chapel, playroom, kitchen and as dining room for our own community, for all the children and workmen. Another classroom served as a dining and workroom for the Sisters; a third was at once parlor and dairy room. The Fathers and Brothers lived and slept in what has been a recreation and pool room for the few workmen employed at the Mission.

Despite the evident difficulties of the situation, Brother Hartmann and his crew set valiantly to work, and by the end of November of the same year the Sisters and girls were in their new quarters, a two-story building, 530x40 feet. In 1917, the new home for Ours, 115x40 feet, was built and occupied, and this fall has seen the new church, with a seating capacity of six hundred, put under roof. It is hoped that the church will be completed and ready for use by the end of spring. All the buildings are of concrete to avoid further danger of fire and were constructed, for the most part, by the Brothers and Indian workmen. Besides some insurance, the generous donations of several eastern benefactors made the new St. Francis possible from a financial standpoint. That the work will not be in vain is evidenced by the fact that the enrollment of this year is up to its former standard, between three and four hundred, and promises to increase.

Great Catholic Indian Congress in South Dakota.—The annual congress of the Catholic Sioux Indians of South Dakota, took place this year, July 11-14, at Oak Creek, forty-two miles from St. Francis Mission, Rosebud Agency, South Dakota. Four or five hundred tents were pitched about St. Peter's Church, and it is estimated that nearly three thousand persons, representatives from Rosebud, Pine Ridge, Lower Brule, Standing Rock, Yankton and Stantee Reservations were present at the celebration. An Indian Congress partakes of the nature of a business and social convention and of a people's mission as well. It can be said without hesitation that the Congress of this year, like those of other years, was successful in every respect.

The mornings were given over almost entirely to religious services. There were Masses in the church from 5.30 to 7 o'clock, during which hundreds approached the Holy Table with a childlike reverence and devotion. In the evenings six missionaries were kept busy until near midnight, hearing confessions in the church and about the camp, whilst catechists stood before the church door or went about the grounds exhorting all in a loud voice to come to receive the sacrament of penance. The church was far too small to accomodate the crowds, so a large bower of the branches of trees had been erected, after the fashion of the Indians, as a shelter for the more solemn religious exercises and for the

business sessions of the day. At one end of this bower a temporary altar had been set up; at the other was the official entrance through which, according to Indian etiquette, every one who wished to be present, must enter and leave. Here there was a special Mass, with sermon every morning at nine o'clock, during which the Indians joined heartily in the congregational singing of hymns in their own tongue. The sermons were preached in the Dakota tongue by the Rev. Eugene Buechel, S. J., Superior of St. Francis Mission; Rev. Henry Grotegeers, S. J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D.; Rev. P. F. Sialm, S. J., and Rev. Henry Gothe, S. J., missionaries in charge of the district. The solemn opening of the Congress on July 11 was enhanced by the presence of the Right Rev. William H. Ketcham, President of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and the Right Rev. Thomas S. Lee. After the Mass, Monsignor Ketcham, or "Watching Eagle," as he is affectionately styled among the Sioux, arose to express the pleasure that he and other visitors experienced in being present at this magnificent gathering of Catholic Indians. Then followed the impressive ceremony of official welcome. All visitors, white and Indians alike, passed in single file about the bower and shook hands with every Indian present, the men on one side and the women on the other. This over they returned to their places and stood to receive a hearty handshake of welcome from each Indian as he passed. The native dignity and deep sincerity of the Red Man on occasions of this kind is a pleasant surprise to strangers uninitiated into the mysteries of Indian customs and manners. Yet they are no more than a true expression of a character which, with all its flaws, has been sadly unappreciated and even slandered by superficial whites, who, because of their hostile attitude, were never granted intimate acquaintance with the Indian and were incapable of judging him aright. The ceremony of handshaking lasted for an hour or more, yet there was no one of those present but would have regretted missing that solemn manifestation of hospitality. The afternoon and evening of each day were taken up with business meetings in the grand arbor before the altar. One after another of the delegates took the floor and reported what had been done during the past year in his particular neighborhood and what was planned for the future. The Indian is a born orator. In the course of these gatherings many an earnest and enthusiastic speech was made on education and the schools, as well as on other pertinent religious and social topics to a numerous throng, who listened to each of the speakers with unabated interest and repeated exclamations of "Hauh, hauh," expressive of their approval. The presiding officer of the business sessions was Mr. Andrew Night Pipe, a fervent convert to Catholicism and President of the entire Congress.

Sunday morning, July 12, Monsignor Ketcham, assisted by two Benedictine Missionaries, Fathers Vincent Frech and Sylvester Eisenmann, sang Solemn High Mass in the open air, in the presence of the Right Rev. J. J. Lawler, Bishop of Lead, and a great concourse of people. After Mass the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of ninety-four, most of whom were adult converts.

A picturesque and striking ceremony was the selection of the next meeting place. It was late in the evening of the fourth day and the bower was in darkness except for the light of the moon and a feebie lamp or two at one end. When all who were interested had gathered in the bower, three spokesmen in turn took their place in the midst of the assembly and in glowing terms described the advantages of the locality in which their peopled desired the next Congress to convene. A vote was called for by the president. Thereupon those in favor of a particular place came to the center of the bower, sat on the ground in the full light of the moon, to be plainly visible, and were counted by the secretary. When the vote for Holy Rosary Mission was demanded a peculiar yell resembling the old-time war-whoop was raised and an overwhelming majority rushed to the center of the bower to signify their preference for the last named place. So next year's Congress will be on Pine Ridge Reservation.

Tuesday morning, July 15, the Congress came to a close after the late Mass. Again the handshaking ceremony was gone through, and that it was no mere formality was evidenced by the genuine regret and hearty sincerity expressed in the appearance and words of these simple people. They are nothing if not affectionate, especially toward their own, and in circumstances such as these, their sentiments are in no wise concealed.

An account of the Congress would be incomplete without mention of the services of the good Sisters of St. Francis. Four of them remained night and day in the camp caring for the comfort of visitors, clergy and laity alike. As usual, eminently successful in this, they were wholly forgetful of themselves.

New Mexico and Colorado Mission. *Separation of the Mission from the Province of Naples.*—On August 15, 1919, there took place the separation of the Mission from the Neapolitan Province and the union with the Provinces of Missouri and New Orleans. Here is our V. R. F. General's decree:

DECRETUM

De dividenda Missione Novi Mexici et Coloradi

WLODIMIRUS LEDOCHOWSKI

Præpositus Generalis Societatis Jesu.

Quod R. P. Francisco Xaverio Wernz dudum in animo erat, quodque hinc inde disceptatum apprime expedire persuasum est, de separanda Missione Novi Mexici et Coloradi

in Statibus Fœderatis ab optime de illis regionibus merita Provincia Neapolitana nunc perfici debere Nobis visum est.

Postquam igitur a P. Visitatore, quem in illam Missionem anno superiore misimus, ab ejus Superiore, a consultoribus, id consilii confirmatum accepimus, Nos, exquisitis sententiis Præpositi Provinciæ Neapolitanæ et ejus consultorum necnon PP. Assistentium, iisque omnibus uno ore annuentibus, post multas Deo D. N. fusas preces et imploratum Sanctorum nostrorum patrocinium hoc decretum condendum et promulgandum censuimus:

I. Missio Novi Mexici et Coloradi die 15a Augusti vertentis anni 1919, quo die hoc decretum in omnibus domibus Provinciarum Neapolitanæ, Missourianæ, Neo-Aurelianensis et ipsius Missionis, more consueto, promulgari debet, a Provincia Neapolitana separetur ac divisa habeatur, tum jurisdictione tum omni bonorum temporalium communione.

II. Status Coloradi cum omnibus suis domibus et stationibus ad Provinciam Missourianam attribuantur.

Status Novi Mexici et Texani cum suis residentiis et stationibus omnibus Provinciæ Neo-Aurelianensi adcenseantur.

III. Omnes qui Missioni ascripti sunt ad Provincias Americanas pertinebunt, inter quas Missio dividitur; salvis exceptionibus quas Superior Missionis, propter graves rationes concedendas statuerit. Cooptabuntur vero inter socios illius Americæ Provinciæ, ad quam pertinebit die 15a Augusti 1919, domus Missionis, cui inscripti eo die invenientur.

IV. Socii Missionis qui ante separationem ad Provinciam Neapolitanam pertinebant, in gratam memoriam et amoris signum consueta pro vita functis matris Provinciæ suffragia faciant, eumdemque morem adhibebit Provincia Neapolitana erga sodales Missionis a se die 15a Augusti 1919, hoc decreto separatos.

Datum Romæ, in festo Sacræ Pentecostes, 8 Junii 1919.

WLODIMIRUS LEDOCHOWSKI,
Præp. Gen. Soc. Jesu.

PETRUS TACCHI VENTURI,
Secr. Soc. Jesu.

The following from V. R. Fr. General was then read:

To the Fathers and Brothers of the Mission of New Mexico and Colorado.

REV. FATHERS AND BELOVED BROTHERS IN CHRIST:

The decree of the separation of the Mission of New Mexico and Colorado from the Neapolitan Province, which has been read to you, was not, I believe, entirely unexpected. This letter, however, may for the comfort of all, serve to explain the decree somewhat more fully.

One year after his election to the government of the whole Society, Very Rev. Father Wernz separated from the German Province the Buffalo Mission, whose houses and

members were in a most flourishing condition. When he divided that Mission among American Provinces and Missions, and clothe these with new authority or put them on a better footing, he foresaw that it would be necessary for the same end, namely, for the greater glory of God and the welfare of the Society, that your beloved Mission should also become part of some American Province. The plan was indeed postponed, but by no means abandoned; it was rather confirmed by frequent letters from the Mission. New Mexico and Colorado are at present so different from what they were forty years ago when the members of the Neapolitan Province undertook to fructify these territories at the request of Very Rev. Father Peter Beckx, that they can no longer be rightly designated by the name of Mission. When we behold the gradual extinction of the untamed and unsociable Indian races; when we view the religious and civil progress so extensively introduced; when we see parishes erected everywhere in well organized dioceses, we also see that these two States approach closely enough to the other federated and flourishing States to preclude the necessity of their depending, like foreign missions, on ministers of the Gospel who hail mostly from Europe. The Province of Naples is undertaking many other important works in Italy, and at these they labor with great vigor. On the other hand, as is confirmed by the judgment of its eminent Fathers and of the Visitor, the Mission, by itself, does not possess all that is required to enjoy the privileges of a Province of the Society, in accordance with our ordinations and customs. It was therefore necessary to allot the Mission to American Provinces; this has now been accomplished, but not without a grateful remembrance of the Fathers who have labored in the Mission of New Mexico and Colorado.

More than forty years have now passed since four members of the Neapolitan Province entered the Mission. Not one of them now survives. If they lived, how different from the old conditions would appear to them the new order of men and things. How different it is from what they met when at their first appearance they were received by hostile Indians. They would see that the Mexicans whom they taught to cultivate the land, have converted their arid acres into fruitful orchards. All these changes reflect no little glory on religion. But far greater were the other labors undertaken by the Fathers during that period, namely, the preaching of our Lord Jesus Christ to the inhabitants, the construction everywhere of churches and chapels to His holy name, the weekly editing of the *Revista Catolica*, which in those States has rightly been styled by many Bishops the beaconlight and bulwark of Faith.

These results are indeed to be highly praised, and for them I give you my warmest thanks; but at the same time, they will be multiplied, with the helping grace of God,

through your zeal, your labors and your prayers. Lift up your minds on high. As God Himself is the abundant reward in heaven for those zealous members of the Mission who have died after a laborious life, so will He himself one day be your recompense. Therefore, "looking on Jesus, the author and finisher of faith," and on the ineffable riches of His heart, persevere in devoting yourselves with holy joy to the salvation of those peoples. The personal intention and motive of your special vocation, held out to you by God and the Church, and by their faithful servant, Ignatius, will not fail to be for you a glowing and attractive luminary, a constant and stimulating incentive, an effectual and plentiful assistance to prove yourselves each and every day worthy sons of the Society. Let charity also not be wanting, that bond which perfects and binds together all virtues, that charity especially which is the mark of the disciples of Christ, and the glorious seal of our family, I mean, fraternal charity. Let this love unite you with your new Superiors and brethren, so that you may be of one mind and one tongue. After having thus increased your strength, you will readily help in obtaining the salutary effect of the decree just read, the end intended by your Superiors in dividing the Mission, that namely of seeking solely the higher and better service of God, the preservation of religious discipline according to the rules of our Institute and customs and the eternal salvation of all souls.

May the powerful intercession of our Holy Father Ignatius and of all our brethren who reign in heaven with our Supreme Lord Jesus Christ, obtain for you abundant grace to bring to a happy issue what we so strongly desire.

I commend myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers.

From Rome, on the Feast of St. Aloysius, June 21, 1919.

The servant of all in Christ,

WLODIMIRUS LEDOCHOWSKI,

General of the Society of Jesus.

A week or so after, there was received the following letter from the Father Provincial of Naples:

REV. FATHERS AND DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS:

While the separation of the Mission of New Mexico and Colorado from the Province of Naples is taking place, I feel it is my duty to express the sentiment of the Neapolitan Province at this moment.

We are separated, it is true, and yet we remain united. We remain united with the tender tie which binds us to the dear mother of us all, the Society of Jesus. We remain united in the remembrance of years of labors Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam and for the salvation of souls; labors which have been blessed by God, for they were crowned with a plentiful harvest. When memories of the past unfold before our eyes the figures of so many Fathers and Brothers who toiled in the Mission, and whom God has been pleased to

call to eternal rest, there is one figure which particularly attracts our attention, the figure of one who endeared himself to the hearts of all and was venerated by all, of one who belongs, as it were, to the common patrimony of the Province and of the Mission—the gentle figure of the lamented Father Joseph Marra.

We remain united in the certainty that the sacrifice of today, a sacrifice which we have generously accepted and welcomed, will be the seed of a greater good in the future, both for those of us who remain in the Province and for those of you who are separated from her.

The Province thanks you, Reverend Fathers and dearly beloved Brothers, for the love you have borne her, for the edification you have given her at all times and on all occasions. We shall ever remember gratefully those religious who have held high the name of the Neapolitan Province in America, and I feel confident that the Provinces to which you shall belong will soon benefit by the fruits of your zeal and your virtues.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus replenish us all with the spirit of our Father St. Ignatius, and of St. Francis de Geronimo.

With these hopes and these sentiments, I embrace you all affectionately in the Lord, and recommending myself to your holy sacrifices and prayers, I remain,

Infimus in Xto servus,

(Signed) G. M. DE GIOVANNI, S. J.

College of the Sacred Heart.—After having shared with the rest of the colleges the reverses incident upon the influenza epidemic and the military draft, on Sunday, May 11, our college here suddenly came into the lime light through the manifestation of the spirit of self-detertination on the part of the Senior Division, with the result that forty of them had to be summarily dismissed. Following an elocution contest held during the afternoon, they urged a request for permission to go to the city. Participants in the contest, according to custom, had already been allowed to go, The Rev. President and Vice-President thrice refused, for the very good reason that no lessons had as yet been prepared for the following day, and because of the approach of repetitions and the necessity of making up for lost time. In face of this absolute refusal the young men left for the city en masse. Such open insubordination called for quick and determined action. The immediate expulsion of the delinquents was decided upon, and forty trunks were on their way to the station by two o'clock the next afternoon.

The incident might have closed there—an application of Ignatian methods to youthful Bolshevism—but such was not the case. Disappointed parents and interested friends—though even many of these commended the faculty on its attitude, however hard it was for them personally—began

shortly to bring influence to bear on our position. Ecclesiastics, high and others, prominent personages in the community were all invoked, but in vain. The affair began to be noticed in the Catholic press, here and there, throughout the country, and the criticism, or rather approbation of all of these editorials was most laudatory of the stand taken. The *Ave Maria* in a pointed comment closed with the prediction that for every student dismissed ten others would swell the registration. The *Newark Monitor*, under the caption "A College with a Backbone," offered the clever analysis of the true meaning of the incident, as a revolt against authority, and was happy to note that in these days of "spineless education" such an example of firmness had been set up.

Though not realized literally, the surmise of the *Ave Maria* has been verified in the main. The attendance this year is one of the best in the history of the college. A slight financial loss has netted an inestimable gain in prestige, and adherence to principle brought a satisfaction which is its recompense.

Diocesan Retreat.—On July 1, 2 and 3, the priests of the diocese, ninety-three in number, made their annual retreat at the college, under the direction of Rev. Thomas A. O'Malley, S. J., of St. Aloysius Church, Kansas City. His Lordship, the Right Rev. J. Henry Tihen, was also present at the exercises and instructions. An interval of some ten years has passed since the clergy made their last retreat here.

NEW ORLEANS. *Grand Coteau—St. Charles College Wins High Honor in Victory Loan Drive—R. O. T. C. Wins Fourth Place Among All Other Units in United States.*—In the Inter-Reserve Officers' Training Corps Victory Loan competive campaign, the St. Charles College R. O. T. C. unit won fourth place among all the R. O. T. C. units of the United States, and first place among those units that comprise the Tenth Military District, R. O. T. C., of Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. It was the only unit from among the couple of hundred that was established in States south of Tennessee that was mentioned by the United States War Department on the honor roll for especially patriotic work performed during the recent Victory Loan Drive. Also, with the exception of one other college unit, that of St. Charles, was the only one west of Chicago, Ill., that was included in the roll.

The United States War Department congratulated the St. Charles College unit for its exceptionally fine showing. The members of the St. Charles College unit succeeeded in raising a sum that exceeded that of any university in the United States. The 134 students enrolled on the St. Charles R. O. T. C. roster procured 326 subscriptions amounting to $567,350. This exceeded by over three thousand dollars

any amount turned in by any college unit in the Tenth Military District.

The college opened this year with a decrease in the number of students. This must be attributed to financial reasons arising from conditions of prosperity throughout the State.

The establishment of the S. A. T. C. in the college last year upset to a great extent the regular order and discipline of previous years. But although we now have the R. O. T. C. the old regime has asserted itself, with some modifications to suit the demands of military training.

It will be of interest to friends of Grand Coteau to learn that the immediate vicinity of the college has attracted the attention of the oil men, and one company has contracted to dig wells in the near future. The college lands are very extensive, and permission has been frequently asked by the company to dig for oil on our property. No such grant has been made thus far. The finding of oil would change very materially the conditions, not only of the surrounding country, but of the college, and should the precious liquid be brought to the surface on our own property, it would afford a soothing remedy for the monetary wounds that harass those responsible for the finances of the college.

Our K. C. Hall, which began with the modest title of "hut," has been so developed and beautified that it now deservedly merits the name of Auditorium. It stands on the foundations of a building which for a half a century served the purpose of a college hall. An electrical plant is being installed, and the hall is furnished with the modern conveniences of a city theatre.

On the feast of St. Francis Borgia, Rev. John White, S. J., celebrated his First Mass in our college chapel, having been ordained here on the previous day.

NEW YORK. *St. Francis Xavier's College—New Superior.*—On September 5, Father Patrick Joseph Casey was appointed Superior to succeed Father Thomas White.

High School Graduates' Retreat.—The graduating class this year, following the example of last year's class, decided that in addition to the annual retreat which it made at the school, in company with the rest of the student body, early in the year, it would make another of its own. The time chosen was the few days intervening between the last of the final examinations and graduation day. The graduates were thus enabled to give their undivided attention to the important work of the retreat. In order to secure the greatest possible success, the class of 1919, like its predecessor, the class of 1918, went to the House of Retreats, at Mount Manresa, Staten Island, an ideal spot for recollection and prayer. Father John Corbett, editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, was in charge of the exercises. An atmosphere of seriousness and determination prevailed throughout. The attractive chapel, beautiful grounds, outdoor stations,

the grotto, and the many secluded walks about the premises, despite the fact that the retreat is in a well populated district, left nothing to be desired. The house has every convenience, and the young retreatants, as they scanned the numerous well-filled cases of photographs of eminent business and professional men, who had made retreats at Mount Manresa, realized how important was the work upon which they were engaged. Last year, forty-three boys made the retreat. Father J. H. Fisher, of the *America* staff gave the exercises. Many of the boys are known to have determined upon their vocation at that time, several having chosen the religious life. Similar results are sure to come from the retreat of 1919. Both graduating classes were exceedingly grateful to Father Terence J. Shealy, director of Mount Manresa, for making it possible for them to enjoy so great a blessing. Many of the boys were sons of prominent men, who had urged that they make the retreat. It is certain that these young men will, in turn, become apostles of the retreat movement.

High School Graduation.—On Wednesday, June 18, diplomas of graduation were awarded to forty-two students, by His Lordship, the Right Rev. John J. Collins, S. J., Bishop of Jamaica, B. W. I., in the College Theatre, at 40 W. 16th street. The principal address of the evening was delivered by Father John C. Reville, of the *America* staff. His Lordship, the Bishop, also presided at the graduation exercises of the grammar school on the evening of June 11.

Parish and Parochial School.—This year there were graduated from St. Francis Xavier's Parochial School thirty girls and twenty-five boys. Thirteen of the girls took the Regents' examinations for entrance to Hunter College Preparatory to the Normal College. All these got a general average of 90 per cent., and were publically congratulated by the superintendant. Two of these girls took the examinations for the James Butler Scholarship at Marymount, Tarrytown, N. Y. One of the girls won the scholarship, while the other came out second.

The Novena of the Sacred Heart was a grand success. The reception of promoters took place at the solem services on the feast of the Sacred Heart. The Holy Name Society, numbering close to 1400 men presented a fine sight while receiving Holy Communion.

American Jesuits to Bombay and Poona.—Word has been received from Rome that the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus has been ordered to man and take complete control of the vast missions of Bombay and Poona in India. To those familiar with India, it will be seen at a glance that our American Jesuits will have a gigantic work before them to man completely these extensive missions, left helpless and destitute by the expulsion of the German mis-

sionaries in charge of some 331 churches and mission stations.

The Mision of Bombay lies along the western coast of India, extending from Baluchistan in the northwest to the Archdiocese of Goa in the south. It includes the Island of Bombay and the districts and provinces of Broach (north of the Nurbuda), Baroda, Ahmedabad, Kathiawar, Cutch, Sind and Baluchistan up to Cabul and the Punjab, besides eight places within the circumscription of the Diocese of Damaum. It is bounded on the west by the Arabian Sea, on the south by the Diocese of Damaun, on the east and northeast by the Dioceses of Lahore and Ajmer, on the north by Cabul and the Prefecture of Kashmir.

The Mission is divided into four districts: (1) The Bombay Island; (2) Salsette and Trombay Island; (3) Guzerat, Kathiawar and Cutch; (4) Sind and Baluchistan. There are 46 churches and chapels, 27 head-stations, 19 sub-stations and 52 out-stations.

The Poona Mission lies in the interior and to the east of the Diocese of Damaum, and the Archdiocese of Goa. It is bounded on the north by the diocese of Ajmer and Nagpur, on the east by the Dioceses of Nagpur and Hyderabad and the Archdiocese of Madras, on the south by the Diocese of Mysore, and on the west by the Archdiocese of Goa and the Diocese of Damaun. It lies in the Bombay Presidency.

The Poona Mission is divided into four districts: (1) Poona Centre; (2) Ahmednagar Centre; (3) Northern Centre; (4) Southern Centre. It has 44 churches and chapels, 23 head-stations, 20 sub-stations and 110 out-stations.

Father Husslein on Reconstruction. Since the issuance of the Reconstruction Program of the National Catholic War Council, *America*, the National Catholic weekly, has energetically promoted wide popular interest in its momentous suggestions. Among the many articles published by *America* was one by Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J., entitled "'Popes' and Bishops' Labor Program," in the issue for June 14, in which Father Husslein hails the suggestions made in the reconstruction plan as the practical realization of the ideas advanced by the great Father of Modern Social Reform, Pope Leo XIII.

Some extracts from letters to Father Eugene Kenedy while Chaplain overseas from Bishop P. J. Hayes, now Archbishop of New York, and his Secretary.

May 2, 1918.

REV. EUGENE T. KENEDY,
Chaplain U. S. Army, P. O. 726,
American E. F., France.

DEAR FATHER KENEDY:

Your letter of April 15th, together with the postal card announcing your safe arrival has been received, and I hasten

to congratulate you on the magnificent work that you have already been able to do for our boys with the Colors.

You will be pleased to know that some of the soldier boys who were sent here recently by General Pershing to help in our Third Liberty Loan had the good fortune of hearing you while preaching the Mission you refer to in your letter. It is a very small world after all.

The splendid report you have made is most consoling and comforting, and fills me with every hope and confidence that your career as a chaplain will be replete with many successes and achievements.

I need not repeat that I am always delighted and pleased to hear from my priests with the troops and realize that your correspondence keeps me in close touch with all the dangers and trials that beset them.

Praying for you and the troops committed to your care all the graces and blessings of the Holy Season of Pentecost, I am,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
PATRICK J. HAYES.
BP. TAGASTE,
Ordinarius Castrensis.

June 8, 1918.

I write to say that I was very much pleased with your interesting communication of May 19, and particularly gratified to know that you have been assigned to our old 69th, New York. I am sure that you will find them as fine a body of Catholic men as one can find anywhere.

Only a few days ago some of the American soldiers who returned to these parts to help in the Third Liberty Loan, spoke of having been present at a retreat that you gave to the men in one of the towns of France. It convinced me that it did not take you very long to get into harness. You may be sure that I was very much comforted and consoled with this splendid report.

You may be sure I shall always welcome your letters and trust that you may have an opportunity of writing frequently even though it be only a line from time to time.

January 6, 1919.

Your very interesting and welcome report of December 11 reached the Chaplain Bishop this morning and he bids me thank you for it and tell you how very much pleased he was to hear from you.

The Bishop hopes that you will be faithful in sending us a monthly letter covering your activities.

The account that you have given of your work since your letter of October 8 has given the Bishop probably the most vivid picture he has yet received of the life of an army chaplain, especially a chaplain serving with attack troops.

The privations and trials that you have experienced shall indeed be a source of great spiritual consolation to you in

days to come and will help you to know better than any priest on earth the life, the trials and crosses of troops in the field. At the same time we feel that you will always keep a warm spot in your heart for any soldier who has come through this life of hardship. Indeed these soldiers shall always look up to and reverence the priests who have shared the hardships of the battlefront with them.

With a New Year's greeting from the Chaplain Bishop for yourself and the troops entrusted to your care, I am, with personal regards,

Sincerely your in Christ,

J. P. DINEEN,

Secretary to the Bishop.

De mandato Ordinarii Castrensis.

January 30, 1919.

Our Chaplain Bishop has received your two very delightful and interesting letters of November 30, and December 29. Strange to say they both arrived on the same ship.

Our Bishop wishes me to express to you his grateful appreciation of your fidelity in corresponding with this office. The information that you have given is most interesting indeed, and shall prove a veritable mine of knowledge for church historians of the future.

You may be sure that the Bishop was delighted with the account that you gave of the magnificent showing made by your men at the midnight Mass. Such exhibitions are bound to have an effect upon the natives.

February 8, 1919.

Your delightful and esteemed communication of January 13, addressed to the Chaplain Bishop, has just arrived, and again the Bishop feels indebted to you for the excellent report you have made of the work you are doing.

Night after night I have met men in the 69th Infantry Armory of New York, who have told of the work, not only of Father Duffy, but also of yourself. Judging from the men we meet here in the States it would seem that you are almost as well known to the men of the 165th Infantry as Father Duffy. They have spoken to us most highly of your work, and characterized Father Duffy and yourself as two of the greatest chaplains we have overseas.

February 21, 1919.

It affords me the greatest pleasure to be privileged to acknowledge, in the name of our Chaplain Bishop, your interesting and welcome communication of January 29. You have given the Bishop more pleasure than I can tell you, by your fidelity in corresponding with him, and he has instructed me to impress this upon you.

March 7, 1919.

Our Chaplain Bishop has just received your esteemed communication of February 20, and he bids me acknowledge same and tell you how delighted he was to hear from you.

It is the wish of the Bishop that I convey to you his compliments and congratulate you on the magnificent work you have accomplished for the officers and enlisted men entrusted to your care. Your letters are ever a sourse of inspiration and consolation to the Bishop, and he prays for you and your men that God may bless you and them in all their undertakings.

Fordham University. St. John's Hall.—St. John's Hall, commonly known as Third Division, has been thoroughly renovated, and is now reserved for Seniors and Juniors. The basement is now, as before, a recreation hall. One of the large rooms is reserved for billiards and pool, while the other is a lounging room. In the latter room the large fireplace has been restored and is now ready for use.

On the first floor, on the right as you enter, the former Prefect's office and the rooms adjoining have been changed into a large parlor, a hall, and a Prefect's room. On the left, where the dining-room was formerly, there is now a corridor and five rooms, and at the extreme end of this corridor is a suite of three rooms, including a private bath.

On the second and third floors, all the former dormitories and rooms have been abolished and new rooms built in their stead. The total number of rooms is twenty-five, exclusive of three suites. Every room has a smaller room adjoining, in which there is a large wardrobe, cupboards and a wash-bowl, with hot and cold water.

The old stair-case has been replaced by a steel one,—broader and with a more gradual incline. The entire building has, through the changes made, acquired an atmosphere altogether in harmony with the exterior,—comfortable and home-like.

Because of the large number of Freshmen this year in the college,—120—three sections have been formed. One of these sections has class on the old college corridor, and the other two have taken class-rooms in the Medical School. This change was necessary in view of the fact that the Auditorium is not to be used at all this year for class-room purposes. With this arrangement, the entire Second Division Building will be used exclusively for High School classes.

Physics Department.—The college physics laboratory has been transferred to the old Medical School building. The commodious and well-lighted room on the north side of the second floor, formerly the physiological laboratory, and the dark room, previously used for optical purposes in the clinic, are the new quarters of college laboratory physics. The latter is to be reserved for experiments in light. The

main laboratory has been remodeled and equipped with new apparatus for precision of measure work, and can accommodate fifty students at one time conveniently. An added feature of the new laboratory is the provision for each student of gas, alternating current, and direct current of various voltages.

The old quarters of the college physics laboratory and equipment are now used for High School laboratory physics.

The biology laboratory for college has been moved from the Auditorium Building to the top floor of the Science Building, the physics department of the High School has taken over all the room in the Science Building, formerly devoted to college physics, and the college department has moved to the top floor of the Medical School.

This year our first High School publication, *The Ramkin*, makes its appearance. It is a small four-page sheet containing a chronicle of preparatory activities and a few editorials. It is to be given free to all preparatory students who subscribe to the *Monthly*.

In the Summer School this year, the majority of classes was conducted at Fordham instead of at the Woolworth Building. There were 260 attending the lectures, and of these 229 took the examinations. Many of the students were nuns of the various orders,—some from local colleges, and some even from the Middle West. From present indications, consequent upon the enthusiasm of last summer's students, the number to take the course next year will depend solely upon how many we can accommodate.

PHILADELPHIA. *St. Joseph's College—Tribute to Ours by Archbishop Doherty.*—In his address to the graduating class last June, His Grace, Archbishop Dougherty, paid the following beautiful tribute to the Society:

"It has happened that I have had the privilege of meeting Jesuits in nearly every part of the world, in Rome, in France, in Ireland, in Canada and the United States; then again in Japan, China and the Philippine Islands; everywhere I have found them the same cultured gentlemen, learned, able men, and above all other things, zealous priests.

"There was one time a farmer who had a great orchard of all manner of trees; he became a Catholic, and somebody said: 'Many are the ways of conversion to the Catholic Church; let us hear how you became a Catholic.' 'Well,' he said, 'I had in my orchard some very good trees; there was one tree that was particularly good; it bore the most tempting, luscious apples, and I noticed that at the foot of that tree every autumn there was an accumulation of sticks and stones, showing that the boys knew what was best. Looking around me I noticed that the church that got the most sticks and stones thrown at it was the Catholic Church, and I began to say that it must be the best church.'

"Now, within the Catholic Church, what organization has had thrown at it the most sticks and stones? The Jesuits! They cannot be paid a better compliment. If I were a Jesuit, I would feel a solemn pride in the fact that whenever an enemy of the Catholic Church begins to assault it they start with the Jesuits. Where is the organization in the whole world that from the beginning has had so glorious a history as the Jesuits?

The Gesu—The Young Men's Sodality.—On Tuesday evening, June 17, the Young Men's Sodality tendered a reception to the returning members, who had been absent in the service of their country. The celebration took the form of a banquet, served in the sodality rooms, which were tastefully decorated in the national and the papal colors. Besides Reverend Father Rector, Fathers Minister, Stinson and Taaffe, there were present as guests of honor Lieutenant-Colonel Edward J. Meehan, a member and former prefect, and Lieutenant-Commander John McGlynn, U. S. N., one of the ten original members of the Sodality. Addresses were made by Rev. Father Rector, Father Didusch, spiritual director of the sodality; Father Stinson, lately returned from service overseas; Joseph B. McGlynn, prefect of the sodality; Lieutenant-Colonel Meehan and Lieutenant-Commander McGlynn. All congratulated the young men on the growth of the sodality during the past year. It now numbers two hundred and fifty members.

WASHINGTON. *Gonzaga High School.*—Classes at Gonzaga High School were resumed on Monday, September 14, with the largest enrollment in many years. More than seventy boys registered for the First Year classes.

Mass of the Holy Ghost.—The Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on the Monday after the opening of school. All the pupils of the Gonzaga Boys' School, the Girls' Parochial School, the students of Notre Dame Academy and the boys of Gonzaga High School were present. The upper church was filled to overflowing, more than eleven hundred pupils being present. Rev. Father Rector was celebrant of the Mass, and Rev. John C. Geale, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, Washington, D. C., preached the sermon.

Evening Classes at Gonzaga High School.—The evening classes which were successfully inaugurated a few years ago, were resumed on Monday, October 13. The attendance was a marked increase over that of last year. The course of lectures in ethics, and the weekly lectures in history proved to be the most popular subjects. The ethics lectures are given by Rev. Father Rector on Tuesday, while Rev. John F. X. Murphy, of Georgetown University, is the lecturer in history.

Other subjects taught in the evening course are elementary

and advanced French and Spanish; English composition, Latin and public speaking.

New Girls' School.—Work on the new school for girls is progressing steadily in spite of strikes and the difficulty of engaging laborers. The ceremonies for the laying of the corner stone will be held on December 14. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons will officiate, and the principal address for the occasion will be made by Senator David I. Walsh, of Massachusetts. The location of the new building is ideal, as it fronts on North Capital and K streets, adjoining the Boys' School. This school, when completed, will be one of seven buildings included in the church and college property.

K. of C. Vesper Service.—The Knights of Columbus held their annual vesper service in St. Aloysius' Church, on Sunday, October 12. More than seven hundred Knights were present in spite of the inclement weather. Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, of Georgetown University, spoke in eloquent praise of the work the Knights have done and are doing for God and for country.

Memorial Tablet.—On Thanksgiving Day, a handsome memorial tablet in commemoration of the boys of St. Aloysius Parish who served in the World War, was unveiled in the vestibule of the church. The ceremonies were held at the conclusion of the annual Thanksgiving Military Mass.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College—Vatican Choir Visits College.*—Late Monday afternoon, October 6, the celebrated Vatican Choir entertained the faculty and students in Fenwick Hall. A remarkable program was rendered, and received enthusiastic applause from the audience.

Students Welcome Cardinal Mercier.—Due to the fact that the renowned Cardinal could not arrange to stop in Worcester for a visit to the college, the entire student body assembled in Union Station to cheer the Prelate when he was passing through on his way to Boston. The Cardinal was deeply appreciative of the warm and hearty reception, and expressed his thanks again and again.

Chemical Convention.—Rev. George B. Coyle, Mr. John A. Frisch and Mr. Berchmans J. Boland, of the chemistry department, represented the college at the convention of the American Chemical Society in Buffalo.

HOME NEWS. *Ordinations.*—Because of overcrowded conditions at Woodstock the ordinations this year were held at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

On June 26, 27, 28, Cardinal Gibbons conferred the orders of subdeacon, deacon and priesthood on the following:

Alphonse J. Quevedo, of the Province of California; Leo A. Dore, Francis X. Doyle, George T. Eberle, Joseph A.

Fortescue, Leo Halliwell, Charles G. Herzog, William F. Jordan, Joseph M. A. Kelly, Joseph T. Lowry, John A. Mattimore, Timothy J. McCarthy, William F. McFadden, John F. McNally, Moorhouse I. Millar, William A. Nevin, Arthur A. O'Leary, Thomas J. Quinn, Edwin D. Sanders, Martin A. Schmitt, Thomas A. Shanahan, William A. Storck, Joseph F. Sullivan, Henry P. Wennerberg, of the Maryland-New-York Province.

New Minister.—Rev. Thomas F. White, for the past five years superior of St. Francis Xavier, New York, has been appointed Minister, succeeding Rev. Augustus J. Duarte, who goes to Brooklyn College, N. Y.

Villa at St. Inigoes.—For the past two years, because of war conditions, the villa was spent at Woodstock. This year the scholastics welcomed the pleasant return to the St. Inigoe's Villa. Because of the large number of scholastics it was necessary to separate the theologians and philosophers. The theologians spent the first two weeks of villa at St. Inigoes, and were succeeded by the philosophers. The third week of villa was spent at Woodstock.

The Golden Jubilee.—The Golden Jubilee of the Scholasticate at Woodstock was celebrated on November 17, 18, 19. A full account of the jubilee will appear in the February number of the "LETTERS."

Woodstock Faculty for 1919-1920.—Father William F. Clark, Rector; Father Thomas F. White, Minister; Father William J. Duane, Prefect of Studies; Father Patrick F. Quinnan, Procurator and Pastor of St. Alphonsus' Church; Father Timothy J. Barrett, Spiritual Father. In the department of theology: Father William J. Duane, Dogma (morning); Father Henry T. Casten, Dogma (evening); Father James F. Dawson, Dogma (minor course); Father John J. Lunny, Moral, Sacred Oratory; Father Peter Lutz, Fundamental Theology (morning), History of Dogma; Father John T. Langan, Fundamental Theology (evening); Father Walter Drum, Sacred Scripture; Father Hector Papi, Canon Law, Rites; Father Joseph M. Woods, Ecclesiastical History, Patrology, Editor of *Woodstock Letters* and *Teachers' Review.* In the department of philosophy: Father William J. Brosnan, Special Metaphysics in Third Year; Father Charles V. Lamb, ethics; Father Daniel J. Callahan, Special Metaphysics in Second Year, History of Philosophy; Father James A. Cahill, Special Metaphysics in Second Year, Pedagogy, Assistant Editor of *Teachers' Review;* Father Anthony C. Cotter, Logic and General Metaphysics; Father Henry A. Coffey, Hebrew, Classics. In the department of science: Father John A. Brosnan, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Experimental Psychology; Father Henry Brock, Physics; Father Edward C. Phillips, Mathematics, Astronomy.

The Community.—This year the community at Woodstock numbers 257. Of these, four are from the Province of New Orleans, four from the Province of California, one from the Province of Canada and one from the Province of Aragon.

Statistics of Our Novitiates and Scholasticates in United States and Canada, October 1, 1919.

Novitiates—	Novices—Scholastics 1st yr.	Novices—Scholastics 2d yr.	Novices—Brothers 1st yr.	Novices—Brothers 2d yr.	Juniors 1st yr.	Juniors 2d yr.	Tertians	Total
Maryland-N. Y.								
Poughkeepsie	34	40	2	5	58	43	23[1]	205
Yonkers, N. Y.	16	27	...	...	....	....	....	43
Missouri								
Florissant, Mo.	41	31	1	1	16	40	....	130
Cleveland, Ohio	....	....	....	....	....	....	15	15
California								
Los Gatos, Cal.	18	10	3	6	14	23	11[2]	85
New Orleans								
Macon, Ga.	7	9	....	....	4	10	3	33
Canada								
Sault-au-Recollet, Q.	6	10	3	7	19	11	....	56
Guelph, Ont.	4	5	....	2	6	10	1	28
Total	126	132	9	21	117	137	53	595

(1) By Provinces: Md.-New York, 19, Canada, 1; New Orleans, 3.
(2) California, 10; Canada, 1.

Scholasticates—	Theologians—Major Course	Theologians—Minor Course	Philosophers—1st yr.	Philosophers—2d yr.	Philosophers—3d yr.	Rec.	Adv. Sc.	
Maryland-N. Y.								
Woodstock, Md.	78	18	35	47	35	....	....	213[1]
Missouri								
St. Louis, Mo.	83	20	19	25	20	....	1	168[2]
California								
Hillyard, Wash.	....	....	44	27	23	1	....	95[3]
Canada								
Montreal, Que.	19	15	16	14	13	....	...	77[4]
Total	180	53	114	113	91	1	1	553

(1) By Provinces: Md.-New York, 203; Aragon, 1; California, 4; Canada, 1; New Orleans, 4.
(2) Missouri, 133; Aragon, 1; Argentine, 2; California, 17; Md.-New York, 1; New Orleans, 13, Portugal, 1.
(3) Missouri, 28; New Orleans, 7.
(4 Canada, 73; Missouri, 2; Md.-New York, 1; New Orleans, 1.

NOTE.—All members of New Mexico-Colorado Mission transferred to either Missouri or New Orleans Province.

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

From October 1, 1918, to October 1, 1919

	Age	Soc.	Time		Place
Mr. H. P. McGlinchey, Sch.	31	11	Sept. 29,	1918	Karachi, India.
Fr. Patrick F. McCarthy....	41	21	Oct. 1,	"	New York, N. Y.
Br. Thomas Hogue.....	83	58	Oct. 6,	"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Br. Eugene A. Rossi.....	40	16	Oct. 13,	"	Worcester, Mass.
Br. Michael Figel.....	74	56	Oct. 14,	"	Brooklyn, O.
Mr. William P. Brown, Sch.	27	8	Oct. 16,	"	Jersey City, N. J.
Br. Joseph Glynn.....	36	16	Oct. 17,	"	New York, N. Y.
Fr. John B. Schmandt.....	56	25	Oct. 19,	"	Boston, Mass.
Br. John Foster.....	30	7	Oct. 25,	"	Buffalo, N. Y.
Fr. Francis X. O'Neil.....	62	43	Oct. 25,	"	Cincinnati, O.
Mr. F. M. McEntee, Sch...	26	9	Oct. 26,	"	New York, N. Y.
Fr. Fredk. J. Ankenbrandt..	37	17	Oct. 29,	"	St. Mary's, Kan.
Mr. Alphonsus Brodeur, Sch.	28	10	Nov. 5,	"	Gabriels, N. Y.
Fr. Maurice E. Prendergast	51	32	Nov. 5,	"	Kingston, Jamaica.
Mr. Edwd. J. Peacock, Sch.	29	10	Nov. 7,	"	Hillyard, Wash.
Father John J. Driessen.....	78	52	Nov. 12,	"	Cincinnati, O.
Fr. Augustine Steffen.....	66	46	Nov. 18,	"	Toledo, O.
Fr. John F. Lehy.....	69	45	Nov. 26,	"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Mr. Joseph E. Gatton, Sch.	26	6	Dec. 8,	"	St. Louis, Mo.
Fr. Joseph Grimmelsman...	66	48	Dec. 20,	"	St. Louis, Mo.
Br. Joseph Kohls.....	75	49	Dec. 26,	"	St. Francis, S. D.
Fr. Vincent Testa.....	78	61	Dec. 26,	"	Santa Clara, Cal.
Br. Renatus Desjardins	18	2	Dec. 26,	"	Los Gatos, Cal.
Mr. Joseph U. Beaudry, Sch.	21	4	Jan. 8,	1919	Los Gatos, Cal.
Fr. Theobald M. McNamara	67	46	Jan. 10,	"	Philadelphia, Pa.
Br. Charles P. Lynch.....	59	36	Jan. 13,	"	St. Louis, Mo.
Br. Patrick Kehoe.....	75	55	Jan. 14,	"	Florissant, Mo.
Fr. Edward F. Miner.....	39	21	Jan. 15,	"	Detroit, Mich.
Fr. Thomas A. Reid.....	77	49	Jan. 21,	"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fr. Patrick Redmond.....	47	27	Jan. 24,	"	Tampa, Fla.
Mr. Henri Bernard, Sch.....	32	13	Jan. 27,	"	Montreal, Can.
Mr. F. P. O'Sullivan, Sch...	24	2	Jan. 27,	"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Mr. Andr. A. Ramisch, Sch.	26	3	Jan. 27,	"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Mr. Henry J. Annable, Sch.	22	4	Jan. 30,	"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Mr. Edward A. Reilly, Sch.	21	3	Jan. 30,	"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fr. Francis X. Neubrand...	87	50	Feb. 2,	"	Mankato, Minn.
Fr. Aloysius J. McCormick	43	26	Feb. 4,	"	Chicago, Ill.
Br. Joseph Carignano.....	66	46	Feb. 5,	"	Yakima, Wash.
Br. Achilles Laflamme.....	70	36	Feb. 9,	"	Montreal, Can.
Fr. Stephen J. Osdoba.....	35	18	Feb. 16,	"	Cincinnati, O.

LIST OF DEAD

(Continued)

	Age	Soc.	Time		Place
Fr. Aloysius Brunengo.....	83	68	Feb.	28, "	Santa Clara, Cal.
Br. Andreas Boudreault.....	31	8	Mar.	14, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. William F. Hoffend.....	63	43	Mar.	15, "	Chicago, Ill.
Br. John Sheerin.....	76	49	Mar.	16, "	Poughkeepsie, N. Y
Fr. Henry J. Lyons.....	51	28	Apr.	2, "	New York, N. Y.
Br. Owen Thompson.....	69	32	Apr.	14, "	Woodstock, Md.
Fr. Thomas F. McLoughlin	61	42	Apr.	18, "	Worcester, Mass.
Fr. Patrick J. O'Connell.....	77	50	Apr.	26, "	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fr. Simeon A. Ryan.....	55	36	May	3, "	Kansas. Mo.
Fr. Aloysius Côté.....	76	53	May	8, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. John Sardi.....	69	52	May	22, "	San Francisco, Cal.
Fr. John B. Guida.....	90	76	May	23, "	Denver, Col.
Fr. Adrian McCormick.....	37	15	June	6, "	San José, Cal.
Fr. Eugene A. Magevney...	64	47	June	6, "	San José, Cal.
Fr. Herman Meiners.....	66	48	June	13, "	St. Louis, Mo.
Fr. Michael Zoeller.....	84	59	June	16, "	Cleveland, O.
Br. John Taggiasco.....	61	24	June	28, "	Omaha, Neb.
Fr. Alphonsus Coppens.....	76	48	July	2, "	Baltimore, Md.
Fr. Charles B. Macksey.....	56	39	July	11, "	Rome; Italy.
Br. Langevin.....	55	33	July	17, "	Montreal, Can.
Br. Thomas Crowley.....	84	47	Aug.	3, "	Buffalo, N. Y.
Fr. Richard E. Ryan.....	66	41	Aug.	16, "	Woodstock, Md.
Br. Henry Ekers.....	53	36	Aug.	23, "	Brooklyn, O.
Br. Francis H. Luersman...	62	42	Aug.	29, "	Chicago, Ill.
Fr. John C. Burke.....	58	41	Aug.	30, "	Brooklyn, O.
Fr. Stanislaus Loiseau.....	71	51	Sept.	9, "	Montreal, Can.
Br. Siméon Guindon.....	26	7	Oct.	1, "	Montreal, Can.

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Requiescant in Pace

Students in our Colleges in the United States and Canada, October 10, 1919

COLLEGE, HIGH SCHOOL AND PREPARATORY COURSES

	No. of Students	D. Schol.	Boarders	College Course (1)	High School	Preparat.	Commer.	Augment. D. Schol.	Augment. Board.	Total Augment.	Augment. Province.
Maryland-N. Y.	*7903*	*6785*	*1118*	*2568*	*5107*	*222*	.....	*280*	*153*	*432*	*432*
Baltimore	310	310	.....	54	206	50	.....	14	.....	14	.....
Boston	1992	1992	.....	(1)692	1300	.....	.....	62	.....	62	.....
Brooklyn	468	468	.....	48	420	.....	.....	47	.....	47	.....
Buffalo	682	682	.....	(2)186	496	.....	.....	100	.....	100	.....
Jamaica	149	149	.....	.....	121	28	.....	20	.....	20	.....
Jersey City	408	408	.....	.....	408	.....	.....	-138	.....	-138	.....
N. Y.-Fordham	945	728	217	468	477	.....	.....	122	-14	108	.....
St. Fran. Xav.	521	521	.....	.....	425	96	.....	82	.....	82	.....
Loyola	83	83	.....	.....	35	48	.....	9	.....	9	.....
Regis H. S.	576	576	.....	.....	576	.....	.....	-24	.....	-24	.....
Philadelphia	445	445	.....	72	373	.....	.....	-62	.. ...	-62	.....
Wash.-Georgetown	466	126	340	(3)360	(4)100	.....	.....	11	96	107	.....
Gonzaga	170	170	.....	.....	170	.....	.....	44	.....	44	.....
Worcester	688	127	561	688	.....	.....	.....	-7	71	64	.....
Missouri	*7295*	*6366*	*929*	*1962*	*4720*	*121*	*502*	*1867*	*163*	*2030*	*2030*
Belize	156	156	.....	.....	72	84	.....	63	.....	63	.....
Chicago	1034	1034	.....	114	920	.....	.....	108	.....	108	.....
Cincinnati	933	933	.....	445	488	.....	.....	416	.....	416	.....
Cleveland	544	544	.....	113	431	.....	.....	25	.....	25	.....
Denver	233	120	113	20	213	.....	40	16	-11	5	.....
Detroit	567	567	.....	87	480	.....	.....	132	.....	132	.....
Kansas City	190	190	.....	17	173	.....	.....	30	.....	30	.....
Milwaukee	736	736	.....	304	307	.....	125	356	.....	356	.....
Omaha	762	762	.....	389	373	.....	.....	309	.....	309	.....
Prairie du Chien	436	35	401	76	274	18	68	14	41	55	.....
St. Louis	885	885	.....	282	449	.....	124	349	.. ...	349	.....
St. Mary's	466	51	415	70	232	19	145	14	133	147	.....
Toledo	353	353	.....	45	308	.....	.....	35	.....	35	.....
New Orleans	*1270*	*795*	*475*	*142*	*595*	*458*	*27*	*152*	*131*	*283*	*283*
Galveston	107	107	.....	.....	35	72	.....	25	.....	25	.....
Grand Coteau	151	20	131	16	98	37	.....	-5	-14	-19	.....
N. Orl.-(Im. Conc.)	414	414	.....	.....	225	189	.....	99	.....	99	.....
Loyola	35	35	.....	35	.....	.....	.....	-20	.....	-20	.....
Shreveport	115	115	.....	.....	67	48	.....	19	.....	19	.....
Spring Hill	344	.....	344	91	134	44	27	.....	145	145	.....
Tampa	104	104	.....	.....	36	68	.....	34	.....	34	.....
California	*1725*	*1320*	*405*	*208*	*1202*	*284*	*32*	*212*	*87*	*299*	*299*
Los Angeles	305	305	.....	25	280	.....	.....	82	.....	82	.....
Missoula	29	29	.....	.....	10	21	.....	-14	.....	-14	.....
San Francisco	234	234	.....	295	204	.....	.....	-36	.....	-36	....
Santa Clara	317	97	220	99	186	.....	32	28	22	50	.....
Seattle	141	141	.....	.....	141	.....	.....	65	.....	65	.....
Spokane	443	258	185	55	340	48	.....	74	65	139	.....
Tacoma	256	256	.....	.....	41	215	.....	13	.....	13	.....
Canada	*1536*	*857*	*679*	*394*	*875*	*254*	*68*	*68*	*136*	*204*	*204*
Edmonton	155	32	123	70	.....	55	30	9	25	33	.....
Montreal-St. Mary's	585	423	162	150	435	55	.....	19	10	28	.....
Loyola	306	150	156	49	205	52	.....	18	72	90	.....
St. Boniface	350	214	136	60	160	92	38	9	22	31	.....
Sudbury	140	38	102	65	75	.....	.....	13	7	20	.....
TOTAL IN COLLEGES	19729	16123	3606	5274	12499	1339	629	2579	670	3249	3249

(1) Pre-medical included. (2) 13 are A. M. in course. (3) 1 Ph. D. 5 A. M. in course. (4) 30 are at New Preparatory, Garrett Park, Md. First Year Preparatory opened September, 1919. (5) 1 A. M. in course.

NOTE.—Because of changes in colleges due to the Students' Army Training Corps the Augment columns were omitted in the 1918 statistics The present Augment is based on the statistics of 1917. Cf. WOODSTOCK LETTERS, October 1917.

Students in Our Colleges

(*Continued*)

UNIVERSITY COURSES

	Law	*Medicine*	*Dentistry*	*Pharmacy*	*Engineering*	*Finance*	*Sociology*	*Music*	*Journalism*	*Foreign Service, Sch.*	*Nur. T. Sch.*	*Total*
Maryland-N. Y.	*1411*	*228*	*95*	*82*	.....	.....	*142*	.....	.....	*250*	...	*2308*
Fordham	620	119	.....	82	.....	.....	142	.....	.....	.....	...	963
Georgetown	891	109	95	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	250	...	1345
Missouri	*894*	*667*	*567*	*70*	*382*	*1740*	*1650*	*800*	*142*	.....	*64*	*6976*
Chicago	74	202	.....	.....	.....	.....	1650	.....	.....	.....	...	1926
Cincinnati	38	.....	.....	.....	.....	333	.....	.....	76	.....	...	447
Detroit	180	.....	.....	.....	157	517	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	854
Milwaukee	254	111	323	.....	225	471	.....	800	66	.....	64	2314
Omaha	114	102	113	70	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	399
St. Louis	203	252	131	.....	.....	419	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	1055
Toledo	31	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	31
New Orleans	*86*	.....	*34*	*30*	*25*	*43*	*34*	.....	.....	*48*	...	300
New Orleans	86	.....	34	30	25	43	34	.....	.....	.....	...	252
Spring Hill	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48	...	48
California	*211*	.....	.....	.....	*46*	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	*257*
San Francisco	153	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	153
Santa Clara	23	.....	.....	.....	46	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	69
Spokane	35	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	35
Total in Universities	2602	895	696	182	453	1783	1826	800	142	298	64	9841

SUMMARY

College Total, 1917—16569 University Total, 1917—6135
Grand Total, 1917—22704

College Total, 1919—19729 University Total, 1919—9841
Grand Total, 1919—29570